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SELECT

SCOTISH SONGS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

EDITED

By R. H. CROMEK, F. A. S. Ed.

VOL. I.



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PREFACE.

THE following *Remarks* from the pen of Burns appeared in the publication of The *Reliques*; and as it might reasonably be presumed that whatever exercised his judgment and gratified his taste, would excite the curiosity of the public, and be worthy of their attention, they are now presented, detached from his other works, accompanied by the Songs which met the Poet's decided approbation. In performing this task, the Editor conceives he shall accomplish a two-fold object; for while the Songs acquire additional interest from the criticisms of so eminent a Poet, the Remarks themselves will be better appreciated when prefixed to the subjects on which they are grounded. The nature of the undertaking would render it unnecessary for him to enter into a general disquisition on Scotish Song, even if it had not been fully illustrated by the able pens of Ramsay, Lord Hailes, Tytler, Ramsay of Ochter-

tyre,* Ritson,† and above all, by Burns himself, who, besides the observations in the present work, has scattered among his prose writings the most judicious reflections on the subject. It will be equally superfluous to prove the eminent qualifications of Burns for understanding and relishing whatever relates to Scotish Song; they have been clearly elucidated in the following elegant and concise testimony by Mr. Walter Scott.

"The Scottish songs and tunes preserved for Burns that inexpressible charm which they have ever afforded to his countrymen. He entered into the idea of collecting their fragments with all the zeal of an enthusiast; and few, whether serious or humorous, past through his hands without receiving some of those magic touches, which, without greatly altering the song, restored its original spirit, or gave it more than it had ever possessed. So dexterously are these touches combined with the ancient structure, that the *rifacciamento*, in many instances, could scarcely have been detected, without the avowal of the Bard himself. Neither would it be easy to mark his share in the individual ditties. Some he appears entirely to

* This gentleman has written an excellent Essay on Scotish Song, which originally appeared in the second volume of "*The Bee*," p. 201, under the signature of *J. Runcole*.

† In the Appendix *(e)* will be found an account of the last days of this antiquary.

have re-written; to others he added supplementary stanzas; in some he retained only the leading lines and the chorus, and others he merely arranged and ornamented. Let us take one of the best examples of his skill in imitating the old ballad.—Macpherson's Lament was a well-known song many years before the Ayrshire Bard wrote those additional verses which constitute its principal merit.* This noted freebooter was executed at Inverness, about the beginning of the last century. When he came to the fatal tree, he played the tune to which he has bequeathed his name, upon a favourite violin, and holding up the instrument, offered it to any one of his clan who would undertake to play the tune over his body at the lyke-wake: as none answered, he dashed it to pieces on the executioner's head, and flung himself from the ladder. The wild stanzas which Burns has put into the mouth of this desperado, are grounded upon some traditional remains.

" How much Burns delighted in the task of eking out the ancient melodies of his country, appears from the following affecting passage in a letter written to Mr. Johnson, shortly before his death."

' You are a good, worthy, honest fellow, and have a good right to live in this world—because you deserve it. Many a merry meeting this publication has

* This will be found in the present vol. p. 108.

given us, and possibly it may give us more, though, alas! I fear it. This protracting, slow, consuming illness which hangs over me, will, I doubt much, my ever dear friend, arrest my sun before he has well reached his middle career, and will turn over the poet to far other and more important concerns than studying the brilliancy of wit, or the pathos of sentiment! However, *hope* is the cordial of the human heart, and I endeavour to cherish it as well as I can. —*(Reliques, p.* 184.*)*

This heart-rending letter shews that Burns retained to the last hour his enthusiastic taste for the rustic poetry of his country. That he imbibed this taste at an early age, and that he cherished it throughout his life, we have abundant proof from the testimony of his nearest relatives and friends, and from his own avowal. ‘ I have,’ he himself observes, ‘ paid more attention to every description of Scots Song than perhaps any body living has done.’ He had all the advantages of study, of local situation, and of national attachment; and his own inborn enthusiasm perpetually impelled him to cultivate these advantages. As an instance of the vivid impression which the poetry of his country made on his young mind, we may mention the song of *The blaithrie o't,* which, he observes, was the earliest song he remem-

bers to have got by heart. 'When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up every word at first hearing.' (*Reliques, p.* 210). It is not improbable that a song which thus caught his lively fancy, had some share in exciting those kindred independent ideas that frequently occur even in his juvenile poems. The Editor was very much struck with a still more interesting account given by Burns in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, of an old ballad called *The Life and Age of Man.* 'I had an old grand-uncle,' says he, 'with whom my mother lived awhile in her girlish years; the good old man, for such he was, was long blind ere he died; during which time, his highest enjoyment was to sit down and cry, while my mother would sing the simple old song of *The Life and Age of Man.*

The Editor conceived, from the enthusiasm with which the Poet speaks of this ballad, that if it could be procured, it might possibly throw light on some of his productions. After much inquiry, and hunting from stall to stall, he was at last fortunate enough to procure a copy of it. His conjectures were fully verified. From the solecisms with which this copy abounded, he perceived that it had not been much indebted to the care of its editors. He hoped, however, that the Poet's mother might still be able

to recollect so much of it as should enable him to present something like a correct copy to his readers.

On a visit to this worthy old woman, he had the satisfaction of hearing the whole recited by her, and he carefully marked the variations between his copy and her recitation. The reading of Mrs. Burns was so much superior to the other, that he had no hesitation in adopting it. It will be found, that to this interesting ballad we owe the exquisitely pathetic ode of '*Man was made to mourn.*' The Editor hopes that he will be forgiven for here introducing it to the consideration of the curious.

THE

LIFE AND AGE OF MAN:

OR,

A short Description of his Nature, Rise and Fall, according to the Twelve Months of the Year.

Tune—Isle of Kell.

Upon the sixteen hunder year,
of God and fifty three,
Frae Christ was born, that bought us dear,
as writings testifie;

On January the sixteenth day,
as I did ly alone,
With many a sigh and sob did say,
Ah! Man is made to moan.

Dame Natur, that excellent bride,
did stand up me before,
And said to me, thou must provide
this life for to abhor:
Thou seest what things are gone before,
experience teaches thee;
Yet do not miss to remember this,
that one day thou must die.

Of all the creatures bearing life
recall back to thy mind,
Consider how they ebb and flow,
each thing in their own kind;
Yet few of them have such a strain,
as God hath given to thee;
Therefore this lesson keep in mind,—
remember man to die.

Man's course on earth I will report,
if I have time and space;
It may be long, it may be short,
as God hath giv'n him grace.
His natur to the herbs compare,
that in the ground ly dead;

And to each month add five year,
  and so we will procede.

The first five years then of man's life
  compare to Januar;
In all that time but sturt and strife,
  he can but greet and roar.
So is the fields of flowers all bare,
  by reason of the frost;
Kept in the ground both safe and sound,
  not one of them is lost.

So to years ten I shall speak then
  of Februar but lack;
The child is meek and weak of spir't,
  nothing can undertake:
So all the flow'rs, for lack of show'rs,
  no springing up can make,
Yet birds do sing and praise their king,
  and each one choose their mate.

Then in comes March, that noble arch,
  with wholesome spring and air,
The child doth spring to years fifteen,
  with visage fine and fair;
So do the flow'rs with softening show'rs,
  ay spring up as we see;
Yet nevertheless remember this,
  that one day we must die.

Then brave April doth sweetly smile,
the flow'rs do fair appear,
The child is then become a man,
to the age of twenty year;
If he be kind and well inclin'd,
and brought up at the school,
Then men may know if he foreshow
a wise man or a fool.

Then cometh May, gallant and gay,
when fragrant flow'rs do thrive,
The child is then become a man,
of age twenty and five:
And for his life doth seek a wife,
his life and years to spend;
Christ from above send peace and love,
and grace unto the end!

Then cometh June with pleasant tune,
when fields with flow'rs are clad,
And Phœbus bright is at his height,
all creatures then are glad:
Then he appears of thretty years,
with courage bold and stout;
His natur so makes him to go,
of death he hath no doubt.

Then July comes with his hot climes,
and constant in his kind,

The man doth thrive to thirty-five,
and sober grows in mind;
His children small do on him call,
and breed him sturt and strife;
* * *
* * *

Then August old, both stout and bold,
when flow'rs do stoutly stand;
So man appears to forty years,
with wisdom and command;
And doth provide his house to guide,
children and familie;
Yet do not miss t' remember this,
that one day thou must die.

September then comes with his train,
and makes the flow'rs to fade;
Then man belyve is forty-five,
grave, constant, wise, and staid.
When he looks on, how youth is gone,
and shall it no more see;
Then may he say, both night and day,
have mercy, Lord, on me!

October's blast comes in with boast,
and makes the flow'rs to fall;
Then man appears to fifty years,
old age doth on him call:

The almond tree doth flourish hie,
and pale grows man we see;
Then it is time to use this line,
remember, man, to die.

November air maketh fields bare
of flow'rs, of grass, and corn;
Then man arrives to fifty-five,
and sick both e'en and morn:
Loins, legs, and thighs, without disease,
makes him to sigh and say,
Ah! Christ on high have mind on me,
and learn me for to die!

December fell baith sharp and snell,
makes flow'rs creep in the ground;
Then man's threescore, both sick and sore,
no soundness in him found.
His ears and e'en, and teeth of bane,
all these now do him fail;
Then may he say, both night and day,
that death shall him assail.

And if there be, thro' natur stout,
some that live ten years more;
Or if he creepeth up and down,
till he comes to fourscore;
Yet all this time is but a line,
no pleasure can he see:

Then may he say, both night and day,
have mercy, Lord, on me!

Thus have I shown you as I can,
the course of all mens' life;
We will return where we began,
but* either sturt or strife:
Dame Memorie doth take her leave,
she'll last no more, we see;
God grant that I may not you grieve,
Ye'll get nae mair of me.

It appears from the first verse of this ballad, that it was written about the year 1653. It is not unreasonable to suppose, that it was the production of some pedantic country schoolmaster, who would naturally write in a stately, stilted style, different from the common people, his neighbours. Mrs. Burns says, that it was one of the many nursery songs of her mother; and that she first heard and learned it from her seventy years ago. Neither she nor her son Gilbert had ever seen a printed copy of it. It is no bad specimen of the quaint, moralizing manner that obtained soon after the Reformation. This

* Without.

quaintness, however, is mixed up with a good deal of imagination. There is a vein of pensive melancholy too in it which could hardly fail to make a deep impression on the young mind of Burns; accordingly we find that this ballad has not only the same structure of versification with the Ode of Burns, and the repetition of the last line of the stanza; but it breathes a kindred pensive melancholy from beginning to end. Many of the imitations in the Ode are so close and so obvious, that it is impossible they could be accidental. For instance, the last line of the first stanza of the ballad, "*Man is made to moan,*" evidently suggested "*Man was made to mourn.*" The following imitations cannot fail to be acknowledged. The reader of himself will easily discover more.

"November air maketh fields bare
of flowers, of grass, and corn."

Ballad, st. xv.

"When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare."

Ode.

"Thou seest what things are gone before,
experience teaches thee;

In what state ever that thou be,
remember, man, to die."

Ballad, st. II.

" I've seen yon weary winter sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn."

Ode.

" Therefore this lesson keep in mind,
remember, man, to die."

Ballad, st. III.

" Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn."

Ode.

In his other Poems are also to be found occasionally images and illustrations, obviously taken from this ballad.—In the "*Address to a Mouse*," for instance, when he says,

" An' bleak December's winds ensuin
Baith snell and keen,"

the following line must have been floating in his mind:

" December fell, baith sharp and snell."

It would be uncandid to suppose that the Editor has here been actuated by a wish to detract from the merit of Burns. He conceived that nothing which might serve to elucidate the progress of his gigantic mind could be useless or uninteresting. Burns wished not to shroud himself up in any mysterious obscurity. He felt no jealousy that the closest inspection would in the least diminish his reputation. We see him continually pointing to the productions with which his earliest years were most familiar; thus affording us, in a great measure, the means of ascertaining how much of his excellence we owe to the efforts of those who had preceded him, and how much to the inspiration of his own vigorous mind. The path he trod was so unfrequented, and lay so much out of the common road, that without his assistance we should never have traced it. We saw with admiration a rich and unexpected harvest of original poetry; and we could not discover from whence he had collected the seeds that had shot up to such maturity. We find, however, that many of the thoughts which appear in him with such lustre were derived from others; and even that some of his most sublime and pathetic poems owe their origin to models of a similar description, however inferior. To the *Farmer's Ingle* we owe the *Cottar's Saturday Night:* to the rude and artless offspring of for-

gotten bards we owe some of his most exquisite lyrical effusions. On a just and candid comparison, it must be evident that he has greatly excelled his models, and our admiration of his versatile talents will be considerably increased when we consider how happily he has reformed and polished the models themselves. By the force of his superior powers he has appropriated the works of his predecessors, in order to render them more perfect, by purifying their dross, illustrating their obscurities, suppressing their faults, and refining their beauties. The native genius of Michael Angelo was not degraded but exalted by his study of the Antique; and in Poetry as well as in the Sister Arts, true originality consists not so much in painting what has never been painted before, as in the production of those vivid pictures which eclipse all former attempts.

To this originality Burns has an undoubted claim. The proud pre-eminence he enjoys above all the Poets of his country will not soon be disputed with him. It is impossible to say what lies hid in the womb of futurity; but it may be almost pronounced with safety, that he will ever maintain his present superiority; and that each new successor will but add another wreath to his laurels.

R. H. C.

London, Newman-street, May, 1810.

SELECT SCOTISH SONGS, &c.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

THE Highland Queen, music and poetry, was composed by a Mr. M'Vicar, purser of the Solbay man of war.—This I had from Dr. Blacklock.

BESS THE GAWKIE.*

THIS song shews that the Scotish Muses did not all leave us when we lost Ramsay and Oswald,† as I have good reason to believe that the verses and

* The Editor has been told by Mrs. William Copland, in Dalbeattie, Galloway, (a lady to whose taste, and accuracy of information he has been often indebted), that this Song is the production of the late Reverend —— Morehead, minister of Urr parish, in Galloway.

† Oswald was a music-seller in London, about the year 1750. He published a large collection of Scotish tunes, which he called the *Caledonian Pocket Companion.* Mr. Tytler observes, that his genius in composition, joined to his taste in the performance of Scotish music, was natural and pathetic.

music are both posterior to the days of these two gentlemen.—It is a beautiful song, and in the genuine Scots taste. We have few pastoral compositions, I mean the pastoral of nature, that are equal to this.

Blythe young Bess to Jean did say,
Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
Where flocks do feed and herds do stray,
And sport awhile wi' Jamie?
Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
For he's taen up wi' Maggy!

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
Did I not see your Jamie pass,
Wi' meikle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiss;
'Tween ilka smack, pleas'd her with this,
That Bess was but a gawkie.

For when a civil kiss I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak;
Who'd not call her a gawkie?

But sure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence;
Now gie me ane unto the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O, Jamie, ye ha'e mony tane,
But I will never stand for ane,
Or twa, when we do meet again;
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah, na, lass, that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony that sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But whisht!—nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Meg he kiss'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown sae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew;
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie:

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae you may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.

The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek;
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang anither gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie!

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie sair to rue,
That ever Maggy's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they went o'er the muir they sang;
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
The hills and dales with echoes rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggy!

OH, OPEN THE DOOR, LORD GREGORY.

It is somewhat singular, that in Lanark, Renfrew, Ayr, Wigton, Kirkcudbright, and Dumfriesshires, there is scarcely an old song or tune which, from the title, &c. can be guessed to belong to, or be the production of these countries. This, I conjecture, is one of these very few; as the ballad, which is a long one, is called both by tradition and in printed collections, The Lass o' Lochroyan, *which I take to be Lochroyan, in Galloway.*

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

THIS song is one of the many attempts that English composers have made to imitate the Scotish manner, and which I shall, in these strictures, beg leave to distinguish by the appellation of Anglo-Scotish productions. The music is pretty good, but the verses are just above contempt.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

THESE beautiful verses were the production of a Richard Hewit, a young man that Dr. Blacklock,*

* Richard Hewit was taken when a boy, during the residence of Dr. Blacklock in Cumberland, to lead him.—He addressed a copy of verses to the Doctor on quitting his service. Among the verses are the following lines:

"How oft those plains I've thoughtless prest;
"Whistled or sung some Fair distrest,
"When fate would steal a tear."

Alluding,

to whom I am indebted for the anecdote, kept for some years as an amanuensis. I do not know who is the author of the second song to the tune. Tytler, *in his amusing history of Scots music, gives the air to* Oswald; *but in Oswald's own collection of Scots tunes, where he affixes an asterisk to those he himself composed, he does not make the least claim to the tune.*

'Twas in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay.
Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung;
While Roslin Castle heard the swain,
And echoed back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet Muse! the breathing spring,
With rapture warms; awake and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng,
Who hail the morning with a song;

Alluding, as it is said in a note, to a sort of narrative songs, which make no inconsiderable part of the innocent amusements with which the country people (of Cumberland) pass the wintry nights, and of which the author of the present piece was a faithful rehearser.

Blacklock's Poems, 1756, 8*vo. p.* 5.

To Nanny raise the cheerful lay,
O! bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O, hark, my love! on ev'ry spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let my raptur'd notes arise,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O! come, my love! thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls, O come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine;
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming like the spring;
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd breast of mine!

THE BEDS OF SWEET ROSES.

THIS song, as far as I know, for the first time appears here in print.—When I was a boy, it was a very popular song in Ayrshire. I remember to have heard those fanatics, the Buchanites, sing some of their nonsensical rhymes, which they dignify with the name of hymns, to this air.†*

* A set of itinerant fanatics in the west of Scotland, so denominated from their leader, *Elizabeth Buchan.* The husband of this visionary was one of the proprietors of the Delft-work manufactory at Glasgow, by whom she had several children. About 1779 she began to prophecy that the end of the world was drawing nigh, and that all Christians must abandon worldly connexions, in order to be in readiness to meet Christ. She soon gathered a great number of followers, and journeyed with them through several parts of Scotland, increasing as they went. At length Mrs. Buchan died in 1791, and her disciples dispersed.

† This practice of composing spiritual hymns and songs to common ballad tunes was laughed at by *Shakespeare* in his *Winter's Tale*, where he speaks of a *Puritan* who sings *psalms* to *hornpipes;* and that it obtained long anterior to the time of the *Buchanites*, the curious reader may see, if he can meet with a very scarce book quoted in "Campbell's *History of Poetry in Scotland,*" which appeared in Mr. Constable's sale Catalogue for 1796, called Geddes's *Saints Recreation,* &c. addressed, in the very spirit of modern dedication, to no less than *five Patronesses!* each of whom the author hath *honoured* with a *separate* dedication,

SAW YE JOHNNIE CUMMIN? QUO' SHE.

THIS song for genuine humor in the verses, and lively originality in the air, is unparalleled. I take it to be very old.

Saw ye Johnnie cummin? quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
O saw ye Johnnie cummin, quo' she;
Saw ye Johnnie cummin,
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie runnin, quo' she;
And his doggie runnin?

---

cation, expressive of his notions of their piety, *pretensions to nobility, &c. &c.*

The reader may see many specimens of this pious nonsense in "*Ane compendious booke of Godly and spirituall Songs*," &c. 1621, specimens of which the late Lord Hailes published in 1764. The whole was republished, with a valuable Introduction, by *Dalzell*, Edin. 1801. Similar performances made their appearance among the *Bereans* in Scotland, the production of their spiritual guide, Mr. Barclay. Among others are these titles: "*Haud awa', bide awa', haud awa frae me Deilie*"—"*Wat ye wha I met yestreen, lying on my bed, Mamma?*—an angel bright," *&c.*

Fee him, father,* fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him:
For he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin';
And a' the wark about the house
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she;
Wi' me when I see him.

What will I do wi' him, hussy?
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him,
And for a mark of mair fee,
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she;
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she;
Weel do I lo'e him:
O fee him, father, fee him, quo' she;
Fee him, father, fee him;
He'll haud the pleugh, thrash i' the barn,
And lie wi' me at e'en, quo' she;
Lie wi' me at e'en.

* Hire him.

CLOUT THE CALDRON.

A TRADITION is mentioned in the Bee, *that the second Bishop Chisholm, of Dunblane, used to say, that if he were going to be hanged, nothing would soothe his mind so much by the way, as to hear* Clout the Caldron *played.*

I have met with another tradition, that the old song to this tune

Hae ye ony pots or pans,
Or onie broken chanlers,

was composed on one of the Kenmure family, in the Cavalier times; and alluded to an amour he had, while under hiding, in the disguise of an itinerant tinker. The air is also known by the name of

The Blacksmith and his Apron,

which from the rhythm, *seems to have been a line of some old song to the tune.*

SAW YE NAE MY PEGGY?

This charming song is much older, and indeed superior, to Ramsay's verses, " The Toast," *as he calls them. There is another set of the words, much older still, and which I take to be the original one, but though it has a very great deal of merit, it is not quite ladies' reading.*

Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
Saw ye nae my Peggy,
  Coming o'er the lea?
Sure a finer creature
Ne'er was form'd by nature,
So complete each feature,
  So divine is she.

O! how Peggy charms me;
Every look still warms me;
Every thought alarms me,
  Lest she love nae me.
Peggy doth discover
Nought but charms all over;
Nature bids me love her,
  That's a law to me.

Who would leave a lover,
To become a rover?
No, I'll ne'er give over,
'Till I happy be.
For since love inspires me,
As her beauty fires me,
And her absence tires me,
Nought can please but she.

When I hope to gain her,
Fate seems to detain her,
Cou'd I but obtain her,
Happy wou'd I be!
I'll ly down before her,
Bless, sigh, and adore her,
With faint looks implore her,
'Till she pity me.

The original words, for they can scarcely be called verses, seem to be as follows; a song familiar from the cradle to every Scotish ear.

Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie,
Saw ye my Maggie
Linkin o'er the lea?

High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
High kilted was she,
Her coat aboon her knee.

What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie,
What mark has your Maggie
That ane may ken her *be? (by)*

Though it by no means follows that the silliest verses to an air must, for that reason, be the original song; yet I take this ballad, of which I have quoted part, to be the old verses. The two songs in Ramsay, *one of them evidently his own, are never to be met with in the fire-side circle of our peasantry; while that which I take to be the old song, is in every shepherd's mouth.* Ramsay, *I suppose, had thought the old verses unworthy of a place in his collection.*

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

THIS song is one of the many effusions of Scots jacobitism.—The title, Flowers of Edinburgh, *has no manner of connexion with the present verses, so I suspect there has been an older set of words, of which the title is all that remains.*

By the bye, it is singular enough that the Scotish Muses were all Jacobites.—I have paid more attention to every description of Scots songs than perhaps any body living has done, and I do not recollect one single stanza, or even the title of the most trifling Scots air, which has the least panegyrical reference to the families of Nassau or Brunswick; while there are hundreds satirizing them.—This may be thought no panegyric on the Scots Poets, but I mean it as such. For myself, I would always take it as a compliment to have it said, that my heart ran before my head;—and surely the*

* Poor Burns!—Thy heart indeed ran always before thy head; but never didst thou fail to carry thy reader's heart along with thee.—Instead of kindling at the indignities offered to thy native land, hadst thou been a wise and a prudent poet, thou would'st have tuned thy lyre to the praise of some powerful family, and carefully abstained from drawing on thy head the resentment

gallant though unfortunate house of Stuart, the kings of our fathers for so many heroic ages, is a theme much more interesting than * * * *

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resentment of the guilty great, or their descendants. Thou mightest then have rolled in affluence, and ceased to struggle under the insulting taunts of every little upstart in office. Thou mightest have flourished in thy day, and left behind thee an offspring securely treading the path of honours and preferment, instead of leaving thy wife and children poor and pennyless, at the mercy of the world.—All this thou mightest have done; but then thou would'st not have been a poet. Thy mantle has indeed been claimed by the first of a new order of poets, who has done all that thou would'st have disdained to do. The world has seen with astonishment, the solid treasures realized by the speculating muse; but the meretricious laurel will soon wither around the wearer's brow, and succeeding generations will turn with contempt from the cold and the courtly strain.

I do not mean to say that poetry and prudence are altogether incompatible; but that prudence which would stifle the feelings which should glow in every manly bosom, can never exist with true and genuine poetry. The prudence that would suppress the indignant strain of a *Campbell* at the horrors of Warsaw, or at the cries of the helpless women and children of our American brethren mangled and murdered by Savages, spurred on by cold and unfeeling politicians;—the prudence that could see unmoved the smoking villages and unhallowed butchery which followed in the train of Culloden, the unsophisticated muse will ever disdain. He can never be a poet who does not feel as a man.—*Ed.*

JAMIE GAY.

JAMIE Gay is another and a tolerable Anglo-Scotish piece.

MY DEAR JOCKIE.

ANOTHER Anglo-Scotish production.

FYE, GAE RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

IT is self-evident that the first four lines of this song are part of a song more ancient than Ramsay's beautiful verses which are annexed to them. As music is the language of nature; and poetry, particularly songs, are always less or more localized (if I may be allowed the verb) by some of the modifications of time and place, this is the reason why so many of our Scots airs have outlived their original, and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses; except a single name, or phrase, or sometimes one or two lines, simply to distinguish the tunes by.

To this day among people who know nothing of Ramsay's verses, the following is the song, and all the song that ever I heard:—

Gin ye meet a bonie lassie,
Gie her a kiss and let her gae;
But gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Fye, gae rub her, rub her, rub her,
Fye, gae rub her o'er wi' strae:
An' gin ye meet a dirty hizzie,
Fye, gar rub her o'er wi' strae.

Look up to Pentland's tow'ring tap,*
Bury'd beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scar, and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

---

* This spirited imitation of the "*Vides ut alta stet nive candidum, Soracte,*" of Horace, is considered as one of the happiest efforts of the author's genius.—For a very elegant critique on the poem, and a comparison of its merits with those of the original, the reader is referred to *Lord Woodhouselee's Remarks on the Writings of Ramsay*, vol. i. p. 98. London, 1800.

Driving their baws frae whins or tee,
  There's no nae gowfers to be seen;
Nor dousser fowk wysing a-jee
  The byass-bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
  And beek the house baith butt and ben;
That mutchkin stowp it hads but dribs,
  Then let's get in the tappit hen.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
  And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
  And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
  If that they think us worth their while,
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
  Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
  That will they do, should we gang wood;
If they command the storms to blaw,
  Then upo' sight the hailstains thud.

But soon as ere they cry, "Be quiet,"
  The blatt'ring winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
  The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's fickle powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

"Haith, ye're ill-bred," she'll smiling say;
"Ye'll worry me, ye greedy rook;"
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen nay-says are haff a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.

These bennisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

THE LASS O' LIVISTON.

THE old song, in three eight-line stanzas, is well known, and has merit as to wit and humour; but it is rather unfit for insertion.—It begins,

The bonie lass o' Liviston,
Her name ye ken, her name ye ken,
And she has written in her contract,
To lie her lane, to lie her lane.

&c. &c.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MOOR.

RAMSAY found the first line of this song, which had been preserved as the title of the charming air, and then composed the rest of the verses to suit that line. This has always a finer effect than composing English words, or words with an idea foreign to the spirit of the old title. Where old titles of songs convey any idea at all, it will generally be found to be quite in the spirit of the air.

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

THOUGH this has certainly every evidence of being a Scotish air, yet there is a well-known tune and song in the North of Ireland, called, The Weaver and his Shuttle, O, *which though sung much quicker, is every note the very tune.*

When I was in my se'nteen year,
I was baith blythe and bonny,
O the lads loo'd me baith far and near,
But I loo'd nane but Johnny:

He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
  He spake sae blythe and kindly;
And I made him new gray breeks,
  That fitted him most finely.

He was a handsome fellow;
  His humour was baith frank and free,
His bonny locks sae yellow,
  Like gowd they glitter'd in my ee;—
His dimpl'd chin and rosy cheeks,
  And face sae fair and ruddy;
And then a-days his gray breeks,
  Was neither auld nor duddy.*

But now they're threadbare worn,
  They're wider than they wont to be;
They're tashed-like,† and sair torn,
  And clouted sair on ilka knee.
But gin I had a simmer's day,
  As I have had right mony,
I'd make a web o' new gray,
  To be breeks to my Johnny.

For he's weel wordy o' them,
  And better gin I had to gie,
And I'll tak pains upo' them,
  Frae fauts I'll strive to keep them free.

* Ragged. † Stained

To clead him weel shall be my care,
And please him a' my study;
But he maun wear the auld pair
Awee, tho' they be duddy.

For when the lad was in his prime,
Like him there was nae mony,
He ca'd me aye his bonny thing,
Sae wha wou'd na lo'e Johnny?
So I lo'e Johnny's gray breeks,
For a' the care they've gi'en me yet,
And gin we live anither year,
We'll keep them hale betwen us yet.

Now to conclude,—his gray breeks,
I'll sing them up wi' mirth and glee;
Here's luck to a' the gray steeks,*
That show themsells upo' the knee!
And if wi' health I'm spared,
A' wee while as I may,
I shall hae them prepared,
As well as ony that's o' gray.

* Stitches.



MAY EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

KATE of Aberdeen, is, I believe, the work of poor Cunningham the player; of whom the following anecdote, though told before, deserves a recital. A fat dignitary of the church coming past Cunningham one Sunday *as the poor poet was busy plying a fishing-rod in some stream near Durham, his native country, his reverence reprimanded Cunningham very severely for such an occupation on such a day.*

The poor poet, with that inoffensive gentleness of manners which was his peculiar characteristic, replied, that he hoped God and his reverence would forgive his seeming profanity of that sacred day, " as he had no dinner to eat, but what lay at the bottom of that pool!" *This, Mr. Woods, the player, who knew Cunningham well, and esteemed him much, assured me was true.**

* The Editor, on his way to Edinburgh, had an interview with the celebrated *Bewick*, of Newcastle, who favoured him with the annexed interesting Portrait of Cunningham, which he drew two days before the Poet's death.

Through life Bewick has possessed a vivid recollection of *Character*, and to this happy faculty we owe some of the most vigorous productions of his pencil. The Poems of Cunningham were the delight of his youthful mind; so much so, that he emphatically declared he used to read his verses with the same enthusiasm as others read their prayer-books and bibles.—He walked after the Poet in the streets of Newcastle, stopped, loitered behind, repassed him; and in this manner, unobserved by the poor dying Bard, obtained the sketch which the Editor now presents to the public. The little handkerchief, or rather the remains of a handkerchief, in his hand, contained a herring, and some other small matter of food.

Cunningham had little consciousness of his own merit as a Poet, and seldom wrote but when urged by necessity. His highest ambition was to be considered a great Actor, for which he had no requisite either of person or talents. When in Mr. Bates's company of comedians, he had generally a benefit night at

The silver moon's enamour'd beam,
  Steals softly through the night,
To wanton with the winding stream,
  And kiss reflected light.
To beds of state go balmy sleep,
  ('Tis where you've seldom been,)
May's vigil while the shepherds keep
  With Kate of Aberdeen!

---

at North Shields, and being much beloved, numbers flocked to it from Newcastle. He would declare afterwards to his friends, with his usual *naiveté*, that so crowded a house was drawn by his *theatrical eminence!*

An occurrence not generally known gave the first shock to this good man's heart. His volume of Poems was dedicated to Garrick, whom in his admiration of theatrical talent he would naturally esteem the first man that ever existed. He trudged up to the metropolis to present his volume to this celebrated character. He saw him; and, according to his own phrase, he was treated by him *in the most humiliating and scurvy manner imaginable.* Garrick assumed a cold and stately air; insulted Cunningham by behaving to him as to a common beggar, and gave him a couple of guineas, accompanied with this *speech*:—"PLAYERS, *Sir*, as well as POETS, *are always poor.*"

The blow was too severe for the Poet. He was so confused at the time, that he had not the use of his faculties, and indeed never recollected that he ought to have spurned the offer with contempt, till his best friend, Mrs. Slack, of Newcastle, reminded him of it by giving him a sound box on the ear, when he returned

Upon the green the virgins wait,
In rosy chaplets gay,
'Till morn unbar her golden gate,
And give the promis'd May.
Methinks I hear the maids declare
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen!

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
We'll rouse the nodding grove;
The nested birds shall raise their throats,
And hail the maid I love:

---

turned once more beneath her sheltering roof, and related his sad story.

The repulse, however, preyed deeply on his spirits, and drove him to that fatal resource of disappointment,—dram drinking.

When he had money he gave it away to people in distress, leaving himself pennyless. His kind protectress, Mrs. Slack, used to empty his pockets before he went out, of the little that was in them, as one takes halfpence from a school-boy to prevent him from purchasing improper trash: How illustrative of the childish simplicity of his character!

From his emaciated appearance in this portrait, he might be supposed very aged; yet from the inscription on his tomb-stone in the churchyard of St. John's, at Newcastle, it appears he was only 44 years old when he died.

These particulars were collected from Mrs. Slack's daughter, and Mr. Thomas Bewick, both of Newcastle.

And see—the matin lark mistakes,
He quits the tufted green;
Fond bird! 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
Where midnight fairies rove,
Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
Or tune the reed to love:
For see the rosy May draws nigh,
She claims a virgin queen;
And hark, the happy shepherds cry,
"'Tis Kate of Aberdeen!"

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

In Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, *this song is localized (a verb I* must *use for want of another to express my idea) somewhere in the North of Scotland, and likewise is claimed by Ayrshire.—The following anecdote I had from the present Sir William Cunningham, of Robertland, who had it from the last John, Earl of Loudon.—The then Earl of Loudon, father to Earl John, before mentioned, had Ramsay at Loudon, and one day walk-*

ing together by the banks of Irvine water, near New-Mills, at a place yet called Patie's Mill, they were struck with the appearance of a beautiful country girl. His lordship observed, that she would be a fine theme for a song.—Allan lagged behind in returning to Loudon Castle, and at dinner produced this identical song.

The lass of Patie's mill,
So bonny, blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
She stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand:
Thro' all my spirits ran
An ecstasy of bliss,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
  Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
  Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
  Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd;
  I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth,
  HOPETON's high mountains* fill,
Insur'd lang life and health,
  And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise and fulfil,
  That none but bonny she,
The lass of Patie's mill
  Shou'd share the same wi' me.

* Thirty-three miles south-west of Edinburgh, where the Earl of Hopeton's mines of gold and lead are.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

THERE is a stanza of this excellent song for local humour, omitted in this set,—*where I have placed the asterisms.**

Hersell pe highland shentleman,
Pe auld as Pothwell Prig, man;
And mony alterations seen
Amang te lawland whig, man.
Fal, &c.

First when her to the lawlands came,
Nainsell was driving cows, man;
There was nae laws about him's nerse,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainsell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shouder;
The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
De pistol sharg'd wi' pouder.

* Burns had placed the asterisms between the 9th and 10th verses. The verse is here restored.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith mans nerse be locket,
O hon! that e'er she saw the day!
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every ting in de highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
The sodger dwall at our door-sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on de cager;
Nainsell wad durk him for his deeds,
But oh! she fear te sodger.

Anither law came after dat,
Me never saw de like, man;
They mak a lang road on de crund,
And ca' him *Turnimspike*, man.

An' wow! she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn-rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
(In troth, they'll no pe sheaper);
For nought put gaen upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.

They tak the horse then py te head,
And tere tey mak her stan, man;
Me tell tem, me hae seen te day,
Tey had na sic comman', man.

Nae doubt, Nainsell maun traw his purse,
And pay tem what him likes, man;
I'll see a shudgment on his toor;
Tat filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near your Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.
Fal, &c.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

As this was a favorite theme with our later Scotish muses, there are several airs and songs of that name. That which I take to be the oldest, is to be found in the Musical Museum, *beginning,* I hae been at Crookie-den.*—*One reason for my thinking*

* I hae been at *Crookie-den,**
My bonnie laddie, Highland laddie;
Viewing Willie and his men,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

* A vulgar cant name for Hell.

There

so is, that Oswald has it in his collection by the name of The auld Highland Laddie.—*It is also known by the name of* Jinglan Johnie, *which is a well-known song of four or five stanzas, and seems to be an earlier song than Jacobite times. As a proof of this, it is little known to the peasantry by the name of* Highland Laddie; *while every body knows* Jinglan Johnie. *The song begins,*

Jinglan John, the meickle man,
He met wi' a lass was blythe and bonie.

Another Highland Laddie *is also in the* Museum, *vol.* v. *which I take to be Ramsay's original, as he has borrowed the chorus* " O my bonie Highland lad,

---

There our faes that burnt and slew,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie;
There, at last, they gat their due,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

Satan sits in his black neuk,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie;
Breaking sticks to roast the Duke,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie:

The bluidy monster gae a yell,
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie;
And loud the laugh gaed round a' hell!
My bonie laddie, Highland laddie.

&c." It consists of three stanzas, besides the chorus; and has humor in its composition—it is an excellent but somewhat licentious song.—It begins

As I cam o'er Cairney-Mount,
And down amang the blooming heather, &c.

This air, and the common Highland Laddie, *seem only to be different* sets.

Another Highland Laddie, *also in the* Museum, *vol.* v. *is the tune of several Jacobite fragments.—One of these old songs to it, only exists, as far as I know, in these four lines—*

Whare hae ye been a' day,
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie?
Down the back o' Bell's brae,
Courtin Maggie, courtin Maggie.

Another of this name is Dr. Arne's beautiful air, called, the new Highland Laddie.*

* The following observation was found in a memorandum-book belonging to Burns:

The Highlanders' Prayer at Sheriff-Muir.

" O L—d be thou with us; but, if thou be *not* with us, be not against us; *but leave it between the red coats and us!*"

THE GENTLE SWAIN.

*To sing such a beautiful air to such execrable verses, is downright * * * of common sense! The Scots verses indeed are tolerable.*

HE STOLE MY TENDER HEART AWAY.

This is an Anglo-Scotish production, but by no means a bad one.

FAIREST OF THE FAIR.

*It is too barefaced to take Dr. Percy's charming song, and by the means of transposing a few English words into Scots, to offer to pass it for a Scots song.—I was not acquainted with the Editor until the first volume was nearly finished, else, had I known in time, I would have prevented such an impudent absurdity.**

* These are Dr. Percy's English verses:

O Nancy, wilt thou go with me,
Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town?
Can silent glens have charms for thee,
The lowly cot and russet gown?

No

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

THE following is a set *of this song, which was the earliest song I remember to have got by heart. When a child, an old woman sung it to me, and I picked it up, every word, at first hearing.*

O Willy weel I mind, I lent you my hand,
To sing you a song which you did me command;
But my memory's so bad, I had almost forgot
That you call'd it the gear and the blaithrie o't.

No longer drest in silken sheen,
No longer deck'd with jewels rare,
Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair.

O Nancy, when thou'rt far away,
Wilt thou not cast a wish behind?
Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?

O can that soft and gentle mien
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
Nor, sad, regret each courtly scene,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

O Nancy,

I'll not sing about confusion, delusion, or pride,
I'll sing about a laddie was for a virtuous bride;
For virtue is an ornament that time will never rot,
And preferable to gear and the blaithrie o't.

Tho' my lassie hae nae scarlets or silks to put on,
We envy not the greatest that sits upon the throne;
I wad rather hae my lassie, tho' she cam in her smock,
Than a princess wi' the gear and the blaithrie o't.

O Nancy, canst thou love so true,
Through perils keen with me to go?
Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
To share with him the pangs of woe?

Say, shou'd disease, or pain befal,
Wilt thou assume the nurse's care?
Nor, wistful, those gay scenes recal,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

And when at last thy love shall die,
Wilt thou receive his parting breath?
Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
And cheer with smiles the bed of death?

And wilt thou o'er his breathless clay
Strew flow'rs, and drop the tender tear?
Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
Where thou wert fairest of the fair?

Tho' we hae nae horses or menzie at command,
We will toil on our foot, and we'll work wi' our hand;
And when wearied without rest, we'll find it sweet in
any spot,
And we'll value not the gear and the blaithrie o't.

If we hae ony babies, we'll count them as lent;
Hae we less, hae we mair, we will ay be content;
For they say they hae mair pleasure that wins but a
groat,
Than the miser wi' his gear and the blaithrie o't.

I'll not meddle wi' th' affairs o' the kirk or the queen;
They're nae matters for a sang, let them sink let them
swim,
On your kirk I'll ne'er encroach, but I'll hold it still
remote,
Sae tak this for the gear and the blaithrie o't.

THE BLAITHRIE O'T.

When I think on this warld's pelf,
And the little wee share I have o't to myself,
And how the lass that wants it is by the lads forgot,
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!*

* *Shame fall the geer and the blad'ry o't*, is the turn of an old Scotish song, spoken when a young handsome girl marries an old man, upon the account of his wealth.

Kelly's *Scots Proverbs.*

Jockie was the laddie that held the pleugh,
But now he's got gowd and gear eneugh;
He thinks nae mair of me that wears the plaiden coat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

Jenny was the lassie that mucked the byre,
But now she is clad in her silken attire,
And Jockie says he lo'es her, and swears he's me forgot;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

But all this shall never daunton me,
Sae lang's I keep my fancy free:
For the lad that's sae inconstant, he's not worth a groat;
May the shame fa' the gear and the blaithrie o't!

TWEED SIDE.

In Ramsay's Tea-table Miscellany, *he tells us that about thirty of the songs in that publication were the works of some young gentlemen of his acquaintance; which songs are marked with the letters* D. C. *&c.*—Old Mr. Tytler, of Woodhouselee, the*

* Some of the best songs in the English language were written by contemporaries and countrymen of Ramsay's; by *Crawfurd, Hamilton*

worthy and able defender of the beauteous queen of Scots, told me that the songs marked C, *in the* Tea-table, *were the composition of a Mr. Crawford, of the house of Achinames, who was afterwards unfortunately drowned coming from France.—As Tytler was most intimately acquainted with Allan Ramsay, I think the anecdote may be depended on. Of consequence, the beautiful song of* Tweed Side *is Mr. Crawford's, and indeed does great honor to his poetical talents. He was a Robert Crawford; the Mary he celebrates, was Mary Stuart, of the Castlemilk family,* afterwards married to a Mr. John Relches.*

What beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;
Both nature and fancy exceed.

Hamilton of *Bangour*, and *Lord Binning*: for we have nothing more perfect, in that species of composition, than *Tweedside*, "*What beauties does Flora disclose*;"—"*Go, plaintive sounds*;"—and, "*Did ever Swain a Nymph adore.*"

Lord Woodhouselee's *Remarks on the Writings of Ramsay*, p. 116.

* If the reader refer to the note in page 62, he will there find that Mr. Walter Scott states this song to have been written in honour of another lady, a *Miss Mary Lilias Scott*.

Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring,
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind nature indulging my bliss,
To relieve the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.

Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed?

I have seen a song, calling itself the original Tweed Side, *and said to have been composed by a* Lord Yester. *It consisted of two stanzas, of which I still recollect the first.*

When Maggy and I was acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' hie;
Nae lintwhite on a' the green plain,
Nor gowdspink sae happy as me:
But I saw her sae fair, and I lo'ed;
I woo'd, but I came nae great speed;
So now I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.*

* The last stanza runs thus:—Ed.

To Meiggy my love I did tell,
Saut tears did my passion express,
Alas! for I loo'd her o'erwell,
An' the women loo sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld,
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I will wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

THE BOATIE ROWS.

The author of the Boatie Rows, was a Mr. Ewen of Aberdeen. It is a charming display of womanly affection mingling with the concerns and occupations of life. It is nearly equal to There's nae luck about the house.

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And leesome may the boatie row
That wins my bairns bread:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns bread.

I cust* my line in Largo bay,
And fishes I catch'd nine;
There was three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
Who wishes her to speed.

* Cast.—The Aberdeenshire dialect.

O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,*
And cleads us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our porridge meal:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O muckle lighter grew my creel,
He swore we'd never part:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And muckle lighter is the load,
When love bears up the creel.

My kurtch I put upo' my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw;
I true my heart was douf an' wae,
When Jamie gaed awa:
But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part;
And lightsome be the lassie's care,
That yields an honest heart.

* An ozier basket.

When Sawney, Jock, an' Janetie,
Are up and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care:
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The murlain, and the creel.

And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us dry and warm,
As we did them before:—
Then weel may the boatie row,
She wins the bairns bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

*ANOTHER, but very pretty Anglo-Scotish piece.**

* The Editor subjoins this song as a fair specimen of these Anglo-Scotish productions.

How blest has my time been, what joys have I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own!
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.

Thro'

THE POSIE.

It appears evident to me that Oswald composed his Roslin Castle *on the modulation of this air.—In the second part of Oswald's, in the three first bars, he has either hit on a wonderful similarity to, or else he has entirely borrowed the three first bars of the old air; and the close of both tunes is almost exactly the same. The old verses to which it was sung,*

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green:
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour bloom all the year thro';
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

when I took down the notes from a country girl's voice had no great merit.—The following is a specimen:

There was a pretty May,* and a milkin she went;
Wi' her red rosy cheeks, and her coal-black hair:
And she has met a young man a comin o'er the bent,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.

O where are ye goin, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair?
Unto the yowes a milkin, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.

What if I gang alang wi' thee, my ain pretty May,
Wi' thy red rosy cheeks, and thy coal-black hair;
Wad I be aught the warse o' that, kind sir, she says,
With a double and adieu to thee fair May.
&c. &c.

THE POSIE.

O luve will venture in, where it daur na weel be seen,
O luve will venture in, where wisdom ance has been,
But I will down yon river rove, amang the wood sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.

* Maid.

The primrose I will pu', the firstling o' the year,
And I will pu' the pink, the emblem o' my dear,
For she's the pink o' womankind, and blooms without a peer;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll pu' the budding rose, when Phœbus peeps in view,
For it's like a baumy kiss o' her sweet bonie mou;
The hyacinth's for constancy wi' its unchanging blue,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The lily it is pure, and the lily it is fair,
And in her lovely bosom I'll place the lily there;
The daisy's for simplicity and unaffected air,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The hawthorn I will pu', wi' its locks o' siller grey,
Where, like an aged man, it stands at break o' day,
But the songster's nest within the bush I winna tak away;
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

The woodbine I will pu', when the e'ening star is near,
And the diamond draps o' dew shall be her e'er sae clear;
The violet's for modesty which weel she fa's to wear,
And a' to be a posie to my ain dear May.

I'll tie the posie round wi' the silken band o' luve,
And I'll place it in her breast, and I'll swear by a' above,
That to my latest draught o' life the band shall ne'er remuve,
And this will be a posie to my ain dear May.

MARY'S DREAM.

THE Mary here alluded to is generally supposed to be Miss Mary Macghie, daughter to the Laird of Airds, in Galloway. The poet was a Mr. Alexander Lowe, *who likewise wrote another beautiful song, called* Pompey's Ghost.—*I have seen a poetic epistle from him in North America, where he now is, or lately was, to a lady in Scotland.—By the strain of the verses, it appeared that they allude to some love disappointment.*

The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree:
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Saying, Mary weep no more for me.

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head to ask, who there might be;
She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye;
'O Mary, dear, cold is my clay,
'It lies beneath a stormy sea;
'Far, far from thee, I sleep in death;
'So, Mary, weep no more for me.

'Three stormy nights and stormy days
'We toss'd upon the raging main;
'And long we strove our bark to save,
'But all our striving was in vain.
'E'en then when horror chill'd my blood,
'My heart was fill'd with love for thee:
'The storm is past, and I at rest;
'So, Mary, weep no more for me.

'O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
'We soon shall meet upon that shore,
'Where love is free from doubt and care,
'And thou and I shall part no more!'
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadows fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said,
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

SAID to have been composed by King James, on a frolic of his own.*

There was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was boun',
And he took up his quarters into a land'art town,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving,
Sae late into the night,
And we'll gang nae mair a roving, boys,
Let the moon shine ne'er sae bright!

He wad neither ly in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw and hay,
And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

* This Prince (whose character Dr. Percy thinks for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. It is of the present ballad that Mr. Walpole has remarked, there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favours had been thrown away upon a beggar.

Up raise the good man's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin i' the floor,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly, hooly wi' me, sir, ye'll waken our goodman,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin loon, and ne'er a word he spake,
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town? maiden, tell me true,
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my mealpocks, and do me meikle wrang,
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the puir man?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up the mealpocks and flang them o'er the wa',
The deil gae wi' the mealpocks, my maidenhead and a',
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took ye for some gentleman, at least the laird of
Brodie ;*
O dool for the doing o't! are ye the puir bodie?
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses
three,
And four-and-twenty hunder merk to pay the nurice-
fee,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud
and shrill,
And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping
o'er the hill,
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

* In the course of a most interesting conversation which the Editor had with Mrs. Murray, (married to Dr. Murray, of Bath), authoress of the celebrated song of "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch," the present song became the subject of her remark. She observed, "I have been told it was an ancestor of the present Brodie, of Brodie, who is mentioned in this old ballad. That family is one of the oldest and most honourable in the North of Scotland:—The present Laird, whom I have known and respected for many years, falls nothing short in any of the good qualities of his ancestors; and it is a high gratification to me to know that there are many young *Brodies* to continue the line of that most respectable clan."

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies* fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang them a'.
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cliver loon, and he lap shoulder height,
O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight!
And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

THE MAID THAT TENDS THE GOATS.

BY MR. DUDGEON.

THIS Dudgeon is a respectable farmer's son in Berwickshire.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MIRE.

I NEVER heard more of the words of this old song than the title.

* Ragged cloathing.

ALLAN WATER.

THIS Allan Water, which the composer of the music has honored with the name of the air, I have been told is Allan Water, in Strathallan.

TARRY WOO.

THIS is a very pretty song; but I fancy that the first half stanza, as well as the tune itself, are much older than the rest of the words.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Card it well, card it well,
Card it well ere ye begin.
When 'tis carded, row'd and spun,
Then the work is haflens done;
But when woven, drest and clean,
It may be cleading for a queen.

Sing, my bonny harmless sheep,
That feed upon the mountain's steep,
Bleating sweetly as ye go,
Thro' the winter's frost and snow;

Hart, and hynd, and fallow-deer,
No be haff so useful are:
Frae kings to him that hads the plow,
Are all oblig'd to tarry woo.

Up, ye shepherds, dance and skip,
O'er the hills and vallies trip,
Sing up the praise of tarry woo,
Sing the flocks that bear it too;
Harmless creatures without blame,
That clead the back, and cram the wame,
Keep us warm and hearty fou;
Leese me on the tarry woo.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts, and free of strife,
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambkins answer mae:
No such music to his ear;—
Of thief or fox he has no fear;
Sturdy *Kent* and *Colly* true,
Will defend the tarry woo.

He lives content, and envies none;
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Tho' he the royal sceptre sways,
Has not sweeter holidays.

Who'd be a king, can ony tell,
When a shepherd sings sae well?*
Sings sae well, and pays his due,
With honest heart and tarry woo.

GRAMACHREE.

THE song of Gramachree *was composed by a* Mr. Poe, *a counsellor in Dublin. This anecdote I had from a gentleman who knew the lady, the "* Molly," *who is the subject of the song, and to whom* Mr. Poe *sent the first manuscript of his most beautiful verses. I do not remember any single line that has more true pathos than—*

How can she break that honest heart that wears her in
its core!

But as the song is Irish, it had nothing to do in this collection.

* The thought contained in these two lines is an imitation of a verse in a fine old song, called "The Miller," which serves to confirm the truth of Burns's observation on the age of "Tarry Woo."—*Ed.*

THE COLLIER'S BONIE LASSIE.

THE first half stanza is much older than the days of Ramsay.—The old words began thus:

The collier has a dochter, and, O, she's wonder bonie!
A laird he was that sought her, rich baith in lands and money.
She wad na hae a laird, nor wad she be a lady;
But she wad hae a collier, the color o' her daddie.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE—O.

THE old words of this song are omitted here, though much more beautiful than these inserted; which were mostly composed by poor Fergusson, in one of his merry humors.—The old words began thus:

I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O,
Altho' the night were ne'er sae wat,
And I were ne'er sae weary, O,
I'll rowe thee o'er the lea-rig,
My ain kind dearie, O.—

YESTREEN I HAD A PINT OF WINE.

I THINK this is the best love-song I ever composed.

Tune—BANKS OF BANNA.

Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,
A place where body saw na;
Yestreen lay on this breast o' mine
The gowden locks of Anna.
The hungry Jew in wilderness,
Rejoicing o'er his manna,
Was naething to my hinny bliss
Upon the lips of Anna.

Ye monarchs tak the east and west,
Frae Indus to Savannah!
Gie me within my straining grasp
The melting form of Anna.
There I'll despise imperial charms,
An empress or sultana,
While dying raptures in her arms
I give and take with Anna!

Awa thou flaunting god o' day!
Awa thou pale Diana!
Ilk star gae hide thy twinkling ray
When I'm to meet my Anna.

Come, in thy raven plumage, Night,
(Sun, moon, and stars withdrawn a';)
And bring an angel pen to write,
My transports wi' my Anna.

MARY SCOTT, THE FLOWER OF YARROW.*

MR. Robertson in his statistical account of the parish of Selkirk, says, that Mary Scott, the Flower of Yarrow, was descended from the Dryhope, and married into the Harden family. Her daughter was married to a predecessor of the present Sir

* "Near the lower extremity of St. Mary's Lake, (a beautiful sheet of water, forming the reservoir from which the Yarrow takes its source,) are the ruins of Dryhope tower, the birth-place of Mary Scott, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope, and famous by the traditional name of the Flower of Yarrow. She was married to Walter Scott of Harden, no less renowned for his depredations, than his bride for her beauty. Her romantic appellation was, in latter days, with equal justice, conferred on Miss Mary Lilias Scott, the last of the elder branch of the Harden family. Mr. Scott, in a note to *Marmion*, proceeds to relate that, 'he well remembers the talent and spirit of the latter Flower of Yarrow, though age had then injured the charms which procured her the name; and that the words usually sung to the air of *Tweed-side*, beginning, 'What beauties does Flora disclose,' were composed in her honour.'

Francis Elliot, of Stobbs, and of the late Lord Heathfield.

*There is a circumstance in their contract of marriage that merits attention, as it strongly marks the predatory spirit of the times.—The father-in-law agrees to keep his daughter, for some time after the marriage; for which the son-in-law binds himself to give him the profits of the first Michaelmas-moon?**

---

* The time when the moss-troopers and cattle-drivers on the borders began their nightly depredations. Cattle-stealing formerly was a mere foraging expedition; and it has been remarked, that many of the best families in the North can trace their descent from these daring sons of the mountains. The produce (by way of a dowry to a laird's daughter) of a *Michaelmas-moon*, is proverbial; and by the aid of Lochiel's lanthorn (the moon) these exploits were the most desirable things imaginable. Nay, to this day, a Highlander that is not a sturdy moralist, does not deem it a very great crime to lift (such is the phrase) a sheep now and then. If the reader be curious to contemplate one of these heroes *in the cradle*, he may read the following *Highland balou*, or Nursery Song: It is wildly energetic and strongly characteristic of the rude and uncultivated manners of the Border Islands.

Hee, balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton chief,
Wha got my young Highland thief.

Leeze

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

I HAVE been informed, that the tune of Down the Burn, Davie, *was the composition of* David Maigh, *keeper of the blood slough hounds,* belonging to the Laird of Riddel, in Tweeddale.*

Leeze me on thy bonny craigie!
An' thou live, thou'll steal a naigie;
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow.

Thro' the lawlands, o'er the border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furder:
Herry the louns o' the laigh countrie;—
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

* In the South of Scotland, especially in the counties adjoining to England, there is another dog of a marvellous nature, called Suthounds (this is improper, according to *Jamieson;* it ought to be *Sleuth-hund*), because, when their masters are robbed, if they tell whether it be horse, sheep, or neat, that is stolen from them, immediately they pursue the scent of the thief, following him or them through all sorts of ground, and water, till they find him out and seize him; by the benefit whereof the goods are often recovered again.

Lewis's Hist. of Great Brit. 1729. p. 56.

When trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to see;
When Mary was compleat fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her e'e;
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move,
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwalt on yon burn side,
And Mary was the bonniest lass,
Just meet to be a bride;
Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
Her een were bonie blue;
Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.

As down the burn they took their way,
What tender tales they said!
His cheek to her's he aft did lay,
And with her bosom play'd;

* * * *

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And naething sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk sae sweet;
And that they aften should return,
Sic pleasure to renew;
Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn,
And ay shall follow you.*

BLINK O'ER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

THE old words, all that I remember, are,—

Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
It is a cauld winter night;
It rains, it hails, it thunders,
The moon she gies nae light:
It's a' for the sake o' sweet Betty,
That ever I tint my way;
Sweet, let me lie beyond thee,
Until it be break o' day.—

* The last four lines of the third stanza, being somewhat objectionable in point of delicacy, are omitted. Burns altered these lines. Had his alteration been attended with his usual success, it would have been adopted.

O, Betty will bake my bread,
And Betty will brew my ale,
And Betty will be my love,
When I come over the dale:
Blink over the burn, sweet Betty,
Blink over the burn to me,
And while I hae life, dear lassie,
My ain sweet Betty thou's be.—

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

This is one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots, or any other language.—The two lines,

And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!

as well as the two preceding ones, are unequalled almost by any thing I ever heard or read: and the lines,

The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw—

are worthy of the first poet.—It is long posterior to Ramsay's days.—About the year 1771, *or* 72, *it*

*came first on the streets as a ballad; and I suppose the composition of the song was not much anterior to that period.**

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to talk o' wark?
Ye jads, lay by your wheel!
Is this a time to talk of wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Gie me my cloak! I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava;
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up, and mak a clean fire-side,
Put on the muckle pat;

* The authoress of this unique ballad (supposed to be written in the character of a *Mariner's Wife*) was a *Jean Adam*, who instructed a few children in an obscure village of Scotland; and who, after wandering about from place to place, and experiencing a variety of hardships and misfortunes, died in extreme wretchedness in the workhouse at Glasgow, in the year 1765.

A more detailed account of this extraordinary woman may be seen in the Appendix, marked *(a)*, at the end of this volume.

Ed.

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
For there's nae luck, &c.

There is twa hens upon the bauk,
'Sbeen fed this month and mair;
Mak haste and thra their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw;
It's a' for love of my gudeman,—
For he's been long awa.
For there's nae luck, &c.

O gie me down my bigonets,
My bishop-sattin gown;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin's come to town;
My Sunday's shoon they maun gae on,
My hose o' pearl blue,
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leel and true.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his words, sae smooth's his speech,
His breath like caller air,
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair:
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blaun by; I hae him safe,
'Till death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!

For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's well, I'm well content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave;
And will I see his face again!
And will I hear him speak!
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet!

JOHN HAY'S BONIE LASSIE.

JOHN Hay's Bonie Lassie was daughter of John Hay, Earl, or Marquis of Tweeddale, and late Countess Dowager of Roxburgh.—She died at Broomlands, near Kelso, some time between the years 1720 *and* 1740.

THE BONIE BRUCKET LASSIE.

THE idea of this song is to me very original: the two first lines are all of it that is old. The rest of the song, as well as those songs in the Museum *marked* T, *are the works of an obscure, tippling, but extraordinary body of the name of Tytler, commonly known by the name of* Balloon *Tytler, from his having projected a balloon: A mortal, who, though he drudges about Edinburgh as a common printer, with leaky shoes, a sky-lighted hat, and knee-buckles as unlike as George-by-the-Grace-of-God, and Solomon-the-Son-of-David; yet that same unknown drunken mortal is author and compiler of three-fourths of Elliot's pompous Encyclo-*

*pedia Britannica, which he composed at half a guinea a week!**

The bonie brucket lassie
She's blue beneath the e'en;
She was the fairest lassie
That danced on the green:
A lad he loo'd her dearly,
She did his love return;
But he his vows has broken,
And left her for to mourn.

" My shape," she says, " was handsome,
My face was fair and clean;
But now I'm bonie brucket,
And blue beneath the e'en:
My eyes were bright and sparkling,
Before that they turn'd blue;
But now they're dull with weeping,
And a', my love, for you.

" My person it was comely,
My shape, they said, was neat;
But now I am quite chang'd,
My stays they winna meet:

* An account of this eccentric character is printed in the Appendix to this volume, marked *(b)*.

A' night I sleeped soundly,
My mind was never sad;
But now my rest is broken,
Wi' thinking o' my lad.

"O could I live in darkness,
Or hide me in the sea,
Since my love is unfaithful,
And has forsaken me!
No other love I suffer'd
Within my breast to dwell;
In nought I have offended,
But loving him too well."

Her lover heard her mourning,
As by he chanc'd to pass,
And press'd unto his bosom
The lovely brucket lass:
"My dear," he said, "cease grieving,
Since that your love's sae true,
My bonie brucket lassie
I'll faithful prove to you."

SAE MERRY AS WE TWA HA'E BEEN.

THIS song is beautiful.—The chorus in particular is truly pathetic.—I never could learn any thing of its author.

A lass that was laden with care
Sat heavily under yon thorn;
I listen'd awhile for to hear,
When thus she began for to mourn:
Whene'er my dear shepherd was there,
The birds did melodiously sing,
And cold nipping winter did wear
A face that resembled the spring.

Sae merry as we twa hae been,
Sae merry as we twa hae been,
My heart it is like for to break,
When I think on the days we hae seen.

Our flocks feeding close by his side,
He gently pressing my hand,
I view'd the wide world in its pride,
And laugh'd at the pomp of command!

My dear, he would oft to me say,
What makes you hard-hearted to me?
Oh! why do you thus turn away
From him who is dying for thee?
Sae merry, &c.

But now he is far from my sight,
Perhaps a deceiver may prove,
Which makes me lament day and night,
That ever I granted my love.
At eve, when the rest of the folk
Were merrily seated to spin,
I set myself under an oak,
And heavily sighed for him.
Sae merry, &c.

THE BANKS OF FORTH.

This air is Oswald's.

BOTHWEL BANKS.

This modern thing *of Pinkerton's could never pass for old but among the sheer ignorant. What Poet of the olden time, or indeed of any time, ever said or wrote any thing like the line*—"Without ae

flouir his grave to crown!" *This is not only the pedantry of tenderness, but the very bathos of bad writing.**

* The Editor requests the reader's pardon for the introduction of a few lines on this subject. He promises not to trespass on his good nature again.

O, Bothwel bank! again thy flowers
Sprout comely wi' spring's warming showers:
The daff'dil on the burn's gay brow,
Wags his sweet head, o'erlaid wi' dew;
The gowden cowslips, richly meal'd,
Inlay the burn, by bush and bield;
And the blythe lark, from morning cloud,
Lights 'mang the dew, and singeth loud.

Sae sweet wert thou that simmer night,
(All 'neath the moon's celestial light!)
When my dear boy, upon my breast,
Laid down his head awhile to rest:
Heaven took his angel soul awa',
And left him in my arms to fa'.
He lay, like a lilie on the ground,
Wi' a' his fair locks loose around.

I howked† a grave within my bower,
And there I set this heavenly flower:—
"And thou wilt spring again," I said,
"And bloom when other flowers will fade;
"Touched with immortal dew, thou'lt stand
"A posie fit for God's own hand;
"Among the flowers of heaven thou'lt blaw,
"When earthly flowers will fade awa'!"

† To *howk*, to dig.

THE BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

THIS is another beautiful song of Mr. Crawford's composition. In the neighbourhood of Traquair, tradition still shews the old "Bush;" which, when I saw it in the year 1787, was composed of eight or nine ragged birches. The Earl of Traquair has planted a clump of trees near by, which he calls "The new Bush."

Hear me, ye nymphs, and every swain,
I'll tell how Peggy grieves me;
Tho' thus I languish and complain,
Alas! she ne'er believes me.
My vows and sighs, like silent air,
Unheeded never move her;
The bonny bush aboon Traquair,
Was where I first did love her.

That day she smil'd and made me glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender;
If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flees the plain,
The fields we then frequented;
If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted.
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember;
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve me?
Oh! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me:
If not, my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender;
I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

CROMLET'S LILT.*

" In the latter end of the 16th century, the Chisholms were proprietors of the estate of Cromlecks (now possessed by the Drummonds). The eldest son of that family was very much attached to a daughter of Sterling of Ardoch, commonly known by the name of Fair Helen of Ardoch.

* Since the first edition of the *Reliques* was published, the Editor has seen a Letter addressed to Dr. Anderson, of Edinburgh, by a Gentleman of great literary acquirement, from which he has been permitted to make the following extract.

" I thank you particularly for *Cromek's Reliques of Burns*, which are undoubtedly genuine, and breathing the same genius and the same infirmities with his former works. I will say a little of it. More science and better company, with his father's worth and sound principles, would have made him one of the best poets this country has produced. He is a bigot for laxity, religious and moral; and hence that jumble of sentiments! After telling me of his father's conversion to Socinianism, he added, ' *but* he continued a *Calvinist* in his manners and conversation.' The thing I liked best was the account of Scotish Songs, which coincides with my own sentiments and theories. His curt, sarcastic remarks, are truly characteristic. Some of them are inaccurate. The Chisholm story is *felo de se*. The Reformation took place 1559 or 60, and great part of the Bishop's estate went to one of his own name. Little *Meg Murray* was not born then. The late Sir William Stirling told me, that it was a tradition in his family, that James the 6th, in passing from Perth

"At that time the opportunities of meeting betwixt the sexes were more rare, consequently more sought after than now; and the Scottish ladies, far from priding themselves on extensive literature, were thought sufficiently book-learned if they could make out the Scriptures in their mother tongue. Writing was entirely out of the line of female education: At that period the most of our young men of family sought a fortune, or found a grave, in France. Cromlus, when he went abroad to the war, was obliged to leave the management of his correspondence with his mistress to a lay brother of the monastry of Dumblain, in the immediate neighbourhood of Cromleck, and near Ardoch. This man, unfortunately, was deeply sensible of Helen's charms. He artfully prepossessed her with stories to the dis-

---

Perth to Stirling, 1617, sent a servant to tell the Lady Ardoch, then a widow, to have *all* her children dressed, for he was coming to see her and them. They were all drawn up on the green. On the King's seeing them, he said, 'Madam, tell me how many are of them.' 'I only want your Majesty's *help* to make out the two *Chalders*.' (i. e. 31 were they.) The King afterwards ate a collop sitting on a stone in the close. I have been told that the Tutor of Ardoch, who was alive in 1715, could, when more than a hundred, drink a bottle of ale at a draught. Much did Lord Tinwald, then a lad, take pleasure in the *Tutor*'s converse, who knew much of the history of private life."

advantage of Cromlus; and by misinterpreting or keeping up the letters and messages intrusted to his care, he entirely irritated both. All connection was broken off betwixt them: Helen was inconsolable, and Cromlus has left behind him, in the ballad called Cromlet's Lilt, a proof of the elegance of his genius, as well as the steadiness of his love.

"When the artful monk thought time had sufficiently softened Helen's sorrow, he proposed himself as a lover: Helen was obdurate: but at last, overcome by the persuasions of her brother with whom she lived, and who, having a family of thirty-one children, was probably very well pleased to get her off his hands, she submitted, rather than consented to the ceremony; but there her compliance ended; and, when forcibly put into bed, she started quite frantic from it, screaming out, that after three gentle taps on the wainscot, at the bed head, she heard Cromlus's voice, crying, Helen, Helen, mind me.* *Cromlus soon after coming home, the treachery of the confident was discovered,—her marriage disannulled,—and Helen became lady Cromlecks."*

N. B. Marg. Murray, mother to these thirty-one children, was daughter to Murray of Strewn, one of the seventeen sons of Tullybardine, and whose

* Remember me

youngest son, commonly called the Tutor of Ardoch, died in the year 1715, *aged* 111 *years.*

CROMLET'S LILT.

Since all thy vows, false maid,
Are blown to air,
And my poor heart betray'd
To sad despair,
Into some wilderness,
My grief I will express,
And thy hard-heartedness,
O cruel fair.

Have I not graven our loves
On every tree
In yonder spreading groves,
Tho' false thou be?
Was not a solemn oath
Plighted betwixt us both,
Thou thy faith, I my troth,
Constant to be?

Some gloomy place I'll find,
Some doleful shade,
Where neither sun nor wind
E'er entrance had:

Into that hollow cave,
There will I sigh and rave,
Because thou dost behave
So faithlessly.

Wild fruit shall be my meat,
I'll drink the spring,
Cold earth shall be my seat:
For covering
I'll have the starry sky
My head to canopy,
Until my soul on hy
Shall spread its wing.

I'll have no funeral fire,
Nor tears for me:
No grave do I desire,
Nor obsequies:
The courteous *Red-breast* he
With leaves will cover me,
And sing my elegy
With doleful voice.

And when a ghost I am,
I'll visit thee,
O thou deceitful dame,
Whose cruelty

Has kill'd the kindest heart
That e'er felt Cupid's dart,
And never can desert
From loving thee.

MY DEARIE, IF THOU DIE.

ANOTHER beautiful song of Crawford's.

Love never more shall give me pain,
My fancy's fix'd on thee,
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
My Peggy, if thou die.
Thy beauty doth such pleasure give,
Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I can never live,
My dearie, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
How shall I lonely stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs, the silent day.
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;
Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart,
With Cupid's raving rage;
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.
'Twas this, that like the morning sun,
Gave joy and life to me;
And when its destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair:
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me!
Oh! never rob them from these arms;
I'm lost if Peggy die.

SHE ROSE AND LET ME IN.

THE old set of this song, which is still to be found in printed collections, is much prettier than this: but somebody, I believe it was Ramsay, took it into his head to clear it of some seeming inde-

licacies, and made it at once more chaste and more dull.

GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION.

I am not sure if this old and charming air be of the South, as is commonly said, or of the North of Scotland.—There is a song apparently as antient as Ewe-bughts, Marion, *which sings to the same tune, and is evidently of the North.—It begins thus:*

The Lord o'Gordon had three dochters,
Mary, Marget, and Jean,
They wad na stay at bonie Castle Gordon,
But awa to Aberdeen.

Will ye go to the ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me;
The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
But nae haff sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her e'e;
And fain wad I marry Marion,
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glowr with their e'e,
At kirk when they see my Marion;
But nane of them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ews, my Marion,
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal-day:
And ye's get a green sey apron,
And waistcoat of the London brown,
And wow! but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dance like me on the green;
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up wi' Jean:

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramasie:
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see ye.*

LEWIS GORDON.†

THIS air is a proof how one of our Scots tunes comes to be composed out of another. I have one of the earliest copies of the song, and it has prefixed,

Tune of Tarry Woo.—

Of which tune, a different set *has insensibly varied into a different air.—To a Scots critic, the pathos of the line,*

"Tho' his back be at the wa',"

—must be very striking.—It needs not a Jacobite prejudice to be affected with this song. The sup-

* This is marked in the *Tea Table Miscellany* as an old song with additions.—*Ed.*

† "Lord Lewis Gordon, younger brother to the then Duke of Gordon, commanded a detachment for the Chevalier, and acquitted himself with great gallantry and judgment. He died in 1754."

posed author of " Lewis Gordon" *was a Mr. Geddes, priest, at Shenval, in the Ainzie.*

Oh! send Lewie Gordon hame,
And the lad I winna name;
Tho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa!
Oh hon! my Highland man,
Oh, my bonny Highland man;
Weel would I my true-love ken,
Amang ten thousand Highland men.

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and laigh-heel'd shoes;
Philabeg aboon his knee;
That's the lad that I'll gang wi'!
Oh hon! &c.

The princely youth that I do mean,
Is fitted for to be a king:
On his breast he wears a star;
You'd tak him for the God of War.
Oh hon! &c.

Oh to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne!
Disasters a' would disappear,
Then begins the Jub'lee year!
Oh hon! &c.

OH ONO CHRIO.*

Dr. Blacklock informed me that this song was composed on the infamous massacre of Glencoe.

Oh! was not I a weary wight!
Oh! ono chri, oh! ono chri—
Maid, wife, and widow, in one night!
When in my soft and yielding arms,
O! when most I thought him free from harms.
Even at the dead time of the night,
They broke my bower, and slew my knight.
With ae lock of his jet black hair,
I'll tye my heart for evermair;
Nae sly-tongued youth, or flatt'ring swain,
Shall e'er untye this knot again;
Thine still, dear youth, that heart shall be,
Nor pant for aught, save heaven and thee.

(The chorus repeated at the end of each line.)

I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

THIS is another of Crawford's songs, but I do not think in his happiest manner.—What an ab-

* A corruption of *O hone a rie*' signifying—*Alas for the prince, or chief.*

surdity, to join such names, as Adonis *and* Mary *together.*

CORN RIGS ARE BONIE.

ALL the old words that ever I could meet with to this air were the following, which seem to have been an old chorus.

O corn rigs and rye rigs,
O corn rigs are bonie;
And where'er you meet a bonie lass,
Preen up her cockernony.

THE MUCKING OF GEORDIE'S BYAR.

THE chorus of this song is old; the rest is the work of Balloon Tytler.

WAUKIN O' THE FAULD.

THERE are two stanzas still sung to this tune, which I take to be the original song whence Ramsay

composed his beautiful song of that name in the Gentle Shepherd.—*It begins,*

O will ye speak at our town,
As ye come frae the fauld, &c.

I regret that, as in many of our old songs, the delicacy of this old fragment is not equal to its wit and humor.

THE WAUKING OF THE FAULDS.

My Peggy is a young thing,
Just enter'd in her teens,
Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
Fair as the day, and always gay.
My Peggy is a young thing,
And I'm not very auld,
Yet well I like to meet her at
The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
Whene'er we meet alane,
I wish nae mair to lay my care,
I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,
My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
To a' the lave I'm cauld;
But she gars a' my spirits glow,
At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
Whene'er I whisper love,
That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown,
My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sic delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings sae saftly,
When on my pipe I play;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best.
My Peggy sings sae saftly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence, the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

THIS old song, so pregnant with Scottish naivieté *and energy, is much relished by all ranks, notwithstanding its broad wit and palpable allusions.—Its language is a precious model of imitation: sly,*

sprightly, and forcibly expressive.—Maggie's tongue wags out the nicknames of Rob the Piper with all the careless lightsomeness of unrestrained gaiety.

Wha wad na be in love
Wi' bonny Maggie Lauder?
A piper met her gaun to Fife,
And speir'd what was't they ca'd her;—
Right scornfully she answer'd him,
Begone, you hallanshaker!*
Jog on your gate, you bladderskate,†
My name is Maggie Lauder.

Maggie, quo' he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgin' fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonny bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:

* *Hallanshaker* is what the old people call a rambling mischievous fellow; one who sods up the burns, ties the doors, and works other pranks of innocent merriment. The hallan is a bundle composed of the longest broom, entwisted with willows, placed moveable to ward the wind from the door. The partition which divided the spence from the hall was frequently named a "Hallan," being formed of similar materials.

† *Bladderskate.* This ought to be *blether-skyte.* "*Ye blethering lowne*"—"*Ye vile skyte,*" are terms of familiar reproach still in use, and are innocently applied to those satiric rogues who have

For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter;
The lasses loup as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter.

Piper, quo' Meg, hae ye your bags?
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard o' you,
Live you upo' the border?*
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Have heard o' Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right gude will,
Gif you'll blaw up your chanter.

---

have the art of mingling falsehood and truth with admirable art, annoying with it the sage remarks of the sober-minded and wise.

* Probably a temporary and convenient residence of the minstrel. The emigration of Highland reapers to the lowlands of Scotland has brought the old favourite pipes again into vogue. On the day-close of harvest-toil the girls bind up their locks; the men wash their sweaty faces, and throw aside their gray socks. On the little green plat before the farm hall, the old bandsmen come out and see their children dancing and making merry. The Piper seats himself on the *knocking-stone*, and strikes into one of those wild northern airs which stirs even old age to the frolics and pranks of youth.

In talking on this subject to an intelligent Scotsman, he told the

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and wallop'd o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done! quo' he—play up! quo' she;
Weel bobb'd! quo' Rob the Ranter;
'Tis worth my while to play indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae ye play'd your part, quo' Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Since we lost Habbie Simpson.*

---

the Editor, that when a boy (not more than twenty years ago) he was greatly struck with the sight of many of these old Highland Pipers, straying, solitary, from parish to parish, reciting the deeds of the clans.

In every parish there were houses which the open-heartedness of their possessors made welcome nightly habitations to these vagrant remnants of ancient chivalry. The piper's arrival spread like wild-fire among the little country villages. The old decayed men, the lads and lasses, with their rocks and knitting apparatus, flocked around the old piper, who, seated next the *gudeman*, on the *lang-settle*, in the intervals of his tunes touched on the tales of other times. The *barbarity of William, in the vale of Glencoe;* the *Rade of Mar;* or *the year* 1715; *and the awful sufferings of misguided Catholic loyalty in* 1745, were told with the exquisite mastery of native eloquence.—

* The celebrated Piper of Kilbarchan.

I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter;
Gin' ye should come to Enster Fair,
Speir ye for Maggie Lauder.

TRANENT-MUIR.

Tune—GILLICRANKIE.

"TRANENT-MUIR" was composed by a Mr. Skirvin, a very worthy respectable farmer, near Haddington. I have heard the anecdote often, that Lieut. Smith, whom he mentions in the ninth stanza, came to Haddington after the publication of the song, and sent a challenge to Skirvin to meet him at Haddington, and answer for the unworthy manner in which he had noticed him in his song.—"Gang awa back," said the honest farmer, "and tell Mr. Smith that I hae na leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here; and I'll tak a look o' him; and if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no—I'll do as he did, —I'll rin awa."—

TRANENT MUIR.*

The Chevalier,† being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man:
While general Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another craw, man.

The brave Lochiel,‡ as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,
They loos'd with devilish thuds, man:

* A field of battle, better known by the name of Preston-pans, where prince Charles Stewart, commonly called the Young Chevalier, at the head of his Highland army, completely routed the English forces, under the command of Sir John Cope, who was afterward tryed by a court-martial for his conduct in this battle, and acquitted. He is said to have left the field in such haste that he never once stopped his horse, nor looked back, till he got to Haddington, which is seven or eight miles off. This action happened Sep. 22, 1745.

† Printed from Ritson's copy.

‡ Donald Cameron of Lochiel, chief of the Clan Cameron, a gentleman of great bravery, and of the most amiable disposition.

Down guns they threw, and swords they drew,
And soon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse, man;
Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

---

tion. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and died in France colonel of a regiment, which his grateful master had procured him, as a small reward and compensation for his great services and misfortunes, ... 1748.

Menteith the great,* when hersell sh—t,
Un'wares did ding him o'er, man;
Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
But aff fou fast did scour, man;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson† keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of sight, man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;

* The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer; who, happening to come the night before the battle, upon a Highland gelding, easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

† Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his pistols; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.

For Campbell rade, but Myrie* staid,
And sair he paid the kain,† man;
Fell skelps he got, was war than shot
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner‡ brave did still behave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few,
That still despised flight, man;

* Mr. Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broad-sword.

† *i. e.* He suffered severely in the cause.

‡ James Gardiner, colonel of a regiment of horse. This gentleman's conduct, however celebrated, does not seem to have proceeded so much from the generous ardour of a noble and heroic mind, as from a spirit of religious enthusiasm, and a bigoted reliance on the Presbyterian doctrine of predestination, which rendered it a matter of perfect indifference whether he left the field or remained in it. Being deserted by his troop, he was killed by a Highlander, with a Lochaber axe.

Colonel Gardiner having, when a gay young man, at Paris, made an assignation with a lady, was, as he pretended, not only deterred from keeping his appointment, but thoroughly reclaimed from all such thoughts in future, by an apparition. See his Life by Doddridge.



For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;
To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man;
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never faught,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man;

The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before he left the cor,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man:
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man),
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God save the king, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi spoils of war, man;
Fow bald can tell how her nainsell
Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
Bewest the meadow-mill, man;
There mony slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man.

Sic unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man:
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

TO THE WEAVERS GIN YE GO.

THE Chorus of this song is old, the rest of it is mine.—Here, once for all, let me apologize for many silly compositions of mine in this work. Many beautiful airs wanted words; in the hurry of other avocations, if I could string a parcel of rhymes together any thing near tolerable, I was fain to let them pass. He must be an excellent poet indeed, whose every performance is excellent.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

Tune—THE GORDONS HAD THE GUIDING O'T.

THE following account of this song I had from Dr. Blacklock.

The Strephon and Lydia mentioned in the song were perhaps the loveliest couple of their time. The gentleman was commonly known by the name of Beau Gibson. The lady was the Gentle Jean, *celebrated somewhere in Mr. Hamilton* of Bangour's poems.—Having frequently met at public places, they had formed a reciprocal attachment,*

* "With the elegant and accomplished WILLIAM HAMILTON of Bangour, whose amiable manners were long remembered with the tenderest recollection by all who knew him, Mr. Home lived in the closest habits of friendship. The Writer of these Memoirs has heard him dwell with delight on the scenes of their youthful days; and he has to regret that many an anecdote, to which he listened with pleasure, was not committed to a better record than a treacherous memory. Hamilton's mind is pictured in his verses. They are the easy and careless effusions of an elegant fancy and a chastened taste; and the sentiments they convey are the genuine feelings of a tender and susceptible heart, which perpetually owned the dominion of some favourite mistress; but whose passion generally evaporated in song, and made no serious or permanent impression. His poems had an additional charm to his cotemporaries, from being commonly addressed to his familiar friends of either sex."

Life of Lord Kaimes, vol. i. p. 64.

Hamilton died in March, 1754, aged 50.

which their friends thought dangerous, as their resources were by no means adequate to their tastes and habits of life. To elude the bad consequences of such a connexion, Strephon was sent abroad with a commission, and perished in Admiral Vernon's expedition to Carthagena.

The author of the song was William Wallace, Esq. of Cairnhill, in Ayrshire.

STREPHON AND LYDIA.

All lovely on the sultry beach,
  Expiring Strephon lay,
No hand the cordial draught to reach,
  Nor chear the gloomy way.
Ill-fated youth! no parent nigh,
  To catch thy fleeting breath,
No bride, to fix they swimming eye,
  Or smooth the face of death.

Far distant from the mournful scene,
  Thy parents sit at ease,
Thy Lydia rifles all the plain,
  And all the spring to please.
Ill-fated youth! by fault of friend,
  Not force of foe depress'd,
Thou fall'st, alas! thyself, thy kind,
  Thy country, unredress'd!

I'M O'ER YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

*THE chorus of this song is old.—The rest of it, such as it is, is mine.**

I am my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary, sir;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fley'd wad mak me irie, sir.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
To take me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmass is come and gane,
The nights are lang in winter, sir;
And you an' I in ae bed,
In trowth, I dare na venture, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

* There is a stray, characteristic verse, which ought to be restored.

My minnie coft me a new gown,
The kirk maun hae the gracing o't;
Ware I to lie wi' you, kind sir,
I'm feared ye'd spoil the lacing o't.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Fu' loud and shill the frosty wind
Blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir;
But if ye come this gate again,
I'll aulder be gin simmer, sir.
I'm o'er young, &c.

MACPHERSON'S FAREWEL.

*MACPHERSON, a daring robber, in the beginning of this century, was condemned to be hanged at the assizes at Inverness. He is said, when under sentence of death, to have composed this tune, which he called his own lament, or farewel.**

Farewel ye dungeons, dark and strong,
The wretch's destinie!
Macpherson's time will not be long
On yonder gallows tree.

Sae rantingly, sae wantonly,
Sae dauntingly gaed he;
He play'd a spring, and danc'd it round,
Below the gallows tree.

* See a Notice of Macpherson in the Preface to these volumes.

Oh, what is death, but parting breath?—
On mony a bloody plain
I've dar'd his face; and in this place
I scorn him yet again!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Untie these bands from off my hands,
And bring to me my sword;
And there's no a man in all Scotland,
But I'll brave him at a word.
Sae rantingly, &c.

I've liv'd a life of sturt and strife,
I die by treacherie:
It burns my heart I must depart,
And not avenged be!
Sae rantingly, &c.

Now, farewel light, thou sunshine bright,
And all beneath the sky:
May coward shame distain his name,
The wretch that dares not die!
Sae rantingly, &c.

MY JO JANET.

JOHNSON, the publisher, with a foolish delicacy, refused to insert the last stanza of this humorous ballad.*

Sweet sir, for your courtesie,
When ye come by the *Bass* then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a keeking-glass, then.—
Keek into the draw-well,
Janet, Janet;
And there ye'll see your bonny sell,
My Jo, Janet.

Keeking in the draw-well clear,
What if I should fa' in,
Syne a' my kin will say and swear,
I drown'd mysell for sin.—
Haud the better be the brae,
Janet, Janet,
Haud the better be the brae,
My Jo, Janet.

* Of the *Scots Musical Museum.*

Good sir, for your courtesie,
Coming through *Aberdeen*, then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a pair of shoon, then.—
Clout the auld, the new are dear,
Janet, Janet;
Ae pair may gain ye ha'f a year,
My Jo, Janet.

But what if dancing on the green,
And skipping like a maukin.*
If they should see my clouted shoon,
Of me they will be taukin'.—
Dance ay laigh, and late at e'en,
Janet, Janet;
Syne a' their fauts will no be seen,
My Jo, Janet.

Kind sir, for your courtesie,
When ye gae to the *Cross*, then,
For the luve ye bear to me,
Buy me a pacing-horse, then.—
Pace upo' your spinnin-wheel,
Janet, Janet;
Pace upo' your spinnin-wheel,
My Jo, Janet.

* A hare.

My spinnin-wheel is auld and stiff,
The rock o't winna stand, sir,
To keep the temper-pin in tiff,
Employs right aft my hand, sir.—
Mak the best o't that ye can,
Janet, Janet;
But like it never wale a man,
My Jo, Janet.

THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

THE words by a Mr. R. Scott, from the town or neighbourhood of Biggar.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

I COMPOSED these stanzas standing under the falls of Aberfeldy, at, or near, Moness.

Tune—BIRKS OF ABERGILDIE.

Now simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the chrystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonny lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonny lassie, will ye go,
To the birks of Aberfeldy?

The little birdies blythly sing,
While o'er their heads the hazels hing;
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream, deep-roaring, fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linn the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers,
The birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.
Bonny lassie, &c.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE, O.

*THIS was a composition of mine in very early life, before I was known at all in the world. My Highland Lassie was a warm-hearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long tract of the most ardent reciprocal attachment, we met by appointment, on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot by the Banks of Ayr, where we spent the day in taking a farewel, before she should embark for the West-Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of Autumn following she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock, where she had scarce landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried my dear girl to the grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness.**

* There are events in this transitory scene of existence, seasons of joy or of sorrow, of despair or of hope, which as they powerfully affect us at the time, serve as epochs to the history of our lives. They may be termed the trials of the heart.—We treasure them deeply in our memory, and as time glides silently away, they help us to number our days. Of this character was the parting of *Burns* with his *Highland Mary*, that interesting female,

Nae gentle dames, tho' ne'er sae fair,
Shall ever be my Muse's care;
Their titles a' are empty shew;
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen sae bushy, O,
Aboon the plain sae rashy, O,
I set me down wi' right good will,
To sing my Highland lassie, O.

O were yon hills and vallies mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine!
The world then the love should know
I bear my Highland lassie, O.

Within the glen, &c.

---

female, the first object of the youthful Poet's love. This adieu was performed with all those simple and striking ceremonials which rustic sentiment has devised to prolong tender emotions and to inspire awe. The lovers stood on each side of a small purling brook; they laved their hands in its limpid stream, and holding a bible between them, pronounced their vows to be faithful to each other. They parted—never to meet again!

The anniversary of *Mary Campbell*'s death (for that was her name), awakening in the sensitive mind of *Burns* the most lively emotion, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered, solitary, on the banks of the Nith, and about the farm-yard, in the extremest agitation of mind, nearly

But fickle fortune frowns on me,
And I maun cross the raging sea;
But while my crimson currents flow,
I'll looe my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

Altho' thro' foreign climes I range,
I know her heart will never change,
For her bosom burns with honor's glow,
My faithful Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

For her I'll dare the billow's roar;
For her I'll trace a distant shore;
That Indian wealth may lustre throw
Around my Highland lassie, O.
Within the glen, &c.

She has my heart, she has my hand,
By secret truth and honor's band!
'Till the mortal stroke shall lay me low,
I'm thine, my Highland lassie, O.

---

nearly the whole of the night: His agitation was so great, that he threw himself on the side of a corn stack, and there conceived his sublime and tender elegy—his address *To Mary in Heaven.*
Ed.

Farewel, the glen sae bushy, O!
Farewel, the plain sae rashy, O!
To other lands I now must go,
To sing my Highland lassie, O!

GUDE YILL COMES, AND GUDE YILL GOES.

This song sings to the tune called The bottom of the punch bowl, *of which a very good copy may be found in* M'Gibbon's Collection.

O gude yill comes, and gude yill goes,
Gude yill gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
For gude yill keeps my heart aboon.

I had sax owsen in a pleugh,
And they drew teugh and weel eneugh;
I drank them a' ane by ane,
For gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
Gude yill, &c.

I had forty shillin in a clout,
Gude yill gart me pyke them out;
That gear should moule I thought a sin,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
Gude yill, &c.

The meikle pot upon my back,
Unto the yill-house I did pack;
It melted a' wi' the heat o' the moon,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
Gude yill, &c.

Gude yill hauds me bare and busy,
Gars me jink wi' the servant hizzie,
Stand in the kirk when I hae done,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
Gude yill, &c.

I wish their fa' may be a gallows,
Winna gie gude yill to gude fellows,
And keep a soup 'till the afternoon,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.
O gude yill comes, and gude yill goes,
Gude yill gars me sell my hose,
Sell my hose, and pawn my shoon,
Gude yill keeps my heart aboon.

* These are old words altered by Burns. The original verses were recovered by the Editor, and are published among the "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song."

FIFE, AND A' THE LANDS ABOUT IT.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's. He, as well as I, often gave Johnson verses, trifling enough, perhaps, but they served as a vehicle to the music.

WERE NA MY HEART LIGHT I WAD DIE.

LORD Hailes, in the notes to his collection of ancient Scots poems, says that this song was the composition of a Lady Grissel Baillie, daughter of the first Earl of Marchmont, and wife of George Baillie, of Jerviswood.

There was anes a May,* and she loo'd na men,
She biggit her bonny bow'r down in yon glen;
But now she cries dool! and a well-a-day!
Come down the green gate, and come here away.
But now she cries, &c.

When bonny young Johny came o'er the sea,
He said he saw naithing sae lovely as me;
He hecht me baith rings and mony braw things;
And were na my heart light I wad die.
He hecht me, &c.

* Maid.

He had a wee titty that loo'd na me,
Because I was twice as bonny as she;
She rais'd such a pother 'twixt him and his mother,
That were na my heart light, I wad die.
She rais'd, &c.

The day it was set, and the bridal to be,
The wife took a dwam, and lay down to die;
She main'd and she grain'd out of dolour and pain,
Till he vow'd he never wad see me again.
She main'd, &c.

His kin was for ane of a higher degree,
Said, What had he to do with the like of me?
Albeit I was bonny, I was na for Johny:
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
Albeit I wad, &c.

They said, I had neither cow nor caff,
Nor dribbles of drink rins throw the draff,
Nor pickles of meal rins throw the mill-ee;
And were na my heart light, I wad die,
Nor pickles of, &c.

His titty she was baith wylie and slee,
She spy'd me as I came o'er the lee;
And then she ran in and made a loud din,
Believe your ain een, an ye trow na me.
And then she, &c.

His bonnet stood ay fou round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as well as some's new:
But now he lets't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upon the corn-bing.
But now he, &c.

And now he gaes 'dandering'* about the dykes,
And a' he dow do is to hund the tykes:
The live-lang night he ne'er steeks his ee,
And were na my heart light, I wad die.
The live-lang, &c.

Were I young for thee, as I hae been,
We shou'd hae been galloping down on yon green,
And linking it on the lily-white lee;
And wow gin I were but young for thee!
And linking, &c.

* So Lord Hailes; Ramsay and others read 'drooping.'

THE YOUNG MAN'S DREAM.

THIS song is the composition of Balloon *Tytler.*

STRATHALLAN'S LAMENT.*

THIS air is the composition of one of the worthiest and best-hearted men living—Allan Masterton, schoolmaster in Edinburgh. As he and I were both sprouts of jacobitism, we agreed to dedicate the words and air to that cause.

To tell the matter of fact, except when my passions were heated by some accidental cause, my jacobitism was merely by way of vive la bagatelle.

Thickest night, o'erhang my dwelling
Howling tempests o'er me rave!
Turbid torrents, wintry swelling,
Still surround my lonely cave!

Crystal streamlets gently flowing,
Busy haunts of base mankind,
Western breezes softly blowing,
Suit not my distracted mind.

* Supposed to mean James, Viscount Strathallan, whose father, Viscount William, was killed at the battle of Culloden. He escaped to France.

In the cause of right engaged,
Wrongs injurious to redress;
Honour's war we strongly waged,
But the heavens deny'd success.

Ruin's wheel has driven o'er us,
Not a hope that dare attend,
The wide world's all before us—
But a world without a friend!

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

THE chorus of this is old; the two stanzas are mine.

Up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early;
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

Cold blaws the wind frae east to west,
The drift is driving sairly;
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
A' day they fare but sparely;
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning, &c.

THE TEARS OF SCOTLAND.

Dr. Blacklock told me that Smollet, who was at bottom a great jacobite, composed these beautiful and pathetic verses on the infamous depredations of the Duke of Cumberland, *after the battle of Culloden.*

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground.
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks:
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze;
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay,
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:
No strains, but those of sorrow, flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of woe;
While the pale phantoms of the slain,
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh! baneful cause!—oh! fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his childrens' blood!
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd:
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames, and murd'ring steel.

The pious mother doom'd to death,
Forsaken, wanders o'er the heath,
The black wind whistles round her head,
Her helpless orphans cry for bread;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend;
And, stretch'd beneath th' inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow:
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!

BRAW, BRAW LADS OF GALLA-WATER.

I HAVE heard a concluding verse sung to these words—it is,

An' ay she came at e'enin fa',
Amang the yellow broom, sae eerie,
To seek the snood o' silk she tint;—
She fan na it, but gat her dearie.

Braw, braw lads of Galla-water;
O, braw lads of Galla-water!
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie;
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kiss, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss amang the heather;
I'll kilt my coat aboon my knee,
And follow my true love thro' the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie;
The lassie lost a silken snood,
That cost her mony a blirt and blearie.

WHAT WILL I DO GIN MY HOGGIE* DIE.

Dr. Walker, who was Minister at Moffat in 1772, *and is now* (1791) *Professor of Natural History, in the University of Edinburgh, told Mr. Riddel the following anecdote concerning this air. —He said that some gentlemen, riding a few years ago through Liddesdale, stopped at a hamlet consisting of a few houses, called Mosspaul; when they were struck with this tune, which an old woman, spinning on a rock, at her door, was singing.—All she could tell concerning it was, that she was taught it when a child, and it was called,* What will I do gin my Hoggie die. *No person, except a few females at Mosspaul, knew this fine old tune; which in all probability, would have been lost, had not one*

* *Hoggie*, a young sheep, before it has lost its first fleece, termed a Harvest Hog, from being smeared at the end of harvest, when it ceases to be called a lamb.—*Jamieson.*

of the gentlemen, who happened to have a flute with him, taken it down.

What will I do gin my hoggie die?
My joy, my pride, my hoggie;
My only beast, I had nae mae,
And wow! but I was vogie.

The lee-lang night we watch'd the fauld,
Me and my faithfu' doggie;
We heard nought but the roaring linn,
Amang the braes sae scroggie.

But the houlet cry'd frae the castle wa',
The blitter frae the boggie,
The tod reply'd upon the hill;
I trembled for my hoggie.

When day did daw, and cocks did craw,
The morning it was foggie;
An unco' tyke lap o'er the dyke,
And maist has killed my hoggie.*

* These words are certainly by Burns, though the Editor has heard them attributed to another writer, whose name he has forgotten. It is a silly subject treated sublimely. It has much of the fervour of the "Vision."

I DREAM'D I LAY WHERE FLOWERS WERE SPRINGING.

THESE two stanzas I composed when I was seventeen, and are among the oldest of my printed pieces.

I dream'd I lay where flowers were springing,
  Gaily in the sunny beam;
List'ning to the wild birds singing,
  By a falling, chrystal stream:
Straight the sky grew black and daring;
  Thro' the woods the whirlwinds rave;
Trees with aged arms were warring,
  O'er the swelling, drumlie wave.
Such was my life's deceitful morning,
  Such the pleasures I enjoy'd;
But lang or noon, loud tempests storming,
  A' my flow'ry bliss destroy'd.
Tho' fickle fortune has deceiv'd me,
  She promis'd fair, and perform'd but ill;
Of mony a joy and hope bereav'd me,
  I bear a heart shall support me still.

AH! THE POOR SHEPHERD'S MOURNFUL FATE.

Tune—GALLASHIELS.

THE old title, Sour Plums o' Gallashiels, *probably was the beginning of a song to this air, which is now lost.*

The tune of Gallashiels *was composed about the beginning of the present century by the Laird of Gallashiel's piper.**

THE BANKS OF THE DEVON.

Tune—RHANNERACH DHON NA CHRI.

THESE verses were composed on a charming girl, a Miss Charlotte Hamilton, who is now married to James M'Kitrick Adair, Esq. physician. She is sister to my worthy friend, Gavin Hamilton, of Mauchline; and was born on the banks of Ayr, but was, at the time I wrote these lines, residing at Herveyston, in Clackmannanshire, on the romantic

* The Piper of Gallashiels was the subject of an unpublished mock-heroic Poem, by *Hamilton of Bangour.*—Ed.

banks of the little river Devon.—I first heard the air from a lady in Inverness, and got the notes taken down for this work.

How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon,
With green spreading bushes and flow'rs blooming fair!
But the bonniest flow'r on the banks of the Devon,
Was once a sweet bud on the braes of the Ayr:
Mild be the sun on this sweet-blushing flow'r,
In the gay rosy morn as it bathes in the dew;
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal show'r,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew!

O spare the dear blossom, ye orient breezes,
With chill, hoary wing as ye usher the dawn!
And far be thou distant, thou reptile that seizest,
The verdure and pride of the garden or lawn!
Let Bourbon exult in his gay gilded lilies,
And England triumphant display her proud rose;
A fairer than either adorns the green vallies,
Where Devon, sweet Devon, meandering flows

MILL, MILL O.—

THE original, or at least a song evidently prior to Ramsay's, is still extant.—It runs thus:

The mill, mill O, and the kill, kill O,
And the coggin o' Peggy's wheel O,
The sack and the sieve, and a' she did leave,
And danc'd the miller's reel O.

As I cam down yon waterside,
And by yon shellin-hill O,
There I spied a bonie bonie lass,
And a lass that I lov'd right weel O.—*

* * * *

Beneath a green shade I fand a fair maid
Was sleeping sound and still O,
A' lowing wi' love, my fancy did rove,
Around her with good will-O:

* The remaining two stanzas, though pretty enough, partake rather too much of the rude simplicity of the "Olden time" to be admitted here.—*Ed.*

Her bosom I press'd, but, sunk in her rest,
She stir'd na my joy to spill-O;
While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
And kiss'd, and kiss'd her my fill-O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
T' employ my courage and skill-O,
Frae 'er quietly I staw, hoist'd sails and awa,
For wind blew fair on the hill-O.
Twa years brought me hame, where loud-frasing fame
Tald me with a voice right shrill-O,
My lass, like a fool, had mounted the stool,*
Nor ken'd wha'd done her the ill-O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
A ferlying speer'd how she fell-O;
Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, let me die,
Sweet sir, gin I can tell-O.
Love gae the command, I took her by the hand,
And bad her a' fears expel-O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
Wha had done her the deed mysell-O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grass,
Beneath the shilling-hill-O;†

* Of repentance.

† Where they winnow the chaff from the corn.

If I did offence, I'se make ye amends,
Before I leave Peggy's mill-O.
O! the mill, mill-O, and the kill, kill-O,
And the cogging of the wheel-O,
The sack and the sieve, a' thae ye man leave,
And round with a soger reel-O.

WALY, WALY.

In the west country I have heard a different edition of the second stanza.—Instead of the four lines, beginning with, "When cockle-shells," &c. *the other way ran thus:—*

O wherefore need I busk my head,
Or wherefore need I kame my hair,
Sin my fause luve has me forsook,
And says he'll never luve me mair.—*

O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly by yon burn-side,
Where I and my love were wont to gae.

* So it is in the *Tea Table Miscellany*, from which the present copy is printed.—*Ed.*

I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trustie trie;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
And sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

O waly waly gin love be bonny
A little time while it is new;
But when its auld it waxeth cauld,
And fades awa' like morning-dew.
O wherfore shu'd I busk my head?
Or wherfore shu'd I kame my hair?
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed,
The sheits shall neir be fyl'd by me:
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the trie?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum?
For of my life I am wearie.

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.

Whan we came in by Glasgowe town,
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad i' th' black velvet,
And I mysell in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kisst,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were borne,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gone,
For a maid again Ile never be!*

DUNCAN GRAY.

Dr. Blacklock informed me that he had often heard the tradition that this air was composed by a carman in Glasgow.

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

* This song is quoted in a musical medley published in 1600.

Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh;
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd:
Ha, ha, &c.
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig*
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his e'en baith bleert and blin,
Spak o' lowpin o'er a linn;
Ha, ha, &c.

Time and chance are but a tide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Slighted love is sair to bide,
Ha, ha, &c.
Shall I, like a fool, quo' he,
For a haughty hizzie die;
She may gae to—France for me!
Ha, ha, &c.

How it comes let doctors tell,
Ha, ha, &c.

* A well-known rock in the frith of Clyde.

Meg grew sick—as he grew heal,
Ha, ha, &c.
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings;
And O, her e'en, they spak sic things!
Ha, ha, &c.

Duncan was a lad o' grace,
Ha, ha, &c.
Maggie's was a piteous case,
Ha, ha, &c.
Duncan could na be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath;
Now they're crouse and canty baith,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

This is the last of the West Highland airs; and from it, over the whole tract of country to the confines of Tweed-side, there is hardly a tune or song that one can say has taken its origin from any place or transaction in that part of Scotland.—The oldest Ayrshire reel, is Stewarton Lasses, *which was made*

by the father of the present Sir Walter Montgomery Cunningham, alias Lord Lyle; since which period there has indeed been local music in that country in great plenty.—Johnie Faa *is the only old song which I could ever trace as belonging to the extensive county of Ayr.*

TODLEN HAME.

This is, perhaps, the first bottle song that ever was composed.

When I've a saxpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town:
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by;
O! poverty parts good company.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
Coudna my loove come todlen hame?

Fair-fa' the goodwife, and send her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her tippony chance to be sma',
We'll tak a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.
Todlen hame, todlen hame,
As round as a neep come todlen hame.*

* *A neep*—a turnip.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pintstoups at our bed-feet;
And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
What think ye of my wee kimmer and I?
*Todlen but, and todlen ben,**
Sae round as my loove comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your mou;
When sober sae sour, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That 'tis a blyth sight to the bairns and me,
When todlen hame, todlen hame,
When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.

CAULD KAIL IN ABERDEEN.

This song is by the Duke of Gordon.—The old verses are,

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Strabogie;
When ilka lad maun hae his lass,
Then fye, gie me my cogie.

* *But and ben,* is the *outer* and *inner* room. In low farm-houses of two rooms, the outer room is called *the but,* and the inner one *the ben.*

My cogie, Sirs, my cogie, Sirs,
I cannot want my cogie:
I wadna gie my three-girr'd stoup
For a' the quenes on Bogie.

There's Johnie Smith has got a wife
That scrimps him o' his cogie,
If she were mine, upon my life
I'd douk her in a bogie.
My cogie, Sirs, &c.

There's cauld kail in Aberdeen,
And castocks in Stra'bogie;
Gin I but hae a bonny lass,
Ye're welcome to your cogie:
And ye may sit up a' the night,
And drink till it be braid day-light;
Gie me a lass baith clean and tight,
To dance the Reel of Bogie.
In cotillons the French excel;
John Bull loves countra-dances;
The Spaniards dance fandangos well;
Mynheer an allemande prances:

In foursome reels the Scotch delight,
The threesome maist dance wond'rous light;
But twasome's ding a' out o' sight,
Danc'd to the Reel of Bogie.

Come, lads, and view your partners well,
Wale each a blythsome rogie;
I'll tak this lassie to mysel,
She seems sae keen and vogie!
Now piper lad bang up the spring;
The countra fashion is the thing,
To prie their mou's e'er we begin
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now ilka lad has got a lass,
Save yon auld doited fogie;
And ta'en a fling upo' the grass,
As they do in Stra'bogie:
But a' the lasses look sae fain,
We canna think oursel's to hain,
For they maun hae their come again
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

Now a' the lads hae done their best,
Like true men of Stra'bogie;
We'll stop awhile and tak a rest,
And tipple out a cogie:

Come now, my lads, and tak your glass,
And try ilk other to surpass,
In wishing health to every lass
To dance the Reel of Bogie.

FOR LAKE OF GOLD.

THE country girls in Ayrshire, instead of the line

She me forsook for a great duke,

say,

For Athole's duke she me forsook;

which I take to be the original reading.

These words were composed by the late Dr. Austin, physician at Edinburgh.—He had courted a lady, to whom he was shortly to have been married: but the Duke of Athole having seen her, became so much in love with her, that he made proposals of marriage, which were accepted of, and she jilted the Doctor.*

* Jean, daughter of John Drummond, of Megginch, Esq.

WE RAN AND THEY RAN.*

THE author of We ran and they ran, *and* they ran and we ran, *&c. was the late Rev. Murdoch M'Lennan, minister at Crathie, Dee-side.*

There's some say that we wan,
Some say that they wan,
Some say that nane wan at a' man;
But one thing I'm sure,
That at Sheriff Muir†
A battle there was, which I saw man:

And we ran and they ran, and they ran, and we ran, and we ran, and they ran, awa', man.

* This copy is given from Ritson's Coll. with his Historical Notices.—*Ed.*

† The battle of Dumblain or Sheriff-muir was fought the 13th of November 1715, between the earl of Mar, for the Chevalier, and the duke of Argyle for the government. Both sides claimed the victory, the left wing of either army being routed. The capture of Preston, it is very remarkable, happened on the same day.

Brave Argyle* and Belhaven,†
Not like frighted Leven,‡
Which Rothes§ and Haddington‖ sa' man;
For they all with Wightman**
Advanced on the right, man,
While others took flight, being ra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh†† was there,
In order to share
With Douglas,‡‡ who stood not in awe, man,
Volunteerly to ramble
With lord Loudon Campbell,§§
Brave Ilay‖‖ did suffer for a' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* John (Campbell) 2d duke of Argyle, commander in chief of the government forces; a nobleman of great talents and integrity, much respected by all parties: died 1743.

† John (Hamilton) lord Belhaven; served as a volunteer; and had the command of a troop of horse raised by the county of Haddington: perished at sea, 1721.

‡ David (Lesly) earl of Leven; for the government.

§ John (Lesly) earl of Rothes; for the government.

‖ Thomas (Hamilton) earl of Haddington; for the government.

** Major general Joseph Wightman.

†† John (Ker) first duke of Roxburgh; for the government.

‡‡ Archibald (Douglas) duke of Douglas.

§§ Hugh (Campbell) earl of Loudon.

‖‖ Archibald earl of Ilay, brother to the duke of Argyle. He was dangerously wounded.

Sir John Schaw,* that great knight,
Wi' broad-sword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man;
An hero that's bold,
None could him with-hold,
He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam,†
For fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broad-swords wi' a pa', man,
And that in such thrang,
Made Baird edicang,‡
And from the brave clans ran awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar§ and Panmure‖
Were firm I am sure,
The latter was kidnapt awa', man,
With brisk men about,

* An officer in the troop of gentlemen volunteers.

† Major-general Thomas Whitham.

‡ i. e. *Aid du camp.*

§ John (Erskine) earl of Mar, commander in chief of the Chevalier's army; a nobleman of great spirit, honour, and abilities. He died at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732.

‖ James (Maule) earl of Panmure; died at Paris, 1723.

Brave Harry* retook
His brother, and laught at them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave Marshall† and Lithgow,‡
And Glengary's§ pith too,
Assisted by brave Loggie-man,‖
And Gordons the bright
So boldly did fight,
The redcoats took flight and awa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Honorable Harry Maule, brother to the earl. The circumstance here alluded to is thus related in the earl of Mar's printed account of the engagement: "The prisoners taken by us were very civilly used, and none of them stript. Some were allow'd to return to Sterling upon their parole, &c... The few prisoners taken by the enemy on our Left were most of them stript and wounded after taken. The earl of Panmure being first of the prisoners wounded after taken. They having refused his parole, he was left in a village, and by the hasty retreat of the enemy, upon the approach of our army, was rescu'd by his brother and his servants."

† George (Keith) earl Marischall, then a youth at college. He died at his government of Neufchatel in 1771. His brother, the celebrated marshall Keith, was with him in this battle.

‡ James (Livingston) earl of Calendar and Linlithgow: attainted.

§ Alexander M'Donald of Glengary, laird of a clan; a brave and spirited chief: attainted.

‖ Thomas Drummond of Logie-Almond; commanded the two battalions of Drummonds. He was wounded.

Strathmore* and Clanronald†
Cry'd still, advance, Donald!
Till both these heroes did fa', man;‡
For there was such hashing,
And broad swords a clashing,
Brave Forfar§ himself got a cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* John (Lyon) earl of Strathmore; "a man of good parts, of a most amiable disposition and character."

† Ranald M'Donald, captain of Clan Ranald. *N. B.* The captain of a clan was one who, being next or near in blood to the chief, headed them in his infancy or absence.

‡ "We have lost to our regret, the earl of Strathmore and the captain of Clan Ranald." Earl of Mar's Letter to the governor of Perth. Again, printed account: "We cann't find above 60 of our men in all kill'd, among whom were the earl of Strathmore [and] the captain of Clan Ranald, both much lamented." The latter, "for his good parts and gentle accomplishments, was look'd upon as the most gallant and generous young gentleman among the clans... He was lamented by both parties that knew him."

His servant, who lay on the field watching his dead body, being asked next day who that was, answered, He was a man yesterday.—Boswell's *Journey to the Hebrides*, p. 359.

§ Archibald (Douglas) earl of Forfar, who commanded a regiment in the duke's army. He is said to have been shot in the knee, and to have had 10 or 12 cuts in his head from the broadswords. He died a few days after of his wounds.

Lord Perth* stood the storm,
Seaforth† but lukewarm,
Kilsyth‡ and Strathallan§ not sla', man;
And Hamilton‖ pled
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave generous Southesk,**
Tilebairn†† was brisk,
Whose father indeed would not dra', man,

* James marquis of Drummond, son of James (Drummond) duke of Perth, was lieutenant general of horse, and "behaved with great gallantry." He was attainted, but escaped to France, where he soon after died.

† William (Mackenzie) earl of Seaforth. He was attainted, and died in 1740.

‡ William (Livingston) viscount Kilsyth: attainted.

§ William (Drummond) viscount Strathallan; whose sense of loyalty could scarcely equal the spirit and activity he manifested in the cause. He was taken prisoner in this battle, which he survived to perish in the still more fatal one of Culloden-muir.

‖ Lieutenant-general George Hamilton, commanding under the earl of Mar.

** James (Carnegie) earl of Southesk; was attainted, and, escaping to France, died there in 1729.

†† William (Murray) marquis of Tullibardin, eldest son to the duke of Athol. Having been attainted, he was taken at sea in 1746, and died soon after, of a flux, in the Tower.

Into the same yoke,
Which serv'd for a cloak,
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo* not fear'd,
Kintore† and his beard,
Pitsligo‡ and Ogilvie§ a', man,
And brothers Balfours,‖
They stood the first show'rs,
Clackmannan and Burleigh** did cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Robert (Rollo) lord Rollo; "a man of singular merit and great integrity;" died in 1758.

† William (Keith) earl of Kintore.

‡ Alexander (Forbes) lord Pitsligo; a man of good parts, great honour and spirit, and universally beloved and esteemed." He was engaged again in the affair of 1745, for which he was attainted, and died at an advanced age in 1762.

§ James lord Ogilvie, eldest son of David (Ogilvie) earl of Airly. He was attainted, but afterwards pardoned. His father, *not dra'ing into the same yoke*, saved the estate.

‖ Some relations it is supposed of the lord Burleigh.

** Robert (Balfour) lord Burleigh. He was attainted, and died in 1757.

But Cleppan* acted pretty,
And Strowan the witty,†
A poet that pleases us a', man;
For mine is but rhime,
In respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to dra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For Huntly‡ and Sinclair,§
They both play'd the tinclair,
With consciences black like a cra', man.
Some Angus and Fifemen
They ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* Major William Clephane, adjutant-general to the marquis of Drummond.

† Alexander Robertson of Struan; who, having experienced every vicissitude of life, with a stoical firmness, died in peace 1749. He was an excellent poet, and has left elegies worthy of Tibullus.

‡ Alexander (Gordon) marquis of Huntley, eldest son to the duke of Gordon, who, according to the usual policy of his country, (of which we here meet with several other instances), remained neutral.

§ John Sinclair, esq. commonly called master of Sinclair, eldest son of Henry lord Sinclair; was attainted, but afterward pardoned, and died in 1750. The estate was preserved of course.

Then Laurie the traytor,
Who betray'd his master,
His king and his countrie and a', man,
Pretending Mar might
Give order to fight,
To the right of the army awa', man.*

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* " There was at this time a report prevail'd that one *Drummond* went to *Perth* under the notion of a deserter from the duke Argyle, but in reality acted the part of a spy, and gave his grace intelligence of all the motions of the enemy. This man was employed the day of the action, as aid de camp to the lord *Drummond*, and in that quality attended the earl of *Mar* to receive his orders; the earl, when he found his right was like to break the duke's left, sent this Drummond with orders to general Hammilton, who commanded on the rebels' left, to attack the enemy briskly, for that he was like to get the better on the right. But Drummond, as they pretend, gave contrary orders, and intelligence to general Hammilton, acquainting him that the earl's right was broke, and desiring the general to retire with all the expedition possible, and in the best order he could. Upon which general Hammilton gave orders to slacken the attack, which was obey'd. Then the duke's right approaching, the most of them gave way without striking a stroke, and those who stood were mostly gentlemen and officers, who were severely gall'd by the duke; and they pretend that Drummond, after performing this treacherous part, went over to the duke."

Campbell's *Life of John Duke of Argyle*, p. 204.

Then Laurie, for fear
Of what he might hear,
Took Drummond's best horse and awa', man,
Instead o' going to Perth,
He crossed the Firth,
Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

To London he press'd,
And there he address'd,
That he behav'd best o' them a', man;
And there without strife
Got settled for life,
An hundred a year to his fa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

In Burrowstounness
He resides wi' disgrace,
Till his neck stand in need of a dra', man,
And then in a tether
He'll swing frae a ladder,
[And] go aff the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy* stood watch
On a hill for to catch

* "Among other causes of the rebels' misfortune in that day, they reckon the part *Rob Roy, M. Gregor,* acted to be one; this *Rob*

The booty for ought that I sa', man,
For he ne'er advanc'd
From the place he was stanc'd,
Till nae mair to do there at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Rob Roy, or [*Red*] *Robert*, was brother to the laird of *M. Gregor*, and commanded that clan in his brother's absence, but in the day of battle he kept his men together at some distance without allowing them to engage, tho' they show'd all the willingness immaginable, and waited only an opportunity to plunder, which was, it seems, the chief of his design of coming there. This clan are a hardy rough people, but noted for pilfering, as they lye upon the border of the Highlands, and this *Rob Roy* had exercised their talents that way pretty much in a kind of thieving war he carried on against the duke of Montrose, who had, as he alledged, cheated him of a small feudal estate." Campbell's *Life of J. D. of Argyle*, p. 205.

The conduct of this gentleman (who, the historian would not tell us, had assumed the surname of *Campbell*, his own being prohibited by act of parliament) was the more surprising, as he had ever been remarked for courage and activity. When desired by one of his own officers to go and assist his friends, he is reported to have said, "If they cannot do it without me, they cannot do it with me." It is more than probable, however, that his interference would have decided the fortune of that day in favour of his own party. "He continued in arms for some years after, and committed great depredations in the shires of Dumbarton and Lenox, particularly on the duke of Montrose's lands, defeating several detachments sent to reduce him." Boyse's *History of the Rebellion*. He is in the number of those attainted by parliament.

So we a' took the flight,
And Moubray the wright;
But Letham the smith was a bra' man,
For he took the gout,
Which truly was wit,
By judging it time to withdra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M'Lean,
Whose breeks were not clean,
Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
By saving his neck
His trumpet did break,
Came aff without musick at a', man.*
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

* The particulars of this anecdote no where appear. The hero is supposed to be the same *John M'Lean, trumpet*, who was sent from lord Mar, then at Perth, with a letter to the duke of Argyle, at Stirling camp, on the 30th of October. Vide *Original Letters*, 1730. Two copies, however, printed not long after 1715, read, "And trumpet *Marine*."

In 1782 the son of this *Trumpeter Marine* told the Earl of Haddington (then Lord Binning) that the first circuit he ever attended, as one of his Majesty's household trumpeters, was the Northern, in the year 1716, along with old Lord Minto. That the reason of his going there was, that the circuit immediately preceding, his father had been so harassed in every town he went through, by the people singing his verse, "*And Trumpet Marine, whose breeks*," &c. of this song, that he swore he would never go again; and actually resigned his situation in favour of his son.—Campbell's *Hist. of Poetry in Scotland.*

So there such a race was,
As ne'er in that place was,
And as little chase was at a', man;
Frae ither they 'run'
Without touk o' drum;
They did not make use of a pa', man.

*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa', man.**

* This battle has also been celebrated in a sort of dialogue, printed in Ritson's *Collection of Scotish Songs*, between "Will Lick-ladle and Tom Clean-cogue, twa Shepherds wha were feeding their flocks on the Ochil-hills on the day the battle of Sheriff-Muir was fought." The mode of narration is well chosen, but the poem has little other merit, except as being a circumstantial and a sort of gazette account of the affair.

So fine a subject could not escape the Muse which immortalized the fight of Bannockburn, and in the accompanying stanzas we have additional proof of the ardent and inexhaustible mind of Burns, which when roused in the cause of Patriotism, could invest the rudest materials with the riches of its own genius. Most imitations are only foils to the original; but here, the Model is like a tree in the bare poverty of winter, and the Copy is the same tree warmed with the life and clothed in the verdure of spring. This is one among innumerable instances, in which he has displayed the versatility of his powers in new-modelling the ancient ballads of his country.

"Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit."

Ed.

ON THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR,

BETWEEN

The Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Mar.

" O cam ye here the fight to shun,
Or herd the sheep wi' me, man?
O ware ye at the Sherra-muir,
And did the battle see, man?"
I saw the battle, sair and tough,
And reekin-red ran mony a sheugh,
My heart for fear gae sough for sough,
To hear the thuds, and see the cluds
O' clans frae woods, in tartan duds,
Wha glaum'd at kingdoms three, man.

The red-coat lads wi' black cockades
To meet them were na slaw, man;
They rush'd and push'd, and blude outgush'd,
And mony a bouk* did fa', man:
The great Argyle led on his files,
I wat they glanced twenty miles:
They hack'd and hash'd, while broad-swords clash'd,
And thro' they dash'd, and hew'd and smash'd,
Till fey men died awa, man.

* *A bouk*—a carcass, the body of a man.

But had you seen the philibegs,
And skyrin tartan trews, man,
When in the teeth they dar'd our whigs,
And covenant true blues, man;
In lines extended lang and large,
When bayonets oppos'd the targe,
And thousands hasten'd to the charge,
Wi' Highland wrath they frae the sheath,
Drew blades o' death, till, out o' breath,
They fled like frighted doos, man.

"O how deil Tam can that be true?
The chase gaed frae the north, man:
I saw myself, they did pursue
The horseman back to Forth, man;
And at Dumblane, in my ain sight,
They took the brig wi' a' their might,
And straught to Stirling wing'd their flight;
But, cursed lot! the gates were shut,
And mony a huntit, poor red-coat
For fear amaist did swarf, man."

My sister Kate cam up the gate
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw some rebels run
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man:

Their left-hand general had nae skill,
The Angus lads had nae good will
That day their neebors' blood to spill;
For fear, by foes, that they should lose
Their cogs o' brose; all crying woes,
And so it goes you see, man.

They've lost some gallant gentlemen,
Amang the Highland clans, man:
I fear my lord Panmure is slain,
Or fallen in whiggish hands, man:
Now wad ye sing this double fight,
Some fell for wrang, and some for right;
But mony bade the world gude night;
Then ye may tell, how pell and mell,
By red claymores, and muskets' knell,
Wi' dying yell, the tories fell,
And whigs to hell did flee, man.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO MY TRUE LOVE, &c.

THIS song is Dr. Blacklock's.—He told me that tradition gives the air to our James IV. of Scotland.

BIDE YE YET.

THERE is a beautiful song to this tune, beginning,

Alas, my son, you little know—

*which is the composition of a Miss Jenny Graham of Dumfries.**

Alas! my son, you little know
The sorrows that from wedlock flow:
Farewel to every day of ease,
When you have gotten a wife to please,

* Miss Graham was a maiden lady; she lived to a pretty old age, and at length died a martyr to an asthma of many years continuance, the pain of which she alleviated by exercising her cheerful disposition in composing humourous Scotish songs.—*Ed.*

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
The half of that will gane you yet,
If a wayward wife obtain you yet.

Your experience is but small,
As yet you've met with little thrall;
The black cow on your foot ne'er trod,*
Which gars you sing alang the road.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
Or some piece of the spinning-wheel,
She will drive at you wi' good will,
And then she'll send you to the de'il.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

When I like you was young and free,
I valued not the proudest she;
Like you I vainly boasted then,
That men alone were born to reign.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

* This is an ancient proverbial expression. It is used by Sir John Harrington in his translation of the *Orlando Furioso* (b. VI. s. 72.) where, speaking of some very young damsels, he says,

The blacke oxe has not yet trod on their toe.

It is used in Yorkshire to this day, and is generally applied to such indiscreet unmarried young men as have not yet sown their wild oats.

Great Hercules and Sampson too,
Were stronger men than I or you;
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the sheers.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls;
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.
Sae bide you yet, &c.

BIDE YE YET.

Gin I had a wee house and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,
A bonny wee yardie aside a wee burn;
Fareweel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.
Sae bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet,
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come home at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie fou neat and fou clean;
And a bonny wee bairne upon her knee,
That will cry, papa, or daddy, to me.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

And if there happen ever to be
A diff'rence atween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour, although she be teaz'd,
I'll kiss her and clap her until she be pleas'd.
Sae bide ye yet, &c.

HEY TUTTI TAITI.*

I HAVE met the tradition universally over Scotland, and particularly about Stirling, in the neigh-

* To this melody Burns adapted his celebrated address of Bruce at Bannockburn. His feelings on visiting the scene of that memorable battle are described in his unpublished journal in the Editor's possession, in language almost as sublime and energetic as that of his heart-rousing Poem, and they are both here inserted, that the reader may judge between the embryo and the full-grown offspring of his genius.

" *Bannockburn.* Here no Scot can pass uninterested. I fancy to myself that I see my gallant, heroic countrymen coming o'er the hill, and down upon the plunderers of their country, the murderers of their fathers ; noble revenge and just hate glowing in every vein, striding more and more eagerly as they approach the oppressive, insulting, blood-thirsty foe! I see them meet, in gloriously triumphant congratulation, on the victorious field, exulting in their heroic royal Leader, and rescued liberty and independence !"

ROBERT

bourhood of the scene, that this air was Robert Bruce's *march at the battle of Bannockhurn.*

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Edward! chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Traitor! coward! turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa',
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains;
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be—shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow!
Forward! let us do, or die!

RAVING WINDS AROUND HER BLOWING.

I COMPOSED these verses on Miss Isabella M'Leod of Raza, alluding to her feelings on the death of her sister, and the still more melancholy death of her sister's husband, the late Earl of Loudon.

Tune—M'GRIGOR OF RORO'S LAMENT.

Raving winds around her blowing,
Yellow leaves the woodlands strowing,
By a river hoarsely roaring,
Isabella stray'd deploring.
Farewel hours, that late did measure
Sunshine days of joy and pleasure;
Hail! thou gloomy night of sorrow,
Cheerless night that knows no morrow!

O'er the Past too fondly wandering,
On the hopeless Future wandering;
Chilly grief my life-blood freezes,
Fell despair my fancy seizes.
Life, thou soul of every blessing,
Load to misery most distressing;
Gladly how would I resign thee,
And to dark oblivion join thee!

THE BRIDAL O'T.

THIS song is the work of a Mr. Alexander Ross, late schoolmaster at Lochlee; and author of a beautiful Scots poem, called,* The Fortunate Shepherdess.

Tune—LUCY CAMPBELL.

They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
They say that Jockey'll speed weel o't,
For he grows brawer ilka day,
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't:
For yesternight, nae farder gane,
The backhouse at the side wa' o't,
He there wi' Meg was mirden seen,
I hope we'll hae a bridal o't.

An we had but a bridal o't,
An we had but a bridal o't,
We'd leave the rest unto gude luck,
Altho' there should betide ill o't:

* An account of Mr. Ross may be seen in the Appendix to this volume, marked *(c.)*

For bridal days are merry times,
And young folks like the coming o't,
And scribblers they bang up their rhymes,
And pipers they the bumming o't.

The lasses like a bridal o't,
The lasses like a bridal o't,
Their braws maun be in rank and file,
Altho' that they should guide ill o't:
The boddom o' the kist is then
Turn'd up unto the inmost o't,
The end that held the kecks sae clean,
Is now become the teemest o't.

The bangster at the threshing o't,
The bangster at the threshing o't,
Afore it comes is fidgin fain,
And ilka day's a clashing o't:
He'll sell his jerkin for a groat,
His linder for anither o't,
And e'er he want to clear his shot,
His sark'll pay the tither o't.

The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
The pipers and the fiddlers o't,
Can smell a bridal unco far,
And like to be the middlers o't:

Fan* thick and threefold they convene,
  Ilk ane envies the tither o't,
And wishes nane but him alane
  May ever see anither o't.

Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
  Fan they hae done wi' eating o't,
For dancing they gae to the green,
  And aiblins to the beating o't:
He dances best that dances fast,
  And loups at ilka reesing o't,
And claps his hands frae hough to hough,
  And furls about the feezings o't.

* *Fan*, when—the vulgar dialect of Angus.

WHAT AILS THE LASSES AT ME.

Tune—An the Kirk wad let me be.

I am a batchelor winsome,
A farmer by rank and degree,
An' few I see gang out mair handsome,
To kirk or to market than me;
I have outsight and insight and credit,
And from any eelist I'm free,
I'm well enough boarded and bedded,
And what ails the lasses at me?

My boughts of good store are no scanty,
My byrs are well stocked wi' ky,
Of meal i' my girnels is plenty,
An' twa' or three easements forby.
An' horse to ride out when they're weary,
An' cock with the best they can see,
An' then be ca'd dawty and deary,
I fairly what ails them at me.

Behind backs, afore fouk I've woo'd them,
An' a' the gates o't that I ken,
An' whan they leugh o' me, I trow'd them,
An' thought I had won, but what then;

When I speak of matters they grumble,
Nor are condescending and free,
But at my proposals ay stumble,
I wonder what ails them at me.

I've try'd them baith highland and lowland,
Where I a good bargain cud see,
But nane o' them fand I wad fall in,
Or say they wad buckle wi' me.
With jooks an' wi' scraps I've address'd them,
Been with them baith modest and free,
But whatever way I caress'd them,
There's something still ails them at me.

O, if I kend how but to gain them,
How fond of the knack wad I be!
Or what an address could obtain them,
It should be twice welcome to me.
If kissing an' clapping wad please them,
That trade I should drive till I die;
But, however I study to ease them,
They've still an exception at me.

There's wratacks, an' cripples, an' cranshaks,
An' a' the wandoghts that I ken,
No sooner they speak to the wenches,
But they are ta'en far enough ben;

But when I speak to them that's stately,
I find them ay ta'en with the gee,
An' get the denial right flatly;
What, think ye, can ail them at me?

I have yet but ae offer to make them,
If they wad but hearken to me,
And that is, I'm willing to tak them,
If they their consent wad but gee;
Let her that's content write a billet,
An' get it transmitted to me,
I hereby engage to fulfil it,
Tho' cripple, tho' blind she sud be.

BILLET BY JEAN GRADDEN.

Dear batchelour, I've read your billet,
Your strait an' your hardships I see,
An' tell you it shall be fulfilled,
Tho' it were by none other but me.
These forty years I've been neglected,
An' nene has had pity on me;
Such offers should not be rejected,
Whoever the offerer be.

For beauty I lay no claim to it,
Or, may be, I had been away;
Tho' tocher or kindred could do it,
I have no pretensions to they:
The most I can say,—I'm a woman,
An' that I a wife want to be;
An' I'll tak exception at no man,
That's willing to tak nane at me.

And now I think I may be cocky,
Since fortune has smurtl'd on me,
I'm Jenny, an' ye shall be Jockie,
'Tis right we together sud be;
For nane of us cud find a marrow,
So sadly forfairn were we;
Fouk sud no at any thing tarrow,
Whose chance looked naething to be.

On Tuesday speer for Jeany Gradden,
When I i' my pens ween to be,
Just at the sign of the Old Maiden,
Where ye shall be sure to meet me:
Bring with you the priest for the wedding,
That a' things just ended may be,
An' we'll close the whole with the bedding;
An' wha'll be sae merry as we?

A cripple I'm not, ye forsta me,
Tho' lame of a hand that I be;
Nor blind is there reason to ca' me,
Altho' I see but with ae eye:
But I'm just the chap that you wanted,
So tightly our state doth agree;
For nane wad hae you, ye have granted,
As few I confess wad hae me.

THE ROCK AND THE WEE PICKLE TOW.

There was an auld wife an' a wee pickle tow,
An' she wad gae try the spinning o't,
She louted her down, an' her rock took a low,
And that was a bad beginning o't:
She sat an' she grat, an' she flet and she flang,
An' she threw an' she blew, an' she wrigl'd an' wrang,
An' she choked, an' boaked, an' cry'd like to mang,
Alas! for the dreary spinning o't.

I've wanted a sark for these eight years an' ten,
An' this was to be the beginning o't,
But I vow I shall want it for as lang again,
Or ever I try the spinning o't;

For never since ever they ca'd me as they ca' me,
Did sic a mishap an misanter befa' me,
But ye shall hae leave baith to hang me an' draw me,
The neist time I try the spinning o't.

I hae keeped my house for these three score o' years,
An' ay I kept free o' the spinning o't,
But how I was sarked foul fa' them that speers,
For it minds me upo' the beginning o't.
But our women are now a days grown sae bra',
That ilka an maun hae a sark an' some hae twa,
The warlds were better when ne'er an awa'
Had a rag but ane at the beginning o't.

Foul fa her that ever advis'd me to spin,
That had been so lang a beginning o't,
I might well have ended as I did begin,
Nor have got sick a skair with the spinning o't.
But they'll say, she's a wyse wife that kens her ain weerd,
I thought on a day, it should never be speer'd,
How loot ye the low take your rock be the beard,
When ye yeed to try the spinning o't?

The spinning, the spinning it gars my heart sob,
When I think upo' the beginning o't,
I thought ere I died to have anes made a web,
But still I had weers o' the spinning o't.

But had I nine dathers, as I hae but three,
The safest and soundest advice I cud gee,
Is that they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
For fear of a bad beginning o't.

Yet in spite of my counsel if they will needs run
The drearysome risk of the spinning o't,
Let them seek out a lythe in the heat of the sun,
And there venture o' the beginning o't:
But to do as I did, alas, and awow!
To busk up a rock at the cheek of the low,
Says, that I had but little wit in my pow,
And as little ado with the spinning o't.

But yet after a', there is ae thing that grieves
My heart to think o' the beginning o't,
Had I won the length but of ae pair o' sleeves,
Then there had been word o' the spinning o't;
This I wad ha' washen an' bleech'd like the snaw,
And o' my twa gardies like moggans wad draw,
An' then fouk wad say, that auld Girzy was bra',
An' a' was upon her ain spinning o't.

But gin I wad shog about till a new spring,
I should yet hae a bout of the spinning o't,
A mutchkin of linseed I'd i' the yerd fling,
For a' the wan chansie beginning o't.

I'll gar my ain Tammie gae down to the how,
An' cut me a rock of a widdershines grow,
Of good rantry-tree for to carry my tow,
An' a spindle of the same for the twining o't.

For now when I mind me, I met Maggy Grim,
This morning just at the beginning o't,
She was never ca'd chancy, but canny an' slim,
An' sae it has fair'd of my spinning o't:
But an' my new rock were anes cutted an' dry,
I'll a' Maggie's can an' her cantraps defy,
An' but onie sussie the spinning I'll try,
An' ye's a' hear o' the beginning o't.

Quo' Tibby, her dather, tak tent fat ye say,
The never a ragg we'll be seeking o't,
Gin ye anes begin, ye'll tarveal's night an' day,
Sae it's vain ony mair to be speaking o't
Since lambas I'm now gaing thirty an' twa,
An' never a dud sark had I yet gryt or sma',
An' what war am I? I'm as warm an' as bra',
As thrummy tail'd Meg that's a spinner o't.

To labor the lint-land, an' then buy the seed,
An' then to yoke me to the harrowing o't,
An' syn loll amon't an' pike out ilka weed,
Like swine in a sty at the farrowing o't;

Syn powing and ripling an' steeping, an' then
To gar's gae an' spread it upo' the cauld plain,
An' then after a' may be labor in vain,
When the wind and the weet gets the fusion o't.

But tho' it should anter the weather to byde,
Wi' beetles we're set to the drubbing o't,
An' then frae our fingers to gnidge aff the hide,
With the wearisome wark o' the rubbing o't.
An' syn ilka tait maun be heckl'd out throw,
The lint putten ae gate, anither the tow,
Syn on on a rock wi't, an' it taks a low,
The back o' my hand to the spinning o't.

Quo' Jenny, I think 'oman ye're i' the right,
Set your feet ay a spar to the spinning o't,
We may tak our advice frae our ain mither's fright
That she gat when she try'd the beginning o't.
But they'll say that auld fouk are twice bairns indeed,
An' sae she has kythed it, but there's nae need
To sickan an amshack that we drive our head,
As langs we're sae skair'd fra the spinning o't.

Quo' Nanny the youngest, I've now heard you a',
An' dowie's your doom o' the spinning o't,
Gin ye, fan the cow flings, the cog cast awa',
Ye may see where ye'll lick up your winning o't.

But I see that but* spinning I'll never be bra',
But gae by the name of a dilp or a da,
Sae lack where ye like I shall anes shak a fa',
Afore I be dung with the spinning o't.

For well I can mind me when black Willie Bell
Had Tibbie there just at the winning o't,
What blew up the bargain, she kens well hersell,
Was the want of the knack of the spinning o't.
An' now, poor 'oman, for ought that I ken,
She may never get sic an offer again,
But pine away bit an bit, like Jenkin's hen,
An' naething to wyte but the spinning o't.

But were it for naething, but just this alane,
I shall yet hae about o' the spinning o't,
They may cast me for ca'ing me black at the bean,
But nae cause I shun'd the beginning o't.
But, be that as it happens, I care not a strae,
But nane of the lads shall hae it to say,
When they come till woo, she kens naething avae,
Nor has onie ken o' the spinning o't.

In the days they ca'd yore, gin auld fouks had but won,
To a surkoat hough side for the winning o't,
Of coat raips well cut by the cast o' their bun,
They never sought mair o' the spinning o't.

* *But*—without.

A pair of grey hoggers well clinked benew,
Of nae other lit but the hue of the ew,
With a pair of rough rullions to scuff thro' the dew,
Was the fee they sought at the beginning o't.

But we maun hae linen, an' that maun hae we,
An how get we that, but the spinning o't?
How can we hae face for to seek a gryt fee,
Except we can help at the winning o't?
An' we maun hae pearlins and mabbies an cocks,
An' some other thing that the ladies ca' smoks,
An' how get we that, gin we tak na our rocks,
And pow what we can at the spinning o't?

'Tis needless for us for to tak our remarks
Frae our mither's miscooking the spinning o't,
She never kend ought o' the gueed of the sarks,
Frae this aback to the beginning o't.
Twa three ell of plaiden was a' that was sought
By our auld warld bodies, an' that boot be bought,
For in ilka town sickan things was nae wrought,
So little they kend o' the spinning o't.

TUNE YOUR FIDDLES.

THIS song was composed by the Rev. John Skinner, Non-juring Clergyman at Linshart, near Peterhead. He is likewise the author of "Tullochgorum," "Ewie wi' the Crookit horn," "John o' Badenyond," *&c.; and what is of still more consequence, he is one of the worthiest of mankind. He is the Author of an* "Ecclesiastical History of Scotland." *The air is by Mr. Marshall, butler to the Duke of Gordon; the first composer of strathspeys of the age. I have been told by somebody who had it of Marshall himself, that he took the idea of his three most celebrated pieces,* "The Marquis of Huntly's Reel," *his* "Farewel," *and* "Miss Admiral Gordon's Reel," *from the old air,* 'The German Lairdie.'

Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,
Play the Marquis' reel discreetly,
Here we are, a band completely
Fitted to be jolly.—
Come, my boys, blythe and gawcie,
Every youngster chuse his lassie,
Dance wi' life, and be not saucy,
Shy nor melancholy.
Come, my boys, &c.

Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows, and drumly faces,
Look about, and see their Graces,
How they smile delighted;
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry,
Time enough to turn camsterry
When we're auld and doited.
Now's the season, &c.

Butler, put about the claret,
Thro' us a' divide and share it,
Gordon-Castle well can spare it,
It has claret plenty:
Wine's the true inspiring liquor,
Draffy drink may please the Vicar,
When he grasps the foaming bicker,
Vicars are not dainty.
Wine's the true inspiring liquor, &c.

We'll extol our noble master,
Sprung from many a brave ancestor,—
Heaven preserve him from disaster,
So we pray in duty.
Prosper, too, our pretty Duchess,
Safe from all distressful touches,

Keep her out of Pluto's clutches,
Long in health and beauty.
Prosper, too, our pretty Duchess, &c.

Angels guard their gallant boy,
Make him long his father's joy,
Sturdy, like the heir of Troy,
Stout and brisk and healthy.
Pallas, grant him every blessing,
Wit and strength and size increasing,
Plutus, what's in thy possessing,
Make him rich and wealthy.
Pallas, grant him every blessing, &c.

Youth, solace him with thy pleasure,
In refin'd and worthy measure;
Merit, gain him choicest treasure,
From the Royal donor:
Famous may he be in story,
Full of days, and full of glory;
To the grave, when old and hoary,
May he go with honour!
Famous may he be in story, &c.

Gordons, join our hearty praises,
Honest, though in homely phrases,

Love our cheerful spirits raises,
Lofty as the lark is:
Echo, waft our wishes daily,
Thro' the grove, and thro' the alley,
Sound o'er every hill and valley,
Blessings on our Marquis.
Echo, waft our wishes, &c.

THE RANTING DOG THE DADDIE O'T.

Tune—EAST NOOK O' FIFE.

I COMPOSED this song pretty early in life, and sent it to a young girl, a very particular acquaintance of mine, who was at that time under a cloud.

O wha my babie-clouts will buy?
Wha will tent me when I cry?
Wha will kiss me whare I lie?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will own he did the faut?
Wha will buy my groanin-maut?
Wha will tell me how to ca't?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

When I mount the creepie-chair,*
Wha will sit beside me there?
Gie me Rob, I seek nae mair,
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

Wha will crack to me my lane?
Wha will mak me fidgin fain?
Wha will kiss me o'er again?
The rantin dog the daddie o't.

HOOLY AND FAIRLY.

It is remark-worthy that the song of Hooly and Fairly, *in all the old editions of it, is called* The Drunken Wife o' Galloway, *which localizes it to that country.*

THE DRUNKEN WIFE O' GALLOWAY.

Oh! what had I to do for to marry?
My wife she drinks naething but sack and Canary,
I to her friends complain'd right early,

* *Creepie-chair*—the stool of repentance.

O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank crummie, and syne she drank garie;
Now she has druken my bonny grey marie,
That carried me thro' a' the dubs and the larie.
O! gin, &c.

She has druken her stockins, sa has she her shoon,
And she has druken her bonny new gown;
Her wee bit dud sark that co'erd her fu' rarely,
O! gin, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things I wad na much care,
But she drinks my claiths I canna weel spare,
When I'm wi' my gossips, it angers me sairly,
O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she's laid it a wad,*
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head;
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely,
O! gin, &c.

The verra gray mittens that gaed on my han's,
To her neebor wife she has laid them in pawns;
My bane-headed staff that I lo'ed sae dearly,
O! gin, &c.

* *Laid it a wad*—laid it in pawn.

If there's ony siller, she maun keep the purse;
If I seek but a baubee she'll scauld and she'll curse,
She gangs like a queen—I scrimped and sparely,
O! gin, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts of life;
Ere it come to a war I'm ay for a parley.
O! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down she fills herself fou;
And when she is fou she's unco camstarie,
O! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street she roars and she rants,
Has nae fear o' her neebors, nor minds the house wants;
She rants up some fool-sang, like "*Up y'er heart, Charlie.*"
O! gin, &c.

And when she comes hame she lays on the lads,
She ca's the lasses baith limmers and jads,
And I, my ain sell, an auld cuckold carlie,
O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly,
Hooly and fairly, hooly and fairly,
O! gin my wife wad drink, hooly and fairly.

APPENDIX

TO VOL. I.

APPENDIX *(a.)*

AN Account of *Jean Adam*, Authoress of the Ballad "There's nae luck about the House," referred to in page 68.

This song, the production of Jean Adam, who taught a day-school at Crawford's-dyke, in the neighbourhood of Greenock, has been deemed not unworthy the pen of the Translator of the Lusiad. A copy of it, in his own hand-writing, was found among his MS. after his decease, and appeared in the last edition of his works, among some original pieces never before published. As it has been an uniform principle in making the present Collection to establish the authenticity of each particular poem, the Editor of Mr. Mickle's works was consulted respecting the grounds of his claim to the song in

question. In his answer he states, that never having had any conversation with Mr. Mickle on this ballad, he applied to his relict, who perfectly remembers receiving a copy of it from Mr. Mickle, but is not positive that he affirmed it to be his production, though, on being questioned, she thinks he did not absolutely deny it. He adds, that her powers of recollection having been impaired by a paralysis, she cannot speak decidedly of a conversation which took place so many years ago. In Mr. Mickle's copy two fine stanzas are omitted, which, on the authority of the Rev. Patrick Davidson, of Rayne, in the county of Aberdeen, are ascribed to Dr. Beattie, who affirms that they were inserted by the Doctor soon after the first appearance of the piece.*

* The following are the lines attributed to Dr. Beattie:

"The cauld blasts of the winter wind,
That thrilled thro' my heart,
They're a' blawn by; I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part;
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa;
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!"

Without controverting the Doctor's claim to these eight disputed lines, the Editor cannot help remarking, that the two best,

"The

In opposition to these claims, there is living evidence in support of that of Jean Adam. Mrs. Fullarton, who was a pupil of her's, frequently heard her repeat it, and affirm it to be her composition, and no one at that time disputed her assertion. In addition to this, we may adduce the following extract of a letter from Mrs. Crawford (Mrs. Fullarton's daughter) in reply to an inquiry from Mrs. Fletcher, of Edinburgh, at the request of the Editor.

"*Ratho House, Jan.* 24, 1810.

"You may assure Mr. Cromek that the ballad, 'There's nae luck about the House,' was written by Jean Adam, on a couple in Crawford's-dyke, the small town where her father lived. I do not recollect

---

"The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw!"

are not only quoted by Burns, but that the sentiment itself belongs originally to Horace, and is given nearly in the same words as in this ballad, in Ramsay's celebrated imitation of his Ode IX. lib. 1.

"*Let neist day come as it thinks fit,*
The present minute's only our's;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's fickle powers."

A sentiment which Horace variously and frequently expresses, and which, in fact, forms the basis of his Epicurean philosophy.

that I ever heard her repeat it; but since I can remember any thing, I have always heard it spoken of as being her composition, by those that she depended much upon.—My aunt, Mrs. Crawford, of Cartsburn, often sung it as a song of Jean Adams's."

The priority of her claim is therefore evident, for the song was published before Mr. Mickle was known as an author, and she repeatedly declared it to be her's at a time when he was living to disprove her title to it. Besides, the song bears abundant marks of being the production of a female, both in its subject and its style. And we may also observe, that the poems of Mr. Mickle being all of a classical and refined stamp, it is highly improbable that he should descend in this single instance into the familiarity of the Scotish dialect, and the rustic expression of domestic feelings. The circumstance of a copy being found in his own hand-writing, is not of itself sufficient to prove him the author. His admiration of this happy effusion of untutored genius might induce him to copy and to preserve it;* but if he had himself possessed a talent for this style of poetry, he would unquestionably have exercised it more frequently, and have left other specimens of it.

* Among the MS. of Burns, now in the Editor's possession, are copies of many poems besides his own, which he transcribed from a feeling of their excellence.

The inquiry which this disputed song occasioned, has furnished the Editor with some notices of the life of Jean Adams, which are characteristic and interesting. She was born of humble parents, and was brought up in a state of penury and wretchedness. Her education was therefore scanty, but it may be presumed that her natural talents supplied the deficiency, as she supported herself by keeping a little school, and at times by assisting at needle-work in gentlemens' families. Her poetic genius was first awakened by the perusal of a large old folio of romances and rhymes, and she shortly afterwards produced an "Address to Grief," which was much praised by her friends, and encouraged her to cultivate her acquaintance with the Muses, greatly to the neglect of her humbler and more substantial occupations. She gave up her school, and led a precarious and unsettled life for some time. Her Poems, which were scattered among her friends in various parts of the country, were collected by a Mr. Drummond, of Greenock, and published for her, in one volume, by subscription, at Glasgow, in 1734. Their success highly flattered Jean's vanity, and she exported a large bale of them to Boston, which, however, remained unsold, and she was reduced to a state of bare poverty, subsisting chiefly on the bounty of her friends.

During the time she kept a school at Crawfordsdyke, she exhibited some singular traits of enthusiasm. She told her pupils, that having lately read Clarissa Harlowe, she felt such a deep interest in it, and such sentiments of reverence for its author, that she had determined to walk to London to pay her personal respects to Mr. Richardson. This singular and romantic journey she actually performed in about six weeks, and returned to teach her school at Crawfordsdyke.

One day she told her pupils she would read to them a play of Shakespeare's. She fixed upon Othello, which Mrs. Crawford remembers she read with uncommon pathos, and was so affected at the close of that powerful drama, that she (Jean Adam) actually fainted away, and remained for some time insensible. She treated her pupils with great tenderness, and was much beloved by all of them, and was esteemed by all who knew her as a woman of singular piety.

Of the close of her unfortunate life few particulars are known. There is great reason to conclude that it was chequered by all the varieties of disappointment and distress, for the above anecdote clearly shews how prone she was to obey the impulses of that random enthusiasm which is ever at variance with the dictates of prudence, and which is too often the bane of the votaries of genius.

Some time after the year 1760 she came to the house of Mrs. Fullarton, formerly her pupil, in a state of beggary; and though at first she rejected with pride some articles of dress that were offered her, yet she afterwards returned and accepted of them.

The following communication to the Editor by Mr. Francis Ross, Clerk to the Town's Hospital at Glasgow, is all which could be collected of her hapless and deplorable fate.

(Extract from the records of the Parish Workhouse of Glasgow.)

Glasgow, Town's Hospital, 2d April, 1765.

" Admit Jean Adam, a poor woman, a stranger in distress:—for some time has been wandering about; she came from Greenock, recommended by Baillies Gray and Millar."

" *Glasgow, Town's Hospital, 9th April,* 1765.

" Jean Adam, the stranger, admitted on Tuesday the 2d current, died on the following day, and buried at the house expence."

As the Editor, in claiming the ballad " There's nae luck about the house," as the property of Jean Adam, had nothing in view but truth, he hastens to

lay the following letter before the readers of these volumes, written by the Rev. John Sim, A. B. editor of Mr. Mickle's works and his intimate friend, and received since the above account was printed.

The contents of Mr. Sim's letter, and the poetical sketch it encloses, warrant the Editor in conceding the ballad to Mr. Mickle.

Pentonville, April 14, 1810.

Dear Sir,

Since I received Mr. Mudford's letter (a copy of which you will see in the Universal Magazine for this month, p. 265), I have been so very fortunate as to discover among Mr. Mickle's MSS. what I have every reason to believe, from its inaccuracy, and other evident marks of haste, to be the very first sketch of the ballad, "There's nae luck about the house," a copy of which I have inclosed. Besides the marks of haste, which I have noticed in the margin, you will find Colin spelt once with two, and twice with a single *l:* the verb *mun* (must) spelt with a *u* and an *a,* at the distance of only two lines: and the word *make* spelt twice with, and thrice without, the letter *e.* One stanza contains twelve, two stanzas eight, and the others only four lines a-piece; by which he seems undetermined whether the first four or the last four lines should form the chorus. Other inaccuracies and blunders you will perceive on comparing the MS. with the printed copy in my edition of Mickle's Poetry.

Since I wrote to Mr. Mudford, Mrs. Mickle has informed me, without being asked, that she now perfectly recollects that Mr. Mickle gave her the ballad as his own composition, and explained to her the Scottish words and phrases; and she repeated to me, with a very little assistance, the whole of the song, except the eight lines, which I have, and I think with justice, ascribed to Dr. Beattie. When I asked her why she hesitated at first? she said, that the question coming unexpectedly upon her, flurried her, and the flurry, together with the fear that she might be called upon to substantiate what she then said upon oath, made her answer with diffidence and hesitation. This struck me at that time to have been the case; and I believe such a behaviour to be very natural to persons labouring under a disorder so depressive as a paralysis.

I shall only add, that Mickle had too high an opinion of his own poetical powers to have adopted the compositions of but very few of his contemporaries; and certainly too much honour and integrity, to give the least occasion to the publishing of the works of another as his own productions.

I remain, dear Sir, your most obedient
very humble servant,

J. Sim.

To Mr. Cromek.

The first sketch of the beautiful ballad, "There's nae luck about the house," from the hand-writing of

W. J. Mickle, in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Sim.

There's nae luck about the house
  There's nae luck at aw
There's little pleasure in the house
  When our gudeman's awa
And are you sure the news is true
  And do you say he's weel
Is this a time to speak of wark
  Ye jades lay by your wheel
Is this a time to spin a thread
  When Collin's at the door
Reach me my cloak I'll to the quay
  And see him come ashore

And gie to me my bigonet
  My Bishop's sattin gown
For I mun tell the Bailie's* wife
  That Colin's in the town
My Turky slippers man gae on
  My stockings pearly blue
'Tis aw to pleasure my gudeman
  For he's baith leel and true

Rise Lass and make a clean fire-side
  Put on the Mucklet pot
Gie little Kate her button gown
  And Jock‡ his Sunday Coat
And make their shoon as black as slaes
  Their hose as white as snaw
'Tis a to pleasure my gude Man§
  For he's been lang awa

There's twa fat hens upo the Coop
  Been fed this month and mair
Mak haste and thraw their necks about
  That Colin weel may fare

---

* The e after the i in *Bailie*'s erased.
† The M changed for m.
‡ The c in Jock erased.
§ A repetition of line 19.

And mak the Table neat and trim
Let every thing be braw
For who kens how Colin far'd*
When he's beent far awa

Sae true his heart,‡ sae smooth his speech
His breath like cauler air
His very foot has Music in't
As he comes up the stair

And shall I see his face again
And shall I hear him speak
I'm down right giddy wi' the thought
In troth I'm like to greet

If Colin's weel,§ and weel content
I hae nae mair to crave
And gin I live to mak him sae
I'm blest above the lave

And shall I see his face again &c

APPENDIX *(b.)*

JAMES TYTLER was the son of a country clergyman in the presbytery of Brechin, and brother to Dr. Tytler, the translator of Callimachus. He was instructed by his father in classical learning and

* This line is deficient in measure.
† Interlined, *he was.*
‡ The first point in the MS.
§ The last point in the MS.

school divinity, and attained an accurate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and an extensive acquaintance with biblical literature and scholastic theology. Having discovered an early predilection for the medical profession, he was put apprentice to a surgeon in Forfar, and afterwards sent to attend the medical classes at Edinburgh. While a medical student, he cultivated experimental chemistry and controversial theology with equal assiduity. Unfortunately his religious opinions, not deemed orthodox, or calvinistical, connected him with a society of Glassites, and involved him in a marriage with a member of the society, which terminated in a separation. He now settled at Leith, as an apothecary, depending on the patronage of his religious connections; but his separation from the society, which happened soon after, with an unsteadiness that was natural to him, disappointed his expectations. When he ceased to be a Glassite, he ceased not to be a firm believer in the Christian revelation, and a zealous advocate of genuine Christianity; but he never afterwards held communion with any denomination of Christians. The neglect of his business was the unavoidable consequence of his attention to religious dissensions; and having contracted debts to a considerable amount, he was obliged to remove to Berwick, and afterwards to Newcastle. In both places

he was employed in preparing chemical medicines for the druggists; but the liberality of his employers being insufficient to preserve an increasing family from the evils of penury, he returned to Edinburgh, in the year 1772, in extreme poverty, and took refuge from the molestation of his creditors within the precincts of the sanctuary of Holyrood House. At this period his wife deserted him and their five children, the youngest only six months old, and returned to her relations. He solaced himself for the privation of domestic happiness by composing a humorous ballad, entitled "*The Pleasures of The Abbey*," which was his first attempt in poetry. In a description of its inhabitants, the author himself is introduced in the 16th and 17th stanzas. In the avocation of an author by profession, which he was now compelled to assume, he displayed a versatility of talent and a facility in writing unexampled in the transactions of the press. He commenced his literary career by a publication entitled "*Essays on the most important Subjects of natural and revealed Religion*," which issued from the asylum for debtors, under the peculiar circumstances of being composed by himself, at the printing case, from his own conceptions, without a manuscript before him, and wrought off at a press of his own construction, by his own hands. He left this singular work, which

was to be completed in two volumes 8vo, unfinished, and turned aside, to attack the opinions of a new religious sect called Bereans, in a "*Letter to Mr. John Barclay on the Doctrine of Assurance,*" in which he again performed the functions of author, compositor, and pressman. He next set forth, with such assistance as he could find, a monthly publication, entitled "*The Gentleman and Lady's Magazine,*" which was soon abandoned for "*The Weekly Review,*" a literary miscellany, which, in its turn was discontinued in a very short time. These publications, unavoidably disfigured with many typographical deformities, made him known to the booksellers; and from them he afterwards found constant employment in compilations, abridgments, translations, and miscellaneous essays. He now ventured to leave the miserable apartments which he had long occupied in the sanctuary for debtors, for more comfortable lodgings, first at Restalrig, and afterwards in the city, and if his prudence and steadiness had been equal to his talents and industry, he might have earned by his labours a competent maintenance, which never fell to his lot. As he wrote for subsistence, not from the vanity of authorship, he was engaged in many works which were anonymous, and in others which appeared with the names of his employers. He is editor or author of the following

works: "*The Weekly Mirror*," a periodical publication which began in 1780. "*A System of Geography*," in 8vo. "*A History of Edinburgh*," 12mo. "*A Geographical, Historical, and Commercial Grammar*," 2 vols. 8vo. "*A Review of Dr. Aitken's Theory of Inflammation*," 12mo. with a poetical dedication. "*Remarks on Mr. Pinkerton's Introduction to the History of Scotland*," 8vo. "*A poetical Translation of Virgil's Eclogues*," 4to. "*A general Index to the Scots Magazine*." "*A System of Chemistry*," written at the expense of a gentleman who was to put his name to it, unpublished. He gave his assistance in preparing the System of Anatomy published by A. Bell, and was an occasional contributor to the "*Medical Commentaries*," and other periodical publications of the time. He was the principal editor of the second edition of the "*Encyclopedia Britannica*," and finished, with incredible labour, a large proportion of the more considerable scientific treatises and histories, and almost all the minor articles. He had an apartment assigned him in the printing-house, where he performed the offices of compiler, and corrector of the press, at a salary of *sixteen shillings a week!* When the third edition was undertaken, he was engaged as a stated contributor, upon more liberal terms, and wrote a larger share in the early volumes than is ascribed to

him in the general preface. It was his misfortune to be continually drawn aside from the business of his employers by the delight he took in prosecuting experiments in chemistry, electricity, and mechanics, which consumed a large portion of his time and money. He conducted for some time, with success, a manufacturing process for preparing Magnesia, of which he was the inventor; but after he had disclosed his secret to the gentleman at whose expense it was carried on, he was dismissed, without obtaining either a share in the business, or a suitable compensation for his services. He was the first in Scotland who adventured in a fire-balloon, constructed upon the plan of Montgolfier. He ascended from *Comely Garden*, amidst the acclamations of an immense multitude, and descended at the distance of a quarter of a mile, owing to some unforeseen defect in the machinery. The failure of this adventure deprived him of the public favour and applause, and increased his pecuniary difficulties. He again had recourse to his pen for subsistence, and amidst the drudgery of writing, and the cares which pressed upon him daily, he exhilarated his spirits, at intervals, with a tune on the Irish bagpipe, which he played with much sweetness, interposing occasionally a song of his own composition, sung with great animation. A solace of this kind was well suited to the simplicity of his

manners, the modesty of his disposition, and the integrity of his character, such as they were before he suffered his social propensities to violate the rules of sobriety. Forgetting his old friends, he associated with discontented persons, and entered into a deliberate exposition of the abuses of government, in "*A pamphlet on the Excise,*" and more systematically in a periodical publication, entitled "*The Historical Register,*" which gratified malignity by personal invective and intemperance of language. He was concerned in the wild irrational plans of the British Convention, and published "*A hand-bill addressed to the people,*" written in so inflammatory a style, as rendered him obnoxious to government. A warrant was issued to apprehend him, and he left his native country and crossed the Atlantic for America, where he fixed his residence in the town of Salem, in the state of Massachusetts, where he established a newspaper in connection with a printer, which he continued till his death, which happened in the year 1805, in the 58th year of his age.

The editor cannot dismiss this note without acknowledging himself greatly obliged by the communications of Dr. Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh.

APPENDIX *(c.)*

THE reader will be pleased to find, from the following communication to the Editor, by Mrs. Murray, of Bath (authoress of "*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch*), that Mr. Ross was one of the very few writers that practised what they taught.

"I knew a good deal of Mr. Ross, author of the *Fortunate Shepherdess*, but it was many years ago: —I still remember him with respect, as a man of most amiable character. His genius and talents speak for themselves in the above-mentioned beautiful little Poem, and one cannot help regretting that such abilities were only born to "blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air;" for in truth his humble abode was little better than a desert, though not inhabited by savages; nothing on earth being less savage than a mere uncultivated Highlander. I speak from the experience of many years of the early part of my life, which I had the happiness of spending in the North Highlands of Scotland, the country of 'Honest men and bonny lasses.'

Mr. Ross was also author of two excellent

Songs, called, "*What ails the Lasses at me?*" and "*The Rock and the wee pickle tow.*" They are printed in this Collection immediately after "*The Bridal o't.*" He was born about the year 1700. His father was a farmer, in the parish of Kincardine O'Neil, Aberdeenshire. His first settlement was at Birs, as parochial school-master, about the year 1733. He removed to Lochlee, Forfarshire, where he died in May 1783, after residing fifty years in the centre of the Grampians, almost secluded from the converse of men and books. Mr. Ross's grandson, the Rev. Alexander Thomson, gives the following account of him in a letter to Mr. Campbell, author of *An Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland,* dated Lintrethen, 14th June, 1798.— "He (Ross) was a plain man, had the character of being a good school-master, was very religious, which appeared by his behaviour as much as by his profession. He was an excellent Latin scholar, and wrote with considerable accuracy, till the days of old age and infirmity, when he wrote a Poem, entitled, '*The Orphan,*' and attempted to publish it at Aberdeen, with some other little performances, which, on account of their inaccuracy, of which the worthy author was not so sensible as he would have formerly been, he was advised by Dr. Beattie, one of his best friends, not to publish."

In 1768 Mr. Ross published his "Fortunate Shepherdess," with a few Songs. Immediately after their appearance, Dr. Beattie, in the most friendly manner, addressed a letter to "*The Printer of the Aberdeen Journal,*" under the signature of "*Oliver Oldstile;*" together with some complimentary verses, addressed to the "facetious author," which he begged might be transmitted through the same channel "which," the Doctor observes, "may please some of your readers, and cannot, I think, offend any."

APPENDIX *(d.)*

Mr. Skinner died in the arms of his only surviving son, the Right Reverend John Skinner, Bishop of the diocese of Aberdeen, at the advanced age of 86, after having had the pastoral care of the Episcopal congregation at Longside (a remote parish in the North of Scotland) for nearly 65 years! The ties of pastoral regard and affection, by which he was so long united to his beloved flock, could be cut asunder only by the stroke of death; and this dissolution of all his earthly connections having happened on the 16th of June, 1807, his sorrowing people had no sooner committed his body to the ground, than they set on foot a subscription, for raising a handsome monument to his memory, which has accordingly been erected in the church-yard of Longside, with a suitable inscription.

The following well-told anecdote is a beautiful illustration of the simplicity of Mr. Skinner's character.

"When surrounded by his grand-children in their

early years, it was delightful to see how he could adapt himself to their yet humble but rising capacities. He would make them verses by the hour. He would puzzle them with riddles, and little arithmetical problems of his own invention. He would try to call forth the latent spark of genius, by proposing questions on the different branches of study in which they were occupied at school. Although in themselves simple, and easy of solution, yet the grandfather had such art in quaintly arranging, and in enigmatically expressing, his questions, as conveyed the idea of extreme difficulty; while, at the same time, no sooner did he himself proceed to unravel the seeming mystery, than even children blushed to find themselves duped and outwitted by means so completely within the reach of their own detection. On one occasion of this kind, when his oldest grandson could not discover the little artifice employed to perplex him, he was not a little alarmed by hearing his grandfather say, that even *Thomas the Rhymer* had prophesied on the subject of the *fourth* John Skinner's lamentable weakness of mind, and want of capacity,—

'The world shall *four John Skinners* see,
The *first* sall teach a school;—
The other two shall parsons be,
And the *fourth* shall be a *fool*!'

"His old friend, however, afterwards made him ample amends for this rhyming jeu d'esprit. For after the young man became a clergyman, and *grandfather, father*, and *son*, had *all* officiated at one and the same diet of worship, at the chapel at Longside, he presented him with the following beautiful Latin verses. They are here inserted, not because free from the *licentia poetica*, but because, mingled with the proverbial blindness of a grandfather's partiality, the *poetical license* has completely usurped the place of *truth*, and given the *manner*, and not the *matter*, a claim to the notice of the learned reader.

'Sanguinis ejusdem *tres* implent rostra JOANNES,
Est *avus*, est *pater*, est carus utrique *nepos:*
Ingeniô *primus*, sermonis laude *secundus*
Claret; in ambobus *tertius* ille nitet.
Non potuere ultrà Naturæ tendere vires,
Miscet *avo patrem*, et fingitur inde nepos!'

The "Poetical Pieces" of this excellent old man (who answered most literally to Goldsmith's description of the Village Preacher) have been lately collected, and published at Edinburgh, prefaced with some valuable remarks on his life and poetic talent. To this interesting account, already quoted, the reader is referred. The Editor would only observe, that the fine family Picture, so delicately sketched in

The Old Man's Song subjoined, was not only descriptive of the author's own sentiments and enjoyments at the moment he wrote it, but it will long remain an artless and faithful representation of his character, his conduct, and his principles.

THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Tune—Dumbarton Drums.

O! why should old age so much wound us!*
There is nothing in it all to confound us:
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oys† all around us;
For how happy now am I, &c.

We began in the warld wi' naething,
And we've jogg'd on, and toil'd for the ae thing;
We made use of what we had,
And our thankful hearts were glad;
When we got the bit meat and the claithing,
We made use of what we had, &c.

We have liv'd all our life-time contented,
Since the day we became first acquainted:

* This tune requires O to be added at the end of each of the long lines, but in reading the Song the O is better omitted.

† *Oys*—Grand-children.

It's true we've been but poor,
And we are so to this hour;
But we never yet repin'd or lamented.
It's true we've been but poor, &c.

When we had any stock, we ne'er vauntit,
Nor did we hing our heads when we wantit;
But we always gave a share
Of the little we cou'd spare,
When it pleas'd a kind Heaven to grant it.
But we always gave a share, &c.

We never laid a scheme to be wealthy,
By means that were cunning or stealthy;
But we always had the bliss,
(And what further could we wiss),
To be pleas'd with ourselves, and be healthy.
But we always had the bliss, &c.

What tho' we cannot boast of our guineas,
We have plenty of Jockies and Jeanies;
And these, I'm certain, are
More desirable by far
Than a bag full of poor yellow sleenies.
And these, I am certain, are, &c.

We have seen many wonder and ferly,
Of changes that almost are yearly,

Among rich folks up and down,
Both in country and in town,
Who now live but scrimply and barely,
Among rich folks up and down, &c.

Then why should people brag of prosperity?
A straiten'd life we see is no rarity;
Indeed we've been in want,
And our living's been but scant,
Yet we never were reduced to need charity.
Indeed we've been in want, &c.

In this house we first came together,
Where we've long been a father and mither;
And tho' not of stone and lime,
It will last us all our time;
And, I hope, we shall ne'er need anither,
And tho' not of stone and lime, &c.

And when we leave this poor habitation,
We'll depart with a good commendation;
We'll go hand in hand, I wiss,
To a better house than this,
To make room for the next generation.
Then why should old age so much wound us,
There is nothing in it all to confound us:
For how happy now am I,
With my old wife sitting by,
And our bairns and our oys all around us.

The two subjoined letters were written by Burns to Mr. Skinner. They have not appeared in the series of his Correspondence published either by Dr. Currie, or the Editor of these volumes. In the summer of 1787, Burns made a tour through the west and north of Scotland; and at Aberdeen met with Mr. Skinner's son, between whom an interesting conversation took place. The particulars of this interview were communicated to the father, stating also how much Burns regretted that he did not know where *Linshart* lay, as he would have gone twenty miles out of his way to have seen the author of *Tullochgorum*. This compliment immediately produced an Epistle in familiar verse, addressed to Burns, who returned the following letter in reply, which, though without a date, appears to have been written in Edinburgh.

'Reverend and venerable Sir,

'Accept, in plain dull prose, my most sincere thanks for the best poetical compliment I ever received. I assure you, Sir, as a poet, you have conjured up an airy demon of vanity in my fancy, which the best abilities in your *other* capacity would be ill able to lay. I regret, and while I live shall regret, that when I was in the north, I had not the pleasure of paying a younger brother's dutiful respect to the Au-

thor of the best Scotch song ever Scotland saw,—'Tullochgorum's my delight!' The world may think slightingly of the craft of song-making, if they please; but, as Job says, 'O! that mine adversary had written a book!'—let them try. There is a certain something in the old Scotch songs, a wild happiness of thought and expression, which peculiarly marks them, not only from English songs, but also from the modern efforts of song-wrights, in our native manner and language. The only remains of this enchantment, these spells of the imagination, rests with you. Our true brother, Ross of Lochlee, was likewise 'owre cannie,'—a 'wild warlock'—but now he sings among the 'Sons of the morning.' I have often wished, and will certainly endeavour, to form a kind of common acquaintance among all the genuine sons of Caledonian song. The world, busy in low prosaic pursuits, may overlook most of us;—but 'reverence thyself.' The world is not our *peers*,—so we challenge the jury. We can lash that world,—and find ourselves a very great source of amusement and happiness independent of that world. There is a work going on in Edinburgh, just now, which claims your best assistance.* An engraver in this town has set about collecting and publishing all the Scotch Songs, with the Music, that can be found.

* Johnson's *Musical Museum*.

Songs in the English language, if by Scotchmen, are admitted; but the Music must all be Scotch. Drs. Beattie and Blacklock are lending a hand, and the first musician in town presides over that department. I have been absolutely crazed about it, collecting old stanzas, and every information remaining, respecting their origin, authors, &c. This last is but a very fragment business; but at the end of his second number,—the first is already published,—a small account will be given of the authors, particularly to preserve those of latter times. Your three songs, '*Tullochgorum, John of Badenyon,* and *Ewie wi' the crookit Horn,*' go in this second number. I was determined, before I got your letter, to write you, begging that you would let me know where the editions of these pieces may be found, as you would wish them to continue in future times; and if you would be so kind to this undertaking, as send any Songs, of your own or others, that you would think proper to publish. Your name will be inserted among the other authors, '*Nill ye, will ye.*' One half of Scotland already give your songs to other authors. Paper is done. I beg to hear from you,—the sooner the better, as I leave Edinburgh in a fortnight or three weeks. I am, with the warmest sincerity, Sir, your obliged humble servant,

ROBERT BURNS.'

To this letter Mr. Skinner's answer was as follows:

Linshart, 14th November, 1787.*

"Sir,

"Your kind return, without date, but of post-mark October 25th, came to my hand only this day. Your acknowledgment of my poor but just encomiums on your surprising genius, and your opinion of my rhyming excursions, are both, I think, by far too high. The difference between our two tracks of education, and ways of life, is entirely in your favour, and gives you the preference every manner of way. I know a classical education will not create a versifying taste, but it mightily improves and assists it; and though, where both these meet, there may sometimes be ground for approbation, yet where taste appears single, as it were, and neither cramped nor supported by acquisition, I will always sustain the justice of its prior claim to applause. A small portion of taste this way I have had almost from childhood, especial-

* Though this letter is already printed by Dr. Currie, in his edition of Burns's works, yet it cannot be deemed misplaced here, as it not only contains several curious and praise-worthy incidents in Mr. Skinner's life, but also historical remarks on some of the Songs published in this Collection.

Ed.

ly in the old Scottish dialect; and it is as old a thing as I remember, my fondness for '*Chryste-Kirk o' the Green*,' which I had by heart ere I was twelve years of age, and which, some years ago, I attempted to turn into Latin verse. While I was young, I dabbled a good deal in these things; but, on getting the black gown, I gave it pretty much over, till my daughters grew up, who being all tolerably good singers, plagued me for words to some of their favourite tunes, and so extorted those effusions which have made a public appearance beyond my expectation, and contrary to my intentions,—at the same time that I hope there is nothing to be found in them uncharacteristic, or unbecoming the cloth, which I would always wish to see respected. As to the assistance you propose from me in the undertaking you are engaged in, I am sorry I cannot give it so far as I could wish, and you perhaps expect. My daughters, who were my only intelligencers, are all *forisfamiliate*, and the old woman, their mother, has lost that taste. There are two from my own pen, which I might give you, if worth the while: One to the old Scotch tune of '*Dumbarton drums*.' The other, perhaps, you have met with, as your noble friend the Duchess has, I am told, heard of it. It was squeezed out of me by a brother parson in her neighbour-

hood, to accommodate a new highland reel for the Marquis's birth-day, to the stanza of

'Tune your fiddles, tune them sweetly,' &c.

There is another humourous thing, I have heard, said to be done by the Catholic priest Geddes, and which hit my taste much.

'There was a wee wifeikie was comin frae the fair,
'Had gotten a little drapikie, which bred her meikil care;
'It took upo' the wifie's heart, and she began to spew,
'And co' the wee wifeikie, I wish I binna fou.
'I wish,' &c.

I have heard of another new composition by a young plowman of my acquaintance, that I am vastly pleased with, to the tune of the '*Humours of Glen*,' which, I fear, wont do, as the music, I am told, is of Irish original. I have mentioned these, such as they are, to shew my readiness to oblige you, and to contribute my mite, if I could, to the patriotic work you have in hand, and which I wish all success to. You have only to notify your mind, and what you want of the above shall be sent you. Meantime, while you are thus publicly, I may say, employed, do not sheath

your own proper and piercing weapon. From what I have seen of yours already, I am inclined to hope for much good. One lesson of virtue and morality delivered in your amusing style, and from such as you, will operate more than dozens would do from such as me, who shall be told, it is our employment, and be never more minded; whereas, from a pen like yours, as being one of the many, what comes will be admired:—Admiration will produce regard, and regard will leave an impression, especially when *example goes along*.

" Wishing you, from my poet-pen, all success, and in my other character, all happiness and heavenly direction, I remain, with esteem, your sincere friend,

JOHN SKINNER."

The next letter from Burns to our Author, is dated at Edinburgh, the 14th of February, 1788, and the following is a copy of it:

' Reverend and dear Sir,

' I have been a cripple now near three months, though I am getting vastly better, and have been very much hurried beside, or else I would have wrote you sooner. I must beg your pardon for the epistle you sent me appearing in the Magazine. I had given a copy or two to some of my intimate friends, but did

not know of the printing of it till the publication of the Magazine. However, as it does great honour to us both, I hope you will forgive it. The second volume of the songs I mentioned to you in my last, is published to-day. I send you a copy, which I beg you will accept as a mark of the veneration I have long had, and shall ever have, for your character, and of the claim I make to your continued acquaintance. Your songs appear in the third volume, with your name in the index, as I assure you, Sir, I have heard your *Tullochgorum*, particularly among our west country folks, given to many different names, and most commonly to the immortal author of the *Minstrel*, who, indeed, never wrote any thing superior to *'Gie's a Sang, Montgomery cried.'* Your brother has promised me your verses to the Marquis of Huntly's Reel, which certainly deserve a place in the Collection. My kind host, Mr. Cruickshank, of the High School here, and said to be one of the best Latins in this age, begs me to make you his grateful acknowledgments for the entertainment he has got in a Latin publication of your's that I borrowed for him from your acquaintance, and my much respected friend, in this place, the reverend Dr. Webster. Mr. Cruickshank maintains that you write the best Latin since Buchanan. I leave Edinburgh to-morrow, but shall return in three weeks. Your song you men-

tioned in your last, to the tune of '*Dumbarton Drums*,' and the other, which you say was done by a brother by trade of mine, a plowman, I shall thank you much for a copy of each. I am ever, reverend Sir, with the most respectful esteem, and sincere veneration, yours,

ROBERT BURNS.'

APPENDIX *(e.)*

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE JOSEPH RITSON.

(Communicated by a Barrister of Gray's Inn.)

THE subsequent authentic narrative of the last moments of poor Ritson, while it may afford gratification to some of those who suffered under the lash of his sarcastic criticism, must at the same time offer some apology for that eccentricity and violence which too frequently disgrace his controversial writings, and even his antiquarian disquisitions. They doubtless originated in that maniacal tendency which latterly burst forth into full outrage, and terminated in his death. It has been ascertained that a sister, elder than himself, fell also a victim to the same deplorable malady. Let it check the pride of human nature, even in that point on which we think we are most justified in valuing ourselves—the superiority of our intellectual faculties; to mark in this, as well as in so many other instances, the near alliance between genius and insanity.

It has been farther learned from a Mrs. Kirby, who knew him from early infancy, and retained more in-

fluence over him than any other person during the whole of his life, that his father was a man in a low condition of life, yet he found means to send him to a Latin school at Stockton, where he proved an attentive scholar, and made a rapid progress in such learning as was there taught. His habits were always reserved, rarely associating with his school-fellows. He afterwards passed some time in the office of Mr. Bradley, a conveyancer, of that town. On coming to London, he entered himself a student of Gray's Inn, and after keeping his proper terms, he was called to the bar. He never, however, paid much attention to the proper business of his profession. During the summer season he used to take long journeys on foot, with no other baggage than a shirt in each pocket; and if he at any time found them too heavy, he made no hesitation in disencumbering himself by throwing one of them away. She also states him to have been very lax in his religious principles, of which, perhaps, she was, no very competent judge. If he in fact were so, let it be a warning to others to be careful how they throw aside any proper restraint of the mind, especially the most serious and important of all, that of religion, lest they should slacken, and, as took place in his unhappy case, ultimately lose all hold of the reins by which the imagination is guided.

"The late Mr. Ritson lived in the same staircase with me in Gray's Inn for many years, and the com-

mon civilities of the day passed between us, but nothing more. We never visited. I understood he possessed a great singularity of character; but he was ever polite and civil to me. Early in September, 1803, I frequently heard a great swearing and noise in his chambers, and, on meeting his laundress on the stairs, I asked her the cause of the disturbance I had heard. She answered, that she believed *her master was out of his mind,* for his conduct in every respect proved him so; and that she was greatly afraid that in his delirium he would do himself or her an injury. She said she had taken him his dinner the day before, but that he had not touched it, and that he never ate animal food. She was then going to him, but expressed a fear that he would burst into a rage, and abuse her as I had heard him before. The last time she was in the chambers, he had shut himself up; however, she left his dinner upon the table, and was then going to see if he had eaten it. I said, as she had expressed herself fearful, I would go with her to her master, which I accordingly did. I saw his dinner on the table, but he was still shut up in his room. I asked the laundress whether he had any relations in town. She said he had not; but that he had a nephew somewhere in the North, who had lived with him for many years, but that Mr. Ritson had *turned him out* of his house for *eating animal*

food. I desired her to endeavour to find out some of his relations or friends, and to apprize them of his unhappy situation, and in the meantime to be very careful of him.

" On the 10th of September, about nine o'clock in the evening, on my return to my chambers, my servant told me that Mr. Ritson had been making a great noise, and that there was a great light in his room, which had alarmed the people in the Steward's office. I went immediately to the Steward's office, and looking from his window, I saw Mr. Ritson's room strewed with books and loose papers, some of which he was gathering up and throwing on the fire, which occasioned the great blaze they had seen. He had a lighted candle in his hand, which he carried about in a very dangerous manner. The Steward not being at home, I sent for him to represent to him Mr. Ritson's extraordinary conduct. However, being much alarmed, I went to Mr. Ritson's chambers, and knocked at the door several times, but could get no admission. At last a key was obtained from the laundress; and Mr. Quin, the steward, and myself, with two porters, entered his chambers. He appeared much confused on seeing us, and asked how we came in? We told him by means of the laundress's key. He then asked what we wanted? Mr.

Quin told him, we came in consequence of the great blaze that appeared in his chambers, believing them to be on fire. He answered, that his fire had gone out, and that he was lighting it to make horse-radish tea. Mr. Quin then represented to him the great danger of making his fire with loose papers, particularly as there were so many scattered about the room, some of which had actually taken fire. Mr. Quin therefore begged he would permit the porters to collect them together, and to put them away, and to do any thing he wanted; upon which he said, no! no! and in the most peremptory manner ordered them to leave his chambers, saying they were only servants to the Society, and had no business in his chambers. Mr. Quin observed, that consistently with his duty as Steward of the Inn, he could not leave his chambers in that dangerous situation. Mr. Ritson then appearing much enraged, swore he would make them, for that they came to rob him, and immediately went to his bed-room, and returned with a drawn dagger in his hand; at sight of which, Mr. Quin and the porters immediately left the chambers, Mr. Ritson pursuing them along the passage, and they in their hurry shut the outer door, leaving me in the room. On his return I disarmed him, and begged him to sit down while I explained every thing. He

was then very complaisant, and said he did not mean to offend me, but swore vengeance against those who had left the room. He insisted on my going into his best apartment, which I did, and found his books and papers scattered on the floor, as they were in the other chamber. He asked me to drink with him, which I refused. He paid me some compliments as a neighbour, and said he would give me a history of his life. He told me he had a great passion for books, of which he possessed the finest collection in England. That he had written upon many subjects, and had confuted many who had written upon law and theology. He said he was then writing a pamphlet proving Jesus Christ an impostor! but that something had lately discomposed him, and he was therefore resolved to destroy many of his manuscripts, for which purpose he was then sorting his papers. I heard him patiently for an hour and an half, when I advised him to go to bed, which he said he would do, and I left him seemingly composed. About an hour after, he became very violent and outrageous, throwing his furniture about his chambers and breaking his windows. I then went to him again, and endeavoured to pacify him, but without effect. He had a dagger in one hand and a knife in the other, though I had taken the other dagger from him, and

carried it to my own chambers. He raved for a considerable time, till, being quite exhausted, he went to sleep. A person was then sent for from Hoxton to take care of him, who remained with him five days, and said that his derangement was incurable. I visited him every day, when he appeared very glad to see me, and said, 'Here comes my friend, who will set me at liberty;' but violently abused his keeper, and said, *the devil would torment him* for his cruelty in keeping him so confined. It was thought proper by his friends to remove him to a mad-house, where I understand he died in a few days. I have since learned that his malady was a family disorder, and that his sister died mad."

31*st March*, 1804.

END OF VOL. I.

J. M'CREERY, Printer,
Black-Horse-Court, London.

SELECT

SCOTISH SONGS,

ANCIENT AND MODERN;

WITH

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES,

BY ROBERT BURNS.

EDITED

By R. H. CROMEK, F.A.S. Ed.

VOL. II.



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By J. M'CREERY, Black-Horse-Court, Fleet-Street.

1810.

SELECT SCOTISH SONGS, &c.

TAK YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

A PART of this old song, according to the English set *of it, is quoted in Shakspeare.**

In winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
And Boreas, with his blasts sae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill:
Then Bell my wife, wha loves na strife,
She said to me right hastily,
Get up, goodman, save Cromy's life,
And tak your auld cloak about ye.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kyne;
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne

* In the drinking scene in Othello. This song was recovered by Dr. Percy, and preserved by him in his *Reliques of Antient Poetry.*

Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
The sun shines in the lift sae hie;
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Go tak your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now it's scantly worth a groat,
For I have worn't this thirty year;
Let's spend the gear that we have won,
We little ken the day we'll die:
Then I'll be proud, since I have sworn
To have a new cloak about me.

In days when our king Robert rang,
His trews they cost but haff a crown;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And call'd the taylor thief and loun.
He was the king that wore a crown,
And thou the man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak thy auld cloak about thee.

Every land has its ain laugh,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool,
I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;

Do ye not see Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklen in the ase;
I'll have a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wate 'tis thirty years,
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we have had between us twa,
Of lads and bonny lasses ten:
Now they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak your auld cloak about ye.

Bell my wife, she loves na strife;
But she wad guide me, if she can,
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman:
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye give her a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak my auld cloak about me.

RATTLIN, ROARIN WILLIE.

THE last stanza of this song is mine; it was composed out of compliment to one of the worthiest fellows in the world, William Dunbar, Esq. Writer to the signet, Edinburgh, and Colonel of the Crochallan corps, a club of wits who took that title at the time of raising the fencible regiments.

O rattlin, roarin Willie,
O he held to the fair,
An' for to sell his fiddle,
And buy some ither ware;
But parting wi' his fiddle,
The saut tear blint his ee;
And rattlin roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me.

O Willie, come sell your fiddle,
O sell your fiddle sae fine;
O Willie come sell your fiddle,
And buy a pint o' wine.
If I should sell my fiddle,
The warl' wou'd think I was mad,
For many a rantin day
My fiddle and I hae had!

As I cam by Crochallan,
I cannilie keekit ben,
Rattlin, roarin Willie
Was sitting at yon boord-en';
Sitting at yon boord-en',
And amang guid companie;
Rattlin, roarin Willie,
Ye're welcome hame to me!

WHERE BRAVING ANGRY WINTER'S STORMS.

THIS song I composed on one of the most accomplished of women, Miss Peggy Chalmers that was, now Mrs. Lewis Hay, of Forbes and Co's bank, Edinburgh.

Tune—NIEL GOW'S LAMENTATION FOR ABERCAIRNEY.*

Where braving angry winter's storms,
The lofty Ochels rise,
Far in their shade my Peggy's charms
First blest my wandering eyes.

* The different publications which have appeared under the name of *Neil Gow*, and which contain not only his sets of the older tunes, but various occasional airs of his own composition, for

As one who by some savage stream,
A lonely gem surveys,
Astonish'd, doubly marks its beam,
With art's most polish'd blaze.

Blest be the wild, sequester'd shade,
And blest the day and hour,
Where Peggy's charms I first survey'd,
When first I felt their pow'r!

The tyrant death with grim controul,
May seize my fleeting breath,
But tearing Peggy from my soul
Must be a stronger death.

---

for instance, his "Lamentation for Abercairney," and "Loch-Erroch-side," are striking specimens of his genius, feeling, and power of embellishment. These were set and prepared for publication, by his son Nathaniel; whose respectable character, and propriety of conduct, have long secured him the esteem and favour of the public; and whose knowledge of composition, and variety of talent in the art, joined with the greatest refinement of taste, elegance of expression, and power of execution, render him (beyond all dispute) the most accomplished and successful performer of Scottish music in general, ever produced by this country."

Scots Mag. Jan. 1809.

NANCY'S GHOST.

This song is by Dr. Blacklock.

TIBBIE, I HAE SEEN THE DAY.

This song I composed about the age of seventeen.

Tune—Invercald's Reel.

O Tibbie, I hae seen the day
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For laik o' gear ye lightly me,
But trowth, I care na by.

Yestreen I met you on the moor,
Ye spak na, but gaed by like stoure;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But feint a hair care I.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

I doubt na, lass, but ye may think,
Because ye hae the name o' clink,
That ye can please me at a wink,
Whene'er ye like to try.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But sorrow tak him that's sae mean,
Altho' his pouch o' coin were clean,
Wha follows ony saucy quean
That looks sae proud and high.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

Altho' a lad were e'er sae smart,
If that he want the yellow dirt,
Ye'll cast your head anither airt,
An' answer him fu' dry.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But if he hae the name o' gear,
Ye'll fasten to him like a brier,
Tho' hardly he for sense or lear
Be better than the kye.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

But, Tibbie, lass, tak my advice,
Your daddie's gear maks you sae nice,
The deil a ane wad speir your price,
Were ye as poor as I.
Tibbie, I hae, &c.

COLLIER LADDIE.

I DO not know a blyther old song than this.

Whare live ye, my bonie lass,
And tell me what they ca' ye?
My name, she says, is Mistress Jean,
And I follow the Collier laddie.

See ye not yon hills and dales
The sun shines on sae brawlie!
They a' are mine and they shall be thine,
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Ye shall gang in gay attire,
Weel buskit up sae gawdy;
And ane to wait on every hand
Gin ye'll leave your Collier laddie.

Tho' ye had a' the sun shines on,
And the earth conceals sae lowly;
I wad turn my back on you and it a',
And embrace my Collier laddie.

I can win my five-pennies in a day,
And spen't at night fu' brawlie:
And make my bed in the Collier's neuk,
And lie down wi' my Collier laddie.

Loove for loove is the bargain for me,
Tho' the wee cot-house should haud me,
And the warld before me to win my bread,
And fair fa' my Collier laddie.

YE GODS, WAS STREPHON'S PICTURE BLEST?

Tune—FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER.

THE title of this air shews that it alludes to the famous king Crispian, the patron of the honorable corporation of Shoemakers.—St. Crispian's day falls on the fourteenth of October, old style, as the old proverb tells;

On the fourteenth of October
Was ne'er a sutor* sober.

SINCE ROBB'D OF ALL THAT CHARM'D MY VIEWS.

THE old name of this air is, The blossom o' the Raspberry. *The song is Dr. Blacklock's.*

* A shoemaker.

MUSING ON THE ROARING OCEAN.

I COMPOSED these verses out of compliment to a Mrs. M'Lachlan, whose husband is an officer in the East Indies.

Tune—DRUMION DUBH.

Musing on the roaring ocean,
Which divides my love and me;
Wearying heaven in warm devotion,
For his weal where'er he be.

Hope and fear's alternate billow
Yielding late to nature's law,
Whisp'ring spirits round my pillow,
Talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom sorrow never wounded,
Ye who never shed a tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded,
Gaudy day to you is dear.

Gentle night, do thou befriend me,
Downy sleep the curtain draw;
Spirits kind, again attend me,
Talk of him that's far awa!

YOUNG DAMON.

THIS air is by Oswald.

BLYTHE WAS SHE.

I COMPOSED these verses while I stayed at Ochtertyre with Sir William Murray.—The lady, who was also at Ochtertyre at the same time, was the well-known toast, Miss Euphemia Murray of Lentrose, who was called, and very justly, The Flower of Strathmore.

Blythe, blythe and merry was she,
Blythe was she but and ben;
Blythe by the banks of Ern,
And blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Oughtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass,
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Blythe, &c.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,
Her smile was like a simmer morn;
She tripped by the banks of Ern,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Blythe, &c.

Her bonie face it was as meek
As ony lamb upon a lee;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet
As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.
Blythe, &c.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,
And o'er the lawlands I hae been,
But Phemie was the blythest lass
That ever trod the dewy green.
Blythe, &c.

ABSENCE.

THIS song and air are both by Dr. Blacklock; the song is in the manner of Shenstone.

JOHNY FAA, OR THE GYPSIE LADDIE.

THE people in Ayrshire begin this song—

The gypsies cam to my Lord Cassilis' yett.

They have a great many more stanzas in this song than I ever yet saw in any printed copy.—*

* The Editor gives this verse as a specimen:—

My ladie's skin, like the driven snaw,
Looked through her satin cleedin',
Her white hause, as the wine ran down,
It like a rose did redden.

As it had been observed, that neighbouring tradition strongly vouched for the truth of the story upon which this ballad is founded, Mr. Finlay, with a laudable curiosity, resolved to make the necessary inquiries, the result of which, without much variation, he published in his "Scottish Ballads," and is as follows:

"That the Earl of Cassilis had married a nobleman's daughter contrary to her wishes, she having been previously engaged to another; but that the persuasion and importunity of her friends at last brought her to consent: That Sir John Faw, of Dunbar, her former lover, seizing the opportunity of the Earl's absence on a foreign embassy, disguised himself and a number of his retainers as gypsies, and carried off the lady, 'nothing loth:' That the Earl having returned opportunely at the time of the commission of the act, and nowise inclined to participate in his consort's

The castle is still remaining at Maybole, where his lordship shut up his wayward spouse, and kept her for life.

The gypsies came to our good lord's gate
And wow but they sang sweetly;
They sang sae sweet, and sae very complete,
That down came the fair ladie.

---

consort's ideas on the subject, collected his vassals, and, pursued the lady and her paramour to the borders of England, where, having overtaken them, a battle ensued, in which Faw and his followers were all killed or taken prisoners, excepting one,

——— the meanest of them all,
Who lives to weep and sing their fall.

" It is by this survivor that the ballad is supposed to have been written. The Earl, on bringing back the fair fugitive, banished her *a mensa et thoræ*, and, it is said, confined her for life in a tower at the village of Maybole, in Ayrshire, built for the purpose; and, that nothing might remain about this tower unappropriated to its original destination, eight heads, carved in stone, below one of the turrets, are said to be the effigies of *so many* of the gypsies. The lady herself, as well as the survivor of Faw's followers, contributed to perpetuate the remembrance of the transaction; for if he wrote a song about it, she wrought it in tapestry; and this piece of workmanship is still preserved at Culzean

And she came tripping down the stair,
And a' her maids before her;
As soon as they saw her weelfar'd face,
They coost the glamer o'er her.

"Gar tak fra me this gay mantile,
And bring to me a plaidie;
For if kith and kin and a' had sworn,
I'll follow the gypsie laddie.

"Yestreen I lay in a well-made bed,
And my good lord beside me;
This night I'll ly in a tenant's barn,
Whatever shall betide me."

Culzean Castle. It remains to be mentioned, that the ford, by which the lady and her lover crossed the river Doon from a wood near Cassilis-house, is still denominated the Gypsies' Steps.

"There seems to be no reason for identifying the hero with Johnie Faa, who was king of the gypsies about the year 1590. The coincidence of names, and the disguise assumed by the lover, is perhaps the foundation on which popular tradition has raised the structure. Upon authority so vague, nothing can be assumed; and indeed I am inclined to adopt the opinion of a correspondent, that the whole story may have been the invention of some feudal or political rival, to injure the character and hurt the feelings of an opponent; at least, after a pretty diligent search, I have been able to discover nothing that in the slightest degree confirms the popular tale."

Come to your bed, says Johny Faa,
Oh! come to your bed, my deary;
For I vow and swear by the hilt of my sword,
That your lord shall nae mair come near ye.

" I'll go to bed to my Johny Faa,
And I'll go to bed to my deary;
For I vow and swear by what past yestreen,
That my lord shall nae mair come near me."

" I'll mak a hap to my Johny Faa,
And I'll mak a hap to my deary;
And he's get a' the coat gaes round,
And my lord shall nae mair come near me."

And when our lord came home at e'en,
And speir'd for his fair lady,
The tane she cry'd, and the other reply'd,
She's away wi' the gypsie laddie.

" Gae saddle to me the black, black steed,
Gae saddle and mak him ready;
Before that I either eat or sleep,
I'll gae seek my fair lady."

And we were fifteen well-made men,
Altho' we were nae bonny;
And we were a' put down for ane,
A fair young wanton lady.

TO DAUNTON ME.

THE two following old stanzas to this tune have some merit:

To daunton me, to daunton me,
O ken ye what it is that'll daunton me?—
There's eighty eight and eighty nine,
And a' that I hae borne sinsyne,
There's cess and press and Presbytrie,
I think it will do meikle for to daunton me.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what it is that wad wanton me?—
To see gude corn upon the rigs,
And banishment amang the Whigs,
And right restored where right sud be,
I think it would do meikle for to wanton me.*

* A third verse runs thus:—

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
O ken ye what maist wad wanton me?
To see king James at Edinb'rough Cross,
Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
And the usurper forc'd to flee,
O this is that maist wad wanton me.

THE BONIE LASS MADE THE BED TO ME.

"THE Bonie Lass made the Bed to me," was composed on an amour of Charles II. when sculking in the North, about Aberdeen, in the time of the usurpation. He formed une petite affaire *with a daughter of the House of Port-letham, who was the* lass that made the bed to him:—*two verses of it are,*

I kiss'd her lips sae rosy red,
While the tear stood blinkin in her ee;
I said my lassie dinna cry,
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's winding sheet,
And o't she made a sark to me;
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

When Januar wind was blawing cauld,
As to the North I took my way,
The mirksome night did me enfauld,
I knew na where to lodge till day.

By my gude luck a maid I met,
Just in the middle o' my care;
And kindly she did me invite
To walk into a chamber fair.

I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And thank'd her for her courtesie;
I bow'd fu' low unto this maid,
And bad her mak a bed for me.

She made the bed baith large and wide,
Wi' twa white hands she spread it down;
She put the cup to her rosy lips,
And drank "Young man now sleep ye sound."

She snatch'd the candle in her hand,
And frae my chamber went wi' speed;
But I call'd her quickly back again
To lay some mair below my head.

A cod* she laid below my head,
And served me wi' due respect;
And to salute her wi' a kiss,
I pat my arms about her neck.

Haud aff your hands, young man, she says,
And dinna sae uncivil be:
Gif ye hae ony luve for me,
O wrang nae my virginitie!

* A pillow.

Her hair was like the links o' gowd,
Her teeth were like the ivorie;
Her cheeks like lilies dipt in wine,
The lass that made the bed to me.

Her bosom was the driven snaw,
Twa drifted heaps sae fair to see!
Her limbs the polish'd marble stane,
The lass that made the bed to me.

I kiss'd her o'er and o'er again,
And ay she wist na what to say;
I laid her between me and the wa',
The lassie thought na lang till day.

Upon the morrow when we raise,
I thank'd her for her courtesie;
But ay she blush'd, and ay she sigh'd,
And said, alas! ye've ruin'd me.

I clasp'd her waist, and kiss'd her syne,
While the tear stood twinklin in her ee;
I said, my lassie, dinna cry,
For ye ay shall mak the bed to me.

She took her mither's holland sheets,
And made them a' in sarks to me:
Blythe and merry may she be,
The lass that made the bed to me.

The bonie lassie made the bed to me,
The braw lass made the bed to me:
I'll ne'er forget till the day that I die,
The lass that made the bed to me!

I HAD A HORSE AND I HAD NAE MAIR.

This story was founded on fact. A John Hunter, ancestor to a very respectable farming family who live in a place in the parish, I think, of Galston, called Barr-mill, was the luckless hero that had a horse and had nae mair.—*For some little youthful follies he found it necessary to make a retreat to the West-Highlands, where* he feed himself to a Highland Laird, *for that is the expression of all the oral editions of the song I ever heard.—The present Mr. Hunter, who told me the anecdote, is the great grand-child to our hero.*

I had a horse, and I had nae mair,
I gat him frae my daddy;
My purse was light, and my heart was sair,
But my wit it was fu' ready.

And sae I thought me on a time,
Outwittens of my daddy,
To fee mysel to a lawland laird,
Wha had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
"Madam, be not offended,
I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
And care not tho' ye kend it:
For I get little frae the laird,
And far less frae my daddy,
And I would blythely be the man
Would strive to please my lady."

She read my letter, and she leugh,
"Ye needna been sae blate, man;
You might hae come to me yoursel,
And tauld me o' your state, man:
You might hae come to me yoursel,
Outwittens o' ony body,
And made *John Gowkston* of the laird,*
And kiss'd his bonny lady."

* *To make John Gowkston of a laird,* is, I fear, an unintelligible phrase to a mere English reader: when he is told that the word Gowk is Scotch for *Cuckoo,* a very familiar association will supply him with the rest.—*Ed.*

Then she pat siller in my purse,
We drank wine in a coggie;
She feed a man to rub my horse,
And wow! but I was vogie.
But I gat ne'er sa sair a fleg,
Since I came frae my daddy,
The laird came, rap rap, to the yett,
When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
And happ'd me wi' a plaidie;
But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
The laird went out, he saw na me,
I went when I was ready:
I promis'd, but I ne'er gade back
To kiss his bonny lady.

A ROSE-BUD BY MY EARLY WALK.

THIS song I composed on Miss Jenny Cruikshank, only child to my worthy friend Mr. Wm. Cruikshank, of the High-School, Edinburgh. The air is by a David Sillar, quondam Merchant, and

now Schoolmaster in Irvine. He is the Davie *to whom I address my printed poetical epistle in the measure of the* Cherry and the Slae.*

* *The Cherry and the Slae* was written by Capt. Alexander Montgomery (See "The Evergreen," 1724). He died 1591. To the admirers of this Allegory the following excerpt from an *unpublished* work by the late Mr. Ritson will be interesting.

"That this Poem was written before 1584 is evident from its being repeatedly quoted by K. James VI. in his 'Rewlis and Cautells of Scottis Poesie,' printed in that year. Ramsay tells us, that his edition is taken from two curious old ones, the first printed by Robert Walgrave, the King's printer, in 1597, according to a copy corrected by the author himself; the other by Andro Hart, printed 1615, said on the title-page to be newly altered, perfyted, and divided into 114 quatuorzeims, not long before the author's death."

"The first of these editions, however, so far from having been corrected by the author, is both grossly inaccurate and manifestly surreptitious, not containing above half the Poem, and breaking off abruptly in the middle of a stanza. The other has not been met with, which is one reason why the entire Poem was not reprinted. Captain Montgomery was not, as is generally supposed, the inventor of this sort of stanza. He only imitated a more ancient piece, intitled, 'THE BANKS OF HELICON,' which is still extant; and the tune, to which both Poems appear to have been originally sung, is still known in Wales by the name of Glyn Helicon. The Allegory of this Poem (according to Dempster, who translated it into Latin) is the conflict of the Virtues and Vices, or the choice of a state in Youth."

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

THIS air was formerly called The Bridegroom greets when the sun gangs down. *The words are by Lady Ann Lindsay.*

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to sleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside;
To make that crown a pound, my Jamie gade to sea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa a week but only twa,
When my mother she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;
My father brak his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mother coudna spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, "Jenny, *for their sakes,* O marry me."

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;
The ship it was a wrack, why didna Jenny die,
And why do I live to say, waes me?

My father argued sair, tho' my mither didna speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting sae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
'Till he said, "I'm come back for to marry thee."

O sair did we greet, and mickle did we say,
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away,
I wish I were dead! but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say, waes me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin,
I darena think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gudewife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.*

* Mr. Pinkerton, after observing that none of the "Scotch amatory ballads," as he remembers, "are written by ladies;" and that the "profligacy of manners which always reigns before women can so utterly forget all sense of decency and propriety as to commence authors, is yet almost unknown in Scotland," adds, in a note, that "there is, indeed, of very late years, one insignificant exception to this rule: *Auld Robin Gray*, having got his silly psalm set to soporific music, is, to the credit of our taste, popular for the day. But after lulling some good-natured audiences asleep, he will soon fall asleep himself." Little Ritson, with a becoming boldness and indignation at the author of these ungracious and ungallant remarks, steps forward with his accustomed Bantom-cock courage, and thus strikes at the hard forehead of Pinkerton. "Alas! this 'silly psalm' will continue to be sung, 'to the credit of our taste,' long after the author of this equally ridiculous and malignant paragraph shall be as completely forgotten as yesterday's Ephemeron, and his printed trash be only occasionally discernible at the bottom of a pye. Of the 24 Scotish Song-writers whose names are preserved, four, if not five, are females; and, as poetesses, two more might be added to the number."

At the time Mr. Pinkerton made this unmanly remark, he must have been aware that an examination of the characters of our principal female authors would have convinced him of its fallacy. Nor would he find many instances at the present day, to bear him out in it; and the spotless and honourable

UP AND WARN A' WILLIE.

The expression, "Up and warn a' Willie," *alludes to the Crantara, or warning of a Highland Clan to arms. Not understanding this, the Lowlanders in the west and south say,* "Up and *waur* them a," *&c. This edition of the song I got from* Tom Niel,* *of facetious fame, in Edinburgh.*

Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
To hear my canty highland sang,
Relate the thing I saw, Willie.

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nourable names of Baillie, More, Edgeworth, Hamilton, &c. ought to shame him into the disavowal of a sentiment so malicious and unjust; a sentiment which gives an air of truth to what in the following extract would otherwise have appeared an hyperbole. It is addressed by a distinguished writer to a bookseller of eminence in Edinburgh.—"It is very true, my friend, that literary imposture is not entirely confined to *your* side of the Tweed:—but 'evil communications,' you know, 'corrupt good manners.' It is a curious fact, that the name of 'JOHN PINKERTON' should be found in the list of those orthodox antiquaries who have certified their belief in the authenticity of the Shakespeare papers. Was the fellow really taken in? or is it a point of honor in one forger to countenance another?"

* *Tom Neil* was a carpenter in Edinburgh, and lived chiefly by making coffins. He was also Precentor, or Clerk, in one of the churches. He had a good strong voice, and was greatly distinguished by his powers of mimicry, and his humorous manner of singing the old Scotish ballads.

When we gaed to the braes o' Mar,
And to the wapon-shaw, Willie,
Wi' true design to serve the king,
And banish whigs awa, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
For lords and lairds came there bedeen,
And wow but they were braw, Willie.

But when the standard was set up,
Right fierce the wind did blaw, Willie;
The royal nit upon the tap
Down to the ground did fa', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then second-sighted Sandy said,
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.

But when the army join'd at Perth,
The bravest e'er ye saw, Willie,
We didna doubt the rogues to rout,
Restore our king and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
The pipers play'd frae right to left,
O whirry whigs awa, Willie.

But when we march'd to Sherra-muir,
And there the rebels saw, Willie,
Brave Argyle attack'd our right,
Our flank and front and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Traitor Huntly soon gave way,
Seaforth, St. Clair and a', Willie

But brave Glengary on our right,
The rebels' left did claw, Willie;
He there the greatest slaughter made
That ever Donald saw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
And Whittam s—t his breeks for fear,
And fast did rin awa, Willie.

For he ca'd us a Highland mob,
And soon he'd slay us a', Willie,
But we chas'd him back to Stirling brig,
Dragoons and foot and a', Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
At length we rallied on a hill,
And briskly up did draw, Willie.

But when Argyle did view our line,
And them in order saw, Willie,

He streight gaed to Dumblane again,
And back his left did draw, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
Then we to Auchteraider march'd,
To wait a better fa', Willie.

Now if ye spier wha wan the day,
I've tell'd you what I saw, Willie,
We baith did fight and baith did beat,
And baith did rin awa, Willie.
Up and warn a', Willie,
Warn, warn a';
For second-sighted Sandie said,
We'd do nae gude at a', Willie.*

KIRK WAD LET ME BE.

TRADITION, in the western parts of Scotland, tells, that this old song (of which there are still three stanzas extant) once saved a covenanting clergyman out of a scrape. It was a little prior to the revolution, a period when being a Scots covenanter was being a felon, that one of their clergy, who was at that very time hunted by the merciless soldiery, fell in, by accident, with a party of the military. The

* The copy of this song, inserted in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum*, contains great variations.

soldiers were not exactly acquainted with the person of the reverend gentleman of whom they were in search; but, from some suspicious circumstances, they fancied that they had got one of that cloth and opprobrious persuasion among them in the person of this stranger. "Mass John," to extricate himself, assumed a freedom of manners, very unlike the gloomy strictness of his sect; and among other convivial exhibitions, sung, (and some traditions say, composed on the spur of the occasion) Kirk wad let me be,* *with such effect, that the soldiers swore he was a d——d honest fellow, and that it was impossible* he *could belong to those hellish conventicles; and so gave him his liberty.*

The first stanza of this song, a little altered, is a favorite kind of dramatic interlude acted at country weddings, in the south-west parts of the kingdom. A young fellow is dressed up like an old beggar; a peruke, commonly made of carded tow,

* I am a poor silly auld man,
And hirpling o'er a tree,
Zet fain, fain kiss wad I,
Gin the kirk wad let me be.

Gin a' my duds were aff
And a' bale claes on,
O I could kiss a zoung lass
As weel as can ony man."

represents hoary locks; an old bonnet; a ragged plaid, or surtout, bound with a straw-rope for a girdle; a pair of old shoes, with straw-ropes twisted round his ancles, as is done by shepherds in snowy weather: his face they disguise as like wretched old age as they can: in this plight he is brought into the wedding-house, frequently to the astonishment of strangers who are not in the secret, and begins to sing—

> " O, I am a silly old man,
> My name it is auld Glenae, "*&c.

He is asked to drink, and by and by to dance, which, after some uncouth excuses, he is prevailed on to do, the fiddler playing the tune, which here is commonly called " Auld Glenae ;" *in short, he is all the time so plied with liquor that he is understood to get intoxicated, and with all the ridiculous gesticulations of an old drunken beggar, he dances and staggers until he falls on the floor; yet still in all his riot, nay in his rolling and tumbling on the floor, with some or other drunken motion of his*

* Glenae, on the small river Ae, in Annandale; the seat and designation of an ancient branch, and the present representative, of the gallant but unfortunate *Dalziels* of *Carnwath*.—(The *Author*'s note.)

body, he beats time to the music, till at last he is supposed to be carried out dead drunk.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

I FIND *the* Blythsome Bridal *in James Watson's Collection of Scots Poems, printed at Edinburgh, in* 1706.

This song has humour and a felicity of expression worthy of Ramsay, with even more than his wonted broadness and sprightly language. The Witty Catalogue of Names, with their Historical Epithets, are done in the true Lowland Scottish taste of an age ago, when every householder was nicknamed either from some prominent part of his character, person, or lands and housen, which he rented. Thus—" Skape-fitted Rob." " Thrawn-mou'd Rab o' the Dubs." " Roarin Jock i' the Swair." " Slaverin' Simmie o' Todshaw." " Souple Kate o' Irongray," &c. &c.

Fy let us all to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The lass wi' the gauden hair.

And there will be lang-kail and pottage,
And bannocks of barley-meal,
And there will be good sawt herring,
To relish a kog of good ale.
Fy let us all to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there,
For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The lass with the gauden hair.

And there will be Sandie the sutor,
And 'Will' with the meikle mow;
And there will be Tam the 'bluter,'
With Andrew the tinkler, I trow.
And there will be bow-legged Robbie,
With thumbless Katie's goodman;
And there will be blue-cheeked Dowbie,
And Lawrie the laird of the land.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be sow-libber Patie,
And plouckie-fac'd Wat i' the mill,
Capper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie,
That wons in the how of the hill;
And there will be Alaster Sibbie,
Wha in with black Bessy did mool,
With sneevling Lillie, and Tibbie,
The lass that stands aft on the stool.
Fy let us all, &c.

And Madge that was buckled to Steenie,
And coft him [grey] breeks to his arse,
'Wha after was' hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happened na warse:
And there will be gleed Geordie Janners,
And Kirsh wi' the lily-white leg,
Wha 'gade' to the south for manners,
*

Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be Judan Maclawrie,
And blinkin daft Barbra 'Macleg.'
Wi' flae-lugged, sharny-fac'd Lawrie,
And shangy-mou'd halucket Meg.

* The line omitted describes in a humorous but most gross manner a *misfortune*, the consequence of fashionable schooling, that happened to poor "*Kirsh* wi' the lily-white leg." The conduct of this polished lady is a well-timed satire on the prevalence of Southern refinement over "old use and wont." The modern way of educating country girls is seldom attended with more delicate effects. Pushed into the effeminate and seductive scenes of a ladies' boarding-school, their rustic uncouthness is tinged with politer dress and politer language. They are called home by their parents ere the loose chaff of vulgarity be winnowed from them, and are but like a statue half relieved from the quarry block. They are a kind of awkward, mulish nondescript. Their half-formed notions of refinement unfit them for the useful homely drudgery of a rustic life, and in their clumsy

And there will be happer-ars'd Nansy,
And fairy-fac'd Flowrie be name,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippit Lizie,
The lass with the gauden wame.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibbie,
With his glakit wife Jennie Bell,
And misle-shinn'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel.
There lads and lasses in pearlings
Will feast in the heart of the ha',
On sybows, and ryfarts, and carlings,
That are baith sodden and raw.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be fadges and brachen,
With fouth of good gappoks of skate,
Pow-sodie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And callour nout-feet in a plate;

---

clumsy attempts at gentility, they are as ridiculous as the ass imitating the spaniel in the fable: So that their "*ganging to the South for manners,*" and "*supping boarding-school brose,*" have become proverbial among the reflecting peasantry of Scotland, for laxity of morals, and *Repentance-stool* qualifications.—*Ed.*

And there will be partans and buckies,
Speldens and whytens enew,
And singed sheep-heads, and a haggize,
And scadlips to sup till ye spew.
Fy let us all, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And sowens, and farles, and baps,
With swats, and well-scraped paunches,
And brandie in stoups and in caps;
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
With skink to sup till ye rive;
And rosts to rost on a brander,
Of flouks that were taken alive.
Fy let us all, &c.

Scrapt haddocks, wilks, dilse, and tangles,
And a mill of good snishing to prie;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.
Then fy let us all to the bridal,
For there will be lilting there;
For Jockie's to be marry'd to Maggie,
The lass with the gauden hair,

O CAN YE LABOUR LEA, YOUNG MAN.

THIS song has long been known among the inhabitants of Nithsdale and Galloway, where it is a great favourite. The first verse should be restored to its original state.

I feed a lad at Roodsmass,
Wi' siller pennies three;
When he came home at Martinmass,
He could nae labour lea.
O canna ye labour lea, young lad,
O canna ye labour lea?
Indeed, quo' he, my hand's out—
An' up his graith packed he.

This old way is the truest, for the terms, Roodmass *is the hiring fair, and* Hallowmass *the* first *of the half year.*

I feed a man at Martinmass,
Wi' airle-pennies three;
But a' the faute I had to him,
He could na labor lea.

O can ye labor lea, young man,
O can ye labor lea?
Gae back the gate ye came again,
Ye'se never scorn me.

O clappin's gude in Febarwar,
An' kissins sweet in May;
But what signifies a young man's love
An't dinna last for ay.
O can ye, &c.

O kissin is the key o' luve,
An' clappin is the lock,
An' makin-of's the best thing
That e'er a young thing got.
O can ye, &c.

WHEN I UPON THY BOSOM LEAN.

Tune—Scots Recluse.

THIS song was the work of a very worthy, facetious old fellow, John Lapraik, late of Dalfram, near Muirkirk; which little property he was obliged to sell in consequence of some connexion as security for some persons concerned in that villainous bubble, THE AYR BANK. *He has often told me that he composed this song one day when his wife had been fretting o'er their misfortunes.**

When I upon thy bosom lean,
And fondly clasp thee a' my ain,
I glory in the sacred ties
That made us ane, wha ance were twain:

* This is the very song "*that some kind husband had addrest to some sweet wife,*" alluded to with such exquisite delicacy in Burns's *Epistle to J. Lapraik.*

"There was ae *sang* amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thrill'd the heart-strings thro' the breast,
A' to the life."

A mutual flame inspires us baith,
The tender look, the melting kiss:
Even years shall ne'er destroy our love,
But only gie us change o' bliss.

Hae I a wish? its a' for thee;
I ken thy wish is me to please;
Our moments pass sae smooth away,
That numbers on us look and gaze,
Weel pleas'd they see our happy days,
Nor envy's sel finds aught to blame;
And ay when weary cares arise,
Thy bosom still shall be my hame.

I'll lay me there, and take my rest,
And if that aught disturb my dear,
I'll bid her laugh her cares away,
And beg her not to drap a tear:
Hae I a joy! its a' her ain;
United still her heart and mine;
They're like the woodbine round the tree,
That's twin'd till death shall them disjoin.

MY HARRY WAS A GALLANT GAY.

Tune—HIGHLANDER'S LAMENT.

THE oldest title I ever heard to this air was, The Highland Watch's Farewel to Ireland. *The chorus I picked up from an old woman in Dunblane; the rest of the song is mine.*

My Harry was a gallant gay,
Fu' stately strade he on the plain;
But now he's banish'd far away,
I'll never see him back again.
O for him back again,
O for him back again,
I wad gie a Knockhaspie's land,
For Highland Harry back again.

When a' the lave gae to their bed,
I wander dowie up the glen;
I set me down and greet my fill,
And ay I wish him back again.
O for him, &c.

O were some villains hangit high,
And ilka body had their ain!

Then I might see the joyfu' sight,
My Highlan' Harry back again!
O for him, &c.

BEWARE O' BONIE ANN.

I COMPOSED *this song out of compliment to Miss Ann Masterton, the daughter of my friend, Allan Masterton, the author of the air of* Strath-allan's Lament, *and two or three others in this work.*

Ye gallants bright I red ye right,
Beware o' bonie Ann;
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your heart she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,
Her skin is like the swan;
Sae jimply lac'd her genty waist,
That sweetly ye might span.

Youth, grace, and love, attendant move,
And pleasure leads the van:
In a' their charms, and conquering arms,
They wait on bonie Ann.

The captive bands may chain the hands,
But love enslaves the man;
Ye gallants braw, I red you a',
Beware o' bonie Ann.

THE HIGHLAND CHARACTER.

THIS tune was the composition of Gen. Reid, and called by him The Highland, or 42d Regiment's March. *The words are by Sir Harry Erskine.*

In the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That like our ancestors of old, we stand by Freedom's cause;
We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour and applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,
Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full-moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce.
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;

And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.
Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,
That they like our ancestors bold, &c.

THE TAILOR FELL THRO' THE BED, THIMBLE AN' A'.

THIS air is the march of the Corporation of Tailors. The second and fourth stanzas are mine.*

* Probably alluding to the custom of the Incorporations of the Royal Boroughs, in Scotland, perambulating annually the boundaries of their property.—*Ed.*

LEADER HAUGHS AND YARROW.

THERE is in several collections, the old song of Leader Haughs and Yarrow. *It seems to have been the work of one of our itinerant minstrels, as he calls himself, at the conclusion of his song,* Minstrel Burn.

When *Phœbus* bright, the azure skies
With golden rays enlight'neth,
He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth:
Amongst all those he makes his choice,
And with delight goes thorough,
With radiant beams and silver streams
O'er *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

When *Aries* the day and night
In equal length divideth,
Auld frosty *Saturn* takes his flight,
Nae langer he abideth;
Then *Flora* Queen, with mantle green,
Casts aff her former sorrow,
And vows to dwell with *Ceres'* sell,
In *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Pan playing on his aiten reed,
And shepherds him attending,
Do here resort their flocks to feed,
The hills and haughs commending.
With cur and kent upon the bent,
Sing to the sun, good-morrow,
And swear nae fields mair pleasure yields
Than *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

An house there stands on Leaderside,
Surmounting my descriving,
With rooms sae rare, and windows fair,
Like *Dedalus*' contriving;
Men passing by, do aften cry,
In sooth it hath nae marrow;
It stands as sweat on Leaderside,
As *Newark* does on *Yarrow*.

A mile below wha lists to ride,
They'll hear the mavis singing;
Into St. *Leonard*'s banks she'll bide,
Sweet birks her head o'erhinging;
The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
With tuneful throats and narrow,
Into St. *Leonard*'s banks they sing
As sweetly as in *Yarrow*.

The lapwing lilteth o'er the lee,
With nimble wing she sporteth;
But vows she'll flee far frae the tree
Where *Philomel* resorteth:
By break of day the lark can say,
I'll bid you a good-morrow,
I'll streek my wing, and mounting, sing
O'er *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

Park, *Wanton-waws*, and *Wooden-cleugh*,
The East and Western *Mainses*,
The wood of *Lauder*'s fair enough,
The corns are good in *Blainshes;*
Where aits are fine, and sold by kind,
That if ye search all thorow
Mearns, *Buchan*, *Mar*, nane better are
Than *Leader-Haughs* and *Yarrow*.

In *Burmill Bog*, and *Whiteslade Shaws*,
The fearful hare she haunteth;
Brig-haugh and *Braidwoodshiel* she knaws,
And *Chapel-wood* frequenteth;
Yet when she irks, to *Kaidsly* birks
She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
That she should leave sweet *Leader-Haughs*,
And cannot win to *Yarrow*.

What sweeter music wad ye hear,
Than hounds and beigles crying?
The started hare rins hard with fear,
Upon her speed relying:
But yet her strength it fails at length,
Nae bielding can she borrow
In *Sorrel*'s field, *Cleckman*, or *Hag*'s,
And sighs to be in *Yarrow*.

For *Rockwood*, *Ringwood*, *Spoty*, *Shag*,
With sight, and scent pursue her,
Till, ah! her pith begins to flag,
Nae cunning can rescue her:
O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke,
She'll rin the fields all thorow,
Till fail'd, she fa's in *Leader-Haughs*,
And bids farewel to *Yarrow*.

Sing *Erslington* and *Cowdenknows*,
Where *Homes* had anes commanding;
And *Drygrange* with the milk-white ews,
'Twixt *Tweed* and *Leader* standing;
The birds that flee throw *Reedpath* trees,
And *Gledswood* banks ilk morrow,
May chant and sing—Sweet *Leader-Haughs*,
And bonny howms of *Yarrow*.

But Minstrel *Burn* cannot assuage
His grief, while life endureth,
To see the changes of this age,
That fleeting time procureth:
For mony a place stands in hard case,
Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
With *Homes* that dwelt on *Leaderside*,
And *Scots* that dwelt on *Yarrow*.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE following is a new set, *by Mrs. Scott, of Dunbartonshire.*

The grass had nae freedom o' growing,
As lang as she was nae awa;
Nor in the town could there be stowin,
For wooers that wanted to ca:
Sic boxin, sic brawlin, sic dancin,
Sic bowin and shakin a paw;
The town was for ever in brulzies,
But now the lassie's awa.

Woo'd and married and a',
Married and woo'd and awa;
The dandelie toast o' the parish,
She's woo'd and she's carried awa.

But had he a ken'd her as I did,
His wooin it wad hae been sma;
She kens neither bakin nor brewin,
Nor cardin nor spinnin ava:
But a' her skill lies in her buskin,
And O, if her braws were awa,
She soon wad wear out o' the fashion,
And knit up her huggers wi' straw.
Woo'd and married, &c.

But yesterday I gaed to see her,
And O she was bonie and braw;
She cried on her gudeman to gie her
An ell o' red ribban or twa:
He took and he set down beside her
A wheel and a reel for to ca',
She cried, "was he that way to guide her,"
And out at the door and awa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

The first road she gaed was her mither,
Wha said, "Lassie, how gaes a'?"

Quo' she, " Was it for nae ither
That I was married awa,
But to be set down to a wheelie,
An' at it for ever to ca'?
An syne to hae't reel'd by a chielie,
That's everly crying to draw?"
Woo'd and married, &c.

Her mither said till her—" Hech! lassie,
He's wisest I fear o' the twa;
There'll be little to put in the tassie,
Gif ye be sae backward to draw;
For now ye should work like a tyger,
An' at it baith wallop and ca',
Sae lang's ye hae youdith an' vigour,
An' weanies and debt kept awa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

" Sae, swith! away hame to your haddin,
The mair fool that ye e'er came awa,
Ye manna be ilka day gaddin',
Nor gang sae white-finger'd and braw;
For now wi' a neebor ye're yokit,
An' wi' him should cannily draw;
Or else ye deserve to be knockit,
So that's an answer for a'."
Woo'd and married, &c.

Young luckie thus fand hersel' mither'd,
And wish'd she had ne'er come awa;
At length wi' hersel' she consider'd
That hameward 'twas better to draw,
An' e'en tak her chance o' the landing,
However that matters might fa',
Folks mauna on freets aye be standing,
That's woo'd and married and a'.

Woo'd and married an' a',
Married an' woo'd an' awa,
The dandilly toast o' the parish,
She's woo'd and she's carried awa'.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she not very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married and a'!

The bride came out o' the byre,
And O as she dighted her cheeks,
"Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has nouther blanket nor sheets;

Has nouther blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado."
Woo'd and married, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the pleugh,
" O had yere tongue, my daughter,
And yese get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' the tether,
And our bra' basin'd yade,
Will carry ye hame yere corn;
What wad ye be at ye jade?"
Woo'd and married, &c.

Outspake the bride's mither,
" What deil needs a' this pride?
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;
My gown was linsy-woolsy,
And ne'er a sark ava,
And ye hae ribbons and buskins
Mair than ane or twa.
Woo'd and married, &c.

" What's the matter?" quo' Willie,
" Tho' we be scant o' claiths,
We'll creep the nearer thegither,
And we'll smoor a' the fleas;
Simmer is coming on,
And we'll get teats o' woo;
And we'll get a lass o' our ain,
And she'll spin claiths anew."
Woo'd and married, &c.

Outspake the bride's brither,
As he came in wi' the kye,
" Puir Willie had ne'er hae ta'en ye,
Had he kent ye as weel as I;
For you're baith proud and saucy,
And no for a puir man's wife,
Gin I canna get a better,
I'se never take ane i' my life."
Woo'd and married, &c.

Outspake the bride's sister,
As she came in frae the byre,
" O gin I were but married,
It's a' that desire;

But we puir folk maun live single,
And do the best we can;
I dinna care what I should want,
If I could but get a man."

Woo'd and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she not very weel aff,
Was woo'd and married a'.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

THIS lightsome ballad gives a particular drawing of those ruthless times "whan thieves were rife," *and the lads went a wooing in their warlike habiliments, not knowing whether they would tilt with lips or lances. Willie's durk and pistols were buckled on for this uncertain encounter, and not for garnishing and adorning his person.**

* Though such iron-mitten'd handling now looks rude and familiar to the fashionable eye, yet we may deem ourselves the descendants of such lusty lovers; and that our great great grandmothers were touzled by fingers perhaps as rude as the sheep-smearing hands of good *Muirland Willie.* The worthy old cottars

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

Hearken, and I will tell you how
Young Muirland *Willie* came to woo,
Tho' he could neither say nor do;
The truth I tell to you.
But ay he crys, whate'er betide,
Maggy, I'se ha'e her to be my bride,
With a fal, dal, &c.

---

tars gloried in seeing a well-dressed wooer, half smothered in cloth of home manufacture.

Such were the ideas of a blythe old soul who lived at the Isle, in the holms of Nithsdale, when a weaver lad had stilted the Nith, to court his daughter.—" He's weel arrayed, hear ye me, dame; he's weel arrayed—he has twa tap coats, and a plaid on!"

Such a dowry as Willie's bride got was a dowry of some value in those moneyless times. Here is a fragment of a curious marriage portion which was bestowed on a Nithsdale bride about a century ago.

" Twa rigs o' run rig land—twa kye, wi' sax Ewes and
" their lambs, *auld stock o' Tinwald.* A tumbler car*—a
" single naig harrow, wi' iron fore teeth—a Plow, wi' a'
" its graithings—Twa coils o' hair tether, wi' twa widdie
" Creels, and * * * *. By and attour sixty merks for
" House plenishing—The calfskin covered Bible, black
" prent o' the Persecution!" 1728, or 9.

* A sledge, or hurdle, with two small wheels, drawn by a single horse, used in those mountainous parts of the country where carts cannot pass.

On his gray yade as he did ride,
With durk and pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle pride,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
Out o'er yon moss, out o'er yon muir,
Till he came to her dady's door,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your doghter's love to win,
I care no for making meikle din;
What answer gi' ye me?
Now, wooer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my doghter's love to win,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Now, wooer, sin ye are lighted down,
Where do ye win, or in what town?
I think my doghter winna gloom
On sic a lad as ye.
The wooer he step'd up the house,
And wow! but he was wond'rous crouse,
With a fal, dal, &c.

I have three owsen in a plough,
Twa good ga'en yads, and gear enough,
The place they ca' it *Cadeneugh;*
I scorn to tell a lie:

Besides, I had frae the great laird,
A peat-pat, and a lang kail-yard,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maid put on her kirtle brown,
She was the brawest in a' the town;
I wat on him she did na gloom,
But blinkit bonnilie.
The lover he stended up in haste,
And gript her hard about the waste,
With a fal, dal, &c.

To win your love, maid, I'm come here,
I'm young, and hae enough o' gear;
And for my sell you need na fear,
Troth try me whan ye like.
He took aff his bonnet, and spat in his chew,
He dighted his gab, and he pri'd her mou',
With a fal, dal, &c.

The maiden blusht and bing'd fu' law,
She had na will to say him na,
But to her dady she left it a'
As they twa cou'd agree.
The lover he gae her the tither kiss,
Syne ran to her dady, and tell'd him this,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Your doghter wad na say me na,
But to your sell she has left it a',
As we cou'd gree between us twa;
Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
Now, wooer, quo' he, I ha'e na meikle,
But sic's I ha'e ye's get a pickle,
With a fal, dal, &c.

A kilnfu of corn I'll gi'e to thee,
Three soums of sheep, twa good milk ky,
Ye's ha'e the wadding dinner free;
Troth I dow do na mair.
Content, quo' he, a bargain be't,
I'm far frae hame, make haste let's do't,
With a fal, dal, &c.

The bridal day it came to pass,
Wi' mony a blythsome lad and lass;
But sicken a day there never was,
Sic mirth was never seen.
This winsome couple straked hands,
Mess *John* ty'd up the marriage bands,
With a fal, dal, &c.

And our bride's maidens were na few,
Wi' tap-knots, lug-knots, a' in blew,
Frae tap to tae they were braw new,
And blinkit bonnilie.

Their toys and mutches were sae clean,
They glanced in our ladses' een,
With a fal, dal, &c.

Sic hirdum, dirdum, and sic din,
Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
The minstrels they did never blin,
Wi' meikle mirth and glee.
* * *
With a fal, dal, &c.

THE SMILING PLAINS.

THESE elegant lines were written by poor Falconer,* *the author of* The Shipwreck.

The smiling plains profusely gay,
Are dress'd in all the pride of May;
The birds on ev'ry spray above
To rapture wake the vocal grove.

* Of Falconer, Burns writes to Mrs. Dunlop, in the following exquisite strain of tenderness. "Falconer, the unfortunate author

But ah! Miranda, without thee,
Nor spring nor summer smiles on me,
All lonely in the secret shade,
I mourn thy absence, charming maid!

---

author of the *Shipwreck*, that glorious Poem, is no more. After weathering that dreadful catastrophe he so feelingly describes in his Poem, and after weathering many hard gales of fortune, he went to the bottom with the Aurora frigate! I forget what part of Scotland had the honor of giving him birth; but he was the son of obscurity and misfortune. He was one of those daring adventurous spirits which old Caledonia, beyond any other nation, is remarkable for producing. Little does the fond mother think, as she hangs delighted over the sweet little leech at her bosom, where the poor fellow may hereafter wander, and what may be his fate. I remember a stanza in an old Scots ballad which, notwithstanding its rude simplicity, speaks feelingly to the heart—

Little did my mother think,
That day she cradled me,
What land I was to travel in,
Or what death I should die!

In addition to these remarks it will be proper to add, that William Falconer was born in Edinburgh about the year 1730, where his father was a barber. William, at a very early age, went on board a Leith merchantman, in which he served an apprenticeship. In 1769 we find him purser of the Aurora frigate. This vessel sailed for India the same year, and was never more heard

O soft as love! as honour fair!
Serenely sweet as vernal air!
Come to my arms; for you alone
Can all my absence past atone.
O come! and to my bleeding heart
The sov'reign balm of love impart;
Thy presence lasting joy shall bring,
And give the year eternal spring.

---

heard of. Various reports have arisen respecting the fate of the Aurora, which was last heard of at the Cape of Good Hope in December 1769; but the prevalent opinion is, that she took fire at sea in the night-time, and blew up. In his person, Falconer was of the middle size, sparely made, and with a dark weather-beaten countenance, marked by the small-pox. No remains of the family are now known to exist in Edinburgh. A sister, who was supposed to be the last surviving, died within these few years in a workhouse there.

Edinburgh Ed. of the Shipwreck, 1807.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

A SUCCESSFUL imitation of an old song is really attended with less difficulty than to convince a blockhead that one of these jeu d'esprits *is a forgery. This fine ballad is even a more palpable imitation than* Hardiknute. *The* manners *indeed are old, but the language is of yesterday. Its author must very soon be discovered.**

I've heard a lilting†
At the ewes milking,

* This remark is strikingly correct. These stanzas were written by a lady of family, in Roxburghshire. (Vide "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. iii. p. 125.) They are founded on the battle of Flodden, fought on the borders, in 1513, in which King James the fourth of Scotland was slain, and the flower of his Nobility destroyed, with a great slaughter of all ranks, by the English army, under the command of the Earl of Surry.

The subjoined illustrations of provincial terms are given from "The Bee," published in 1791, vol. i. p. 24. The English reader will find them very useful, and their accuracy may be relied on.

† A *lilting*, a cheerful kind of singing, alluding to a custom in Scotland, practised on all occasions where country people, especially women, are engaged in any kind of employment, the time of the song being a common measure to all their operations.

Lasses a' lilting before the break o' day,
But now I hear moaning
On ilka green loaning,*
Since our brave forresters† are a' wed away.

At buchts‡ in the morning
Nae blythe lads are scorning ;§
The lasses are lonely, dowie and wae:
Nae daffin, nae gabbing,
But sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin,‖ and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloming
Nae swankies** are roaming,

---

* *Loaning*, an opening between fields of corn, left uncultivated for the sake of driving cattle to the homestead from the distant parts of the farm.

† *Forresters*, a general name, poetically here assumed for the men of the country.

‡ *Buchts*, a small pen, usually put up in the corner of the sheep-fold into which the ewes were driven when they were to be milked.

§ *Scorning* is almost exclusively applied among the country people, to denote that kind of merriment occasioned by teasing a young girl about her lover.

‖ *Leglin*, a kind of bucket, with one of the staves projecting above the rest as a handle.

** *Swankies*, a cant term for young lads, half-grown men.

'Mang stacks with the lasses at bogle to play;*
For ilk ane sits drearie,
Lamenting her dearie,
The flow'rs o' the forest wh' are a' wed away.

In har'st at the shearing,
Nae blythe lads are jeering,
The Bansters† are lyart,‡ and runkled, and grey;
At fairs nor at preaching,
Nae wooing, nae fleeching,§
Since our bra foresters are a' wed away.

---

* The diversion here alluded to is still a common amusement among young people in Scotland, and is called *bogle about the stacks*. To understand it, let the English reader be informed, that *there* it is customary to put up the corns in round ricks, called *stacks*, close together in a yard adjoining to the barn. The diversion consists in one person hunting several others among these *stacks*, and usually consists of as numerous a party as can be easily collected together. It is chiefly confined to very young boys and girls, for very obvious reasons, near towns; but in the country, it affords sometimes a very innocent and attractive amusement for the youth of both sexes, when farther advanced in life.

† *Bansters, Bandsters, i. e. Binders*, men who bind up the sheaves behind the reapers.

‡ *Lyart*, a term appropriated to denote a peculiarity which is often seen to affect aged persons, when some of the locks become grey sooner than others. Where the mixture of black and white hairs is pretty uniform, the hair is said to be *grey*.

‡ *Fleeching* means nearly the same thing with *coaxing*; properly

O dule for the order!
Sent our lads to the border!
The English for anes, by guile wan the day:
The flow'rs of the forest
Wha aye shone the foremost,
The prime of the land lie cauld in the clay.*

---

perly, it is a kind of earnestly intreating, with a desire to gain any one over to the purpose wanted, by artfully drawing them to form a good opinion of the *fleecher*. Fairs and public preachings in the fields, at that time beginning to be common in Scotland, were places of public resort, at which young persons of both sexes had occasion to meet: and as these were often at a great distance from home, it gave the young men opportunities of performing obliging offices of gallantry to their mistresses, which was, no doubt, one cause of their being so well attended: They were as the balls and assemblies of the country belles and beaux.

* The last verse is a natural national apology for the defeat. The expression in the first line is common in Scotland, *Dule (proh dolor!)* signifies grief or sorrow, as if it were said, *Alas*, for the order!

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

PART SECOND.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling,
I've tasted her favours, and felt her decay;
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her caressing,
But soon it is fled—it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned of the foremost,
With flowers of the fairest, both pleasant and gay:
Full sweet was their blooming, their scent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd, and a' wede awae.

I've seen the morning, with gold the hills adorning,
And the red storm roaring, before the parting day;
I've seen Tweed's silver streams, glittering in the sunny beams,
Turn drumly* and dark, as they rolled on their way.

* *Drumly*, discoloured.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel sporting?
Why thus perplex us poor sons of a day?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, thy smiles cannot cheer me,
Since the flowers of the forest are a' wede awae.*

* These verses, "adapted to the ancient air of the *Flowers of the Forest*, are, like the Elegy which precedes them, the production of a lady. The late Mrs. Cockburn, daughter of Rutherford of Fairnalie, in Selkirkshire, and relict of Mr. Cockburn of Ormiston, was the authoress. Mrs. Cockburn has been dead but a few years. Even at an age, advanced beyond the usual bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which was almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence, keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally an object of love and admiration."

Border Minstrelsy, vol. iii. p. 130.

TIBBIE DUNBAR.

Tune—JOHNNY M'GILL.

THIS tune is said to be the composition of John M'Gill, fiddler, in Girvan. He called it after his own name.

O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar;
O, wilt thou go wi' me, sweet Tibbie Dunbar;
Wilt thou ride on a horse, or be drawn in a car,
Or walk by my side, O sweet Tibbie Dunbar?

I carena thy daddie, his lands and his money,
I carena thy kin, sae high and sae lordly:
But say thou wilt hae me for better for waur,
And come in thy coatie, sweet Tibbie Dunbar!

GILL MORICE.*

THIS plaintive ballad ought to have been called Child Maurice, *and not* Gill Morice. *In its pre-*

* Gray, in one of his letters, thus remarks on *Child Maurice*: "I have got the old Scotch ballad on which Douglas was founded;

sent dress, it has gained immortal honor from Mr. Home's taking from it the ground-work of his fine tragedy of Douglas. *But I am of opinion that the present ballad is a modern composition; perhaps not much above the age of the middle of the last century; at least I should be glad to see or hear of a copy of the present words prior to* 1650. *That it was taken from an old ballad, called* Child Maurice, *now lost, I am inclined to believe; but the present one may be classed with* Hardyknute, Kenneth, Duncan, the Laird of Woodhouselie, Lord Livingston, *The* Death of Monteith, *and many other modern productions, which have been swallowed by many readers, as antient fragments of old poems. This beautiful plaintive tune was composed by Mr. M'Gibbon, the selector of a collection of Scots tunes.* *R. R.*

---

ed; it is divine, and as long as from hence (Cambridge) to Aston. Have you never seen it? Aristotle's best rules are observed in it, in a manner that shews the author had never read Aristotle. It begins in the fifth act of the play: you may read it two-thirds through without guessing what it is about: and yet, when you come to the end, it is impossible not to understand the whole story. I send you the two first stanzas."

In addition to the observations on Gill Morris, *I add, that of the songs which Capt. Riddel mentions,* Kenneth *and* Duncan *are juvenile compositions of Mr. Mackenzie, The Man of Feeling.—Mackenzie's father shewed them in MS. to Dr. Blacklock, as the productions of his son, from which the Doctor rightly prognosticated that the young poet would make in his more advanced years, a respectable figure in the world of letters.*

This I had from Blacklock.

DUNCAN.

Saw ye the thane o' meikle pride,
  Red anger in his ee?
I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd,
  Red anger frights na me.

For I have stude whar honour bad,
  Though death trod on his heel;
Mean is the crest that stoops to fear,
  Nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark! hark! or was it but the wind,
  That through the ha' did sing;
Hark! hark! agen, a warlike sound,
  The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na for naught, bauld Duncan cry'd,
Sic shoutings on the wind:
Syne up he started frae his seat,
A thrang of spears behind.

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
Anes mair to follow me;
We'll meet yon shouters by the burn,
I guess wha they may be.

But wha is he that speids fae fast,
Frae the slaw marching thrang?
Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
The sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap,
Then not at peace I trow.
My master, Duncan, bade me rin,
And say these words to you:

Restore again that blooming rose,
Your rude hand pluckt awa';
Restore again his Mary fair,
Or you shall rue his fa'.

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,
He struck his forward spear:
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a wassail rout,
Of revel, sport, and play;
Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Our hearts together grew,
Like twa sweet roses on ae stak,
Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped;
Bald Duncan said in jeer,
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a wassail rout,
Of revels, sport, and play;
Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
Lang ere this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Our hearts together grew;
Like twa sweet roses on ae stak,
Frae hate to love they flew.

He stampt his foot upo' the ground,
And thus in wrath did say,
God strike my saul, if frae this field,
We baith in life shall gae!

He wav'd his hand: the pipers play'd,
The targets clattered round;
And now between the meeting faes
Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that rins sae fast?
Her feet nae stap they find;
Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud,
Upo' the simmer's wind.

Her face a mantle screen'd afore,
She show'd of lily hue;
Sae frae the grey mist breaks the sun,
To drink the morning dew.

Alack! my friends, what sight is this?
O, stap your rage! she cry'd,
Whar love with honey'd lips should be,
Mak not a breach so wide.

Can then my uncle draw his sword,
My husband's breast to bleed?
Or can my sweet Lord do to him
Sic foul and ruthless deed?

Bethink you, uncle, of the time,
My gray-hair'd father died,
Frae whar your shrill horn shuck the wood,
He sent for you with speed.

My brother, guard my bairn, he said,
She'll hae nae father soon,
Regard her, Donald, as your ain,
I'll ask nae other boon.

Would then my uncle force my love,
Whar love it coudna be?
Or wed me to the man I hate?
Was this his care of me?

Can these brave men, who but of late
Together chas'd the deer,
Against their comrades bend their bows,
In bluidy hunting here?

She spake, while trickling ran the tear
Her blushing cheek alang;
And silence, like a heavy cloud,
O'er a' the warriors hang.

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcolm furth,
Three-score his years and three;
Yet a' the strength of youngest youth,
In sic an eild had he.

Nae pity was there in his breast,
For war alane he loo'd;
His grey een spurkled at the sight,
Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What! shall our hearts of steel, he said,
Bend to a woman's sang?
Or can her words our honour quit,
For sic dishonest wrang?

For this did a' these warriors come,
To hear an idle tale?
And o'er our death-accustomed arms
Shall silly tears prevail?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,
They clash'd their steely swords;
Like the loud waves of Barra's shore,
There was nae room for words.

* * * * * *

A cry the weeping Mary gied,
O uncle hear my prayer;
Heidna that man of bluidy look.—
She had na time for mair.

For in the midst anon there came,
A blind unweeting dart,
That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,
And strack her to the heart.

Awhile she staggar'd, syne she fell,
And Duncan see'd her fa';
Around he stood, for in his limbs
There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,
Stood fix'd within his hand;
His lips half open, cou'dna speak,
His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
With arms in triumph dight,
Seems to the traveller like a man,
* * * * * * * * * *

KENNETH.

I weird, I weird, hard-hearted lord,
Thy fa' shall soon be seen;
Proud was the lily of the morn,
The cald frost nipt or een:

Thou leughst in scorn when puir men weep'd,
And strack the lowly down;
Sae sall nae widow weep for thine,
When a' their joys are flown.

This night ye drink the sparkly wine;
I redd you drink your fill;
The morrow's sun shall drink your bluid,
Afore he reach the hill.

I see the snaw-maned horses ride,
Their glitt'ring swords they draw;
Their swords that shall nae glitter lang,
Till Kenneth's pride shall fa'.

The black Dog youl'd; he saw the sight
Nae man but I could see;

High* on fair Marg'ret's breast her sheet,
And deadly fix'd her ee:

Sae spake the seer; wild in his een
His frighted spirit gaz'd:
Pale were his cheeks, and stiff his hair
Like boary bristles rais'd.

Loud, loud in Kenneth's lighted ha',
The sang of joy was heard;
And mony a cup they fill'd again,
Afore the light appear'd.

"War my son William now, but here,
He wad na fail the pledge"——
Wi' that in at the door there ran
A ghousty-looking page.

"I saw them, Master, O! I saw,
Beneath the thorney brae,
Of black-mail'd warriors mony a rank;
Revenge! he cried, and gae."

* To persons unacquainted with the superstition of the Highlands, this may not be easily intelligible. There the seer is supposed to behold the figure of a person about to die, clothed in their winding-sheet; and the higher it is on their bodies, the nearer their approaching dissolution.

The youth that bare Lord Kenneth's cup,
The saft smile on his cheek,
Frae his white hand let fa' the drink,
Nor did the baldest speak.

Sae have I seen the gray-wing'd shaft
That strak the noblest deer;
Astounded, gaz'd the trembling herd,
Nor could they flee for fear.

" Ride, ride, and bid Lord William come;
His fathers sair beset."——
" It was Lord William's horse that neigh'd;
I heard them bar the yate."

" Welcome, my valiant son," he said;
Or should I welcome say,
In sic an ill hour, when you come
To meet thy father's fae?"

" Curs'd be that thought," bald William said;
" My father's faes are mine;
Lang has my breast frae Kenneth learn'd
Sic baby fear to tine."

" O William! had we kent yestreen."——
" Father, we ken it now;
Let women tell what women wish."——
Syne three shrill blasts he blew.

Fair Marg'ret lay on downy bed;
Yet was na sound her rest;
She waken'd wi' Lord William's horn,
And down she came in haste.

"What mean you, Kenneth, by that blast?
I wish my dreams bode guid;
Upon a bed of lilies fair
I thought there rain'd red bluid.

My son! my son! may peace be there
Whar noble William stands."——
"We are the lilies," answer'd he,
May their bluid weit our hands."

"What means my William by sic words?
Whase bluid would William spill?
I thought that horn had blawn in peace,
That wak'd the night sae still."

She luik'd; but nane durst answer make,
Till gallant William said,
"Aft has my mother bade us joy,
When we to battail gade.

Again thy hands may work the plaid
For him that fought the best;
Again may I hing up my targe
Upon the pin to rest.

But William never liv'd to flee ;
Nor did his mother hear
A warrior cry on William's name,
That was na found for fear.

And if we fa', my gallant friends,
We shall na fa' alane ;
Some honest hand shall write our deeds
Upon the tallest stane."——

" Haste, Kenneth, haste; for in the field
The fire-ey'd Walter rides;
His men, that come sae thrang wi' haste,
For slaw delay he chides."

" By Mary, we will meet him there,"
The angry William cry'd ;
Thy son will try this Lion-fae,
And you with Margaret bide."

" No, on my faith, the sword of youth
Thy father yet can wield ;
If that I shrink frae fiercest faes,
May babies mock my eild."

Then forth they rush'd, afore the yate
The warriours sallied out :
Lord William smil'd upon their ranks ;
They answer'd wi' a shout.

" Gae rin, and say to Walter thus:
What seek thae warriours here!
Or why the din of fiery war
Astounds the peaceful ear?"

Swift ran the page. " Thus Kenneth says,
What seik thae warriours here?
Or why the din of fiery war
Astounds the peaceful ear?"

" Gae tell thy master, frae this arm
Mine answer will I gi'e;
Remind him of his tyrant deeds,
And bid him answer me.

Wha was't that slew my father dear?
That bar'd my castle wa'?
Wha was't that bade wild ruin bruid
Whar pipes did glad the ha'?"

Nor half way had the message sped,
When their tough bows they drew:
But far attour the warriors heads
The shafts for anger flew.

" Sae ever shute Lord Kenneth's faes,"
The valiant William said;
Wi' this I war nae wi' the wind,"
And drew his glittering blade.

Below the arrows' arch they rush'd
Wi' mony a shout, sae fast:
Beneath the rainbow the big clouds
Sae drives the roaring blast.

Bald Walter sprang frae aff his steid,
And drave him o'er the lee;
" Curs'd be the name of that base cow'rd
That could but think to flee."

Firmly he set his manly foot,
And firm his targe he bare;
Never may Walter greet his friends,
If Kenneth's see him mair.

* * * * * * * *

Multa desunt.

Fair Margaret wi' her maidens sat
Within the painted wa';
She started at ilk breath of wind
That whistled through the ha'.

" Wha was't that gi'd yon cry below?——
Say, page, does ill betide?"
Kenneth and William baith are slain;
Mak haste, mak haste and ride."

Her maidens scriech'd: but any speech,
Nor wail of wae, had she;
She bow'd her head, and sair she sigh'd,
And cald Death clos'd her e'e.

THIS IS NO MINE AIN HOUSE.

THE first half stanza is old, the rest is Ramsay's. The old words are—

O this is no mine ain house,
My ain house, my ain house;
This is no mine ain house,
I ken by the biggin o't.

There's bread and cheese are my door-cheeks
Are my door-cheeks, are my door-cheeks;
There's bread and cheese are my door-cheeks;
And pan-cakes the riggin o't.

This is no my ain wean,
My ain wean, my ain wean;
This is no my ain ween,
I ken by the greetie o't.

I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
Aff my head, aff my head;
I'll tak the curchie aff my head,
And row't about the feetie o't.

The tune is an old Highland air, called Shuan truish willighan.

LADDIE, LIE NEAR ME.

THIS song is by Blacklock.

THE GARDENER WI' HIS PAIDLE.*

THIS air is the Gardeners' March. *The title of the song only is old; the rest is mine.*

When rosy May comes in wi' flowers,
To deck her gay, green-spreading bowers;
Then busy, busy are his hours,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

* This is the original of the song that appears in Dr. Currie's ed. vol. iv. p. 103; it is there called *Dainty Davie.*

The chrystal waters gently fa';
The merry birds are lovers a';
The scented breezes round him blaw,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When purple morning starts the hare
To steal upon her early fare;
Then thro' the dews he maun repair,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

When day expiring in the west,
The curtain draws of nature's rest;
He flies to her arms he lo'es best,
The gard'ner wi' his paidle.

THE DAY RETURNS, MY BOSOM BURNS.

Tune—Seventh of November.

I COMPOSED *this song out of compliment to one of the happiest and worthiest married couples in the world,* Robert Riddel, *Esq. of* Glenriddel, *and his lady.* At their fire-side I have enjoyed more plea-*

* When the Editor visited Friar's Carse Hermitage (on the late Mr. Riddell's estate) so much celebrated by Burns, he was greatly

sant evenings than at all the houses of fashionable people in this country put together; and to their kindness and hospitality I am indebted for many of the happiest hours of my life.

The day returns, my bosom burns,
The blissful day we twa did meet,
Tho' winter wild in tempest toil'd,
Ne'er summer sun was half sae sweet.
Than a' the pride that loads the tide,
And crosses o'er the sultry line;
Than kingly robes, than crowns and globes,
Heav'n gave me more, it made me thine.

---

greatly shocked to find this little spot, that ought to have been held sacred, almost gone to decay. The pane of glass on which the Poet had written his well-known "Lines" was removed; the floor was covered with straw; the door thrown open; and the trees that had been planted at the entrance to this interesting place, were broken down and destroyed by cattle.

Such was the late proprietor, Capt. Smith's neglect of a spot on the window of which ROBERT BURNS had traced, with his own hand (which still remains), this tender tribute to the memory of a departed Friend.

"To Riddell, much lamented man!
This ivied cot was dear;
Wanderer, dost value matchless worth?
This ivied cot revere!"

How

While day and night can bring delight,
Or nature aught of pleasure give;
While joys above, my mind can move,
For thee, and thee alone, I live!
When that grim foe of life below,
Comes in between to make us part,
The iron hand that breaks our band,
It breaks my bliss—it breaks my heart!

How different the *reverence* of a poor old woman cottager, living in a wretched hut, in the immediate neighbourhood of Ellisland. On being asked if she kenn'd Burns? "Kend him! Aye did I! He was a graat man for pomms, and makin o' beuks, an' the like o' that; *but he's deed now, puir man!*"

THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.*

THE Gaberlunzie-Man is supposed to commemorate an intrigue of James the Vth. Mr. Callander of Craigforth, published some years ago, an edition of Christ's Kirk on the Green, *and the* Gaberlunzie-Man, *with notes critical and historical. James the Vth is said to have been fond of Gosford, in Aberlady Parish, and that it was suspected by his cotemporaries, that in his frequent excursions to that part of the country he had other purposes in view besides golfing and archery. Three favourite ladies, Sandilands, Weir, and Oliphant; (one of them resided at Gosford, and the others in the neighbourhood,) were occasionally visited by their royal and gallant admirer, which gave rise to the following satirical advice to his Majesty, from Sir David Lindsay, of the Mount, Lord Lyon.†*

Sow not your seed on *Sandylands,*
Spend not your strength in *Weir,*
And ride not on an *Elephant,*
For spoiling o' your gear.

* A wallet-man or tinker, who appears to have been formerly a jack-of-all-trades.

† Sir David was *Lion King-at-Arms,* under James V.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many good e'ens and days to me,
Saying, Goodwife, for your courtesie,
Will ye lodge a silly poor man!
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughter's shoulders he 'gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo' he, were I as free,
As first when I saw this country,
How blyth and merry wad I be!
And I wad never think lang.
He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togither were say'n,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O! quo' he, ann ye were as black
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
And O! quo' she, ann I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd clead me braw, and lady like,
And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise awee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her hand, cry'd Waladay,
For some of our gear will be gane.
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn,
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.
The servant gade where the daughter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her goodwife gan say,
She's aff with the Gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye find these traytors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit:
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lea,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang:
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith,
To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith;
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Illsardly wad she crook her mou,
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.
My dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na lear'd the beggar's tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi' cauk and keel I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie—O.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing.

MY BONNIE MARY.

THIS air is Oswald's; the first half-stanza of the song is old, the rest mine.*

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie;
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;
The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith;
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the ferry;

* This song, which Burns here acknowledges to be his own, was first introduced by him in a letter to Mrs. Dunlop, as two *old stanzas.*

The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun lea'e my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are ranked ready;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody;
But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry;
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,
It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

THE BLACK EAGLE.

THIS song is by Dr. Fordyce, whose merits as a prose writer are well known.

JAMIE COME TRY ME.

THIS air is Oswald's; the song mine.

THE LAZY MIST.

THIS song is mine.

The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill,
Concealing the course of the dark-winding rill;
How languid the scenes, late so sprightly, appear,
As autumn to winter resigns the pale year.
The forests are leafless, the meadows are brown,
And all the gay foppery of summer is flown:
Apart let me wander, apart let me muse
How quick time is flying, how keen fate pursues.

How long I have liv'd—but how much liv'd in vain;
How little of life's scanty span may remain:
What aspects, old time, in his progress, has worn;
What ties, cruel fate, in my bosom has torn.
How foolish, or worse, till our summit is gain'd!
And downward, how weaken'd, how darken'd, how pain'd!
Life is not worth having, with all it can give;
For something beyond it poor man sure must live.

JOHNIE COPE.

THIS satirical song was composed to commemorate General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans, in 1745, *when he marched against the Clans.*

The air was the tune of an old song, of which I have heard some verses, but now only remember the title, which was,

Will ye go to the coals in the morning.

Tune—FY TO THE HILLS IN THE MORNING.

Cope sent a challenge from Dunbar,
Saying, sir, come fight me, if you dare,
If it be not by the chance of war,
I'll catch you all in the morning.

Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword his scabbard from,
Saying, Come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

My merry men, come follow me,
For now's the time I'll let you see,

What a happy nation this will be,
And we'll visit Cope in the morning.

'Tis Cope, are you waking yet?
Or are you sleeping? I would wit;
'Tis a wonder to me when your drums beat,
It does not waken you in the morning.

The Highland men came down the loan,
With sword and target in their hand,
They took the dawning by the end,
And they visited Cope in the morning.

For all their bombs, and bomb-granades,
'Twas when they saw the Highland-lads,
They ran to the hills as if they were calves,
And scour'd off early in the morning.

For all your bombs, and your bomb-shells,
'Tis when they saw the Highland-lads,
They ran to the hills like frighted wolves,
All pursued by the clans in the morning.

The Highland knaves, with loud huzzas,
Cries, Cope, are you quite awa?
Bide a little, and shake a pa,
And we'll give you a merry morning.

Cope went along unto Haddington,
They ask'd him where was all his men;
The pox on me if I do ken,
For I left them all this morning.*

---

* VARIATION.

JOHNY COUP.

Coup sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
Charlie, meet me an ye dare,
And I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning.
Hey Johny Coup, are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a beating yet?
If ye were waking I wou'd wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
Come follow me, my merry merry men,
And we'll meet Jonnie Coup i' the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup are ye waking yet, &c.

Now, Jonnie, be as good as your word,
Come let us try both fire and sword,
And dinna rin awa' like a frighted bird,
That's chas'd frae it's nest in the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

I LOVE MY JEAN.

THIS air is by Marshall; the song I composed out of compliment to Mrs. Burns.

N. B. It was during the honey-moon.

When Jonnie Coup he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flie awa' i' the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Fy now Jonnie get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes makes a din,
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluddie morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

When Jonnie Coup to Dunbar came,
They spear'd at him, where's a' your men,
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Now, Jonnie, trouth ye was na blate,
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

Ah!

Tune—Miss Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.

Of a' the airts* the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best:
There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;

Ah! faith, co' Jonie, I got a fleg,
With their claymores and philabegs,
If I face them again, deil break my legs,
So I wish you a good morning.
Hey Jonnie Coup, &c.

In Johnson's "Scots Musical Museum," Edin. 1787, &c. is a copy differing very much from both. One would wish to know the original, which, perhaps, is now impossible.

* Quarters of the heaven. What *airt*'s the wind in? signifies, What point does the wind blow from?

I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air:

There's not a bony flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bony bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

CEASE, CEASE MY DEAR FRIEND TO EXPLORE.

THE song is by Dr. Blacklock; I believe, but am not quite certain, that the air is his too.

DONALD AND FLORA.

THIS is one of those fine Gaelic tunes, preserved from time immemorial in the Hebrides; they seem to be the ground-work of many of our finest Scots pastoral tunes. The words of this song were written to commemorate the unfortunate expedition of General Burgoyne in America, in 1777.*

* This song is by Hector M'Neil, Esq.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS' HILL.

THIS air is Oswald's: the song I made out of compliment to Mrs. Burns.

O were I on Parnassus' hill,
Or had o' Helicon my fill;
That I might catch poetic skill,
To sing how dear I love thee.
But Nith maun be my Muses well,
My Muse maun be thy bonie sell;
On Corsincon I'll glow'r and spell,
And write how dear I love thee.

Then come, sweet Muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day,
I coudna sing, I coudna say,
How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy roguish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;

And ay I muse and sing thy name,
I only live to love thee!
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on,
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
'Till my last weary sand was run;
'Till then, and then I love thee!

THE CAPTIVE RIBBAND.

This air is called Robie-donna Gorach.

THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY.

*This air is claimed by Neil Gow, who calls it his lament for his brother. The first half-stanza of the song is old; the rest is mine.**

* In a memorandum book, in the Editor's possession, he found the venerable portrait of this national musician thus drawn by Burns, with his usual characteristic strength and expression. "——A short, stout-built, honest highland figure, with his grayish

There's a youth in this city, it were a great pity
That he from our lasses should wander awa;
For he's bonie and braw, weel-favour'd with a',
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.

---

ish hair shed on his honest social brow;—an interesting face, marking strong sense, kind open-heartedness, mixed with unmistrusting simplicity." The author of the *Sabbath* has also published tributary verses to his memory, that possess a tender simplicity, of which the subject is highly worthy.

" The blythe Strathspey springs up, reminding some
Of nights when Gow's old arm, (nor old the tale,)
Unceasing, save when reeking cans went round,
Made heart and heel leap light as bounding roe.
Alas! no more shall we behold that look
So venerable, yet so blent with mirth,
And festive joy sedate; that ancient garb
Unvaried,—tartan hose, and bonnet blue!
No more shall Beauty's partial eye draw forth
The full intoxication of his strain,
Mellifluous, strong, exuberantly rich!
No more, amid the pauses of the dance,
Shall he repeat those measures, that in days
Of other years, could soothe a falling prince,
And light his visage with a transient smile
Of melancholy joy,—like autumn sun
Gilding a sere tree with a passing beam!
Or play to sportive children on the green
Dancing at gloamin hour; on willing cheer
With strains unbought, the shepherd's bridal-day!"

British Georgics, p. 81.

" Neil Gow was born in Strathbrand, Perthshire, in the year 1727.

His coat is the hue of his bonnet sae blue;
His fecket* is white as the new-driven snaw;
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the slae,
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a.'
His coat is the hue, &c.

1727. He died at Inver, near Dunkeld, on the 1st of March, 1807. In private life he was distinguished by a sound and vigorous understanding, by a singularly acute penetration into the character of those, both in the higher and lower spheres of society, with whom he had intercourse; and by the conciliating and appropriate accommodation of his remarks and replies, to the peculiarities of their station and temper. In these he often shewed a high degree of forcible humour, strong sense and knowledge of the world, and proved himself to have at once a mind naturally sagacious, and a very attentive and discriminating habit of observation. But his most honourable praise is to be drawn from a view of his character, which was not so obvious to the public. His moral and religious principles were originally correct, rational, and heartfelt, and they were never corrupted. His duty in the domestic relations of life, he uniformly fulfilled with exemplary fidelity, generosity, and kindness. In short, by the general integrity, prudence, and propriety of his conduct, he deserved, and he lived and died possessing, as large a portion of respect from his equals, and of good will from his superiors, as has ever fallen to the lot of any man of his rank.

"Though he had raised himself to independent and affluent circumstances in his old age, he continued free of every appearance

* An under-waistcoat with sleeves.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been courtin;
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel mounted and braw;
But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,
The pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.—
There's Meg wi' the mailin, that fain wad a haen him,
And Susy whase daddy was Laird o' the ha';
There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his fancy,
—But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.

---

ance of vanity or ostentation. He retained to the last, the same plain and unassuming simplicity in his carriage, his dress, and his manners, which he had observed in his early and more obscure years. His figure was vigorous and manly; and the expression of his countenance spirited and intelligent. His whole appearance, indeed, exhibited so characteristic a model of what national partiality conceives a Scottish highlander to be, that his portrait has been repeatedly copied. An admirable likeness of him was painted a few years ago, for the Hon. Mr. Maule of Panmure, M. P. for Forfarshire, by Mr. Raeburn: and he has been introduced into the *View of a Highland Wedding*, by the late ingenious Mr. Allan, to whom he was requested to sit for the purpose." SCOTS MAG.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Tune—FAILTE NA MIOSG.

THE first half-stanza of this song is old; the rest is mine.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
Farewel to the Highlands, farewel to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love!

Farewel to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewel to the straths and green vallies below:
Farewel to the forests and wild-hanging woods;
Farewel to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a chasing the deer:
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS.*

THE first half stanza of this ballad is old.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn, she cries, alas!
And ay the saut tear blins her ee.
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,
A waefu' day it was to me;
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three!

Their winding sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see;
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee!

* By Burns.

THE SHEPHERD'S PREFERENCE.

THIS song is Blacklock's.—I don't know how it came by the name, but the oldest appellation of the air was, Whistle and I'll come to you my lad.

It has little affinity to the tune commonly known by that name.

THE BONIE BANKS OF AYR.

I COMPOSED this song as I convoyed my chest so far on the road to Greenock, where I was to embark in a few days for Jamaica.

I meant it as my farewel Dirge to my native land.

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast;

* "I had taken the last farewel of my few friends; *my chest was on the road to Greenock;* I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, *The gloomy Night is gathering fast.*

Letter to Dr. Moore, vol. i. p. 35. *Dr. Currie's ed.*

Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain:
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scattered coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal, deadly shore;
Tho' death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound;
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound,
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonie banks of Ayr.

Farewel, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;

The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewel, my friends! farewel my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those!
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewel, the bonie banks of Ayr!

A WAUKRIFE MINNIE.*

I PICKED up this old song and tune from a country girl in Nithsdale.—I never met with it elsewhere in Scotland.

Whare are you gaun, my bonie lass,
Where are you gaun, my hinnie,
She answer'd me right saucilie,
An errand for my minnie.

O whare live ye, my bonie lass,
O whare live ye, my hinnie,
By yon burn-side, gin ye maun ken,
In a wee house wi' my minnie.

* A watchful mother.

But I foor up the glen at een,
To see my bonie lassie;
And lang before the gray morn cam,
She was na hauf sae saucie.

O weary fa' the waukrife cock,
And the foumart lay his crawin!
He wauken'd the auld wife frae her sleep,
A wee blink or the dawin.

An angry wife I wat she raise,
And o'er the bed she brought her;
And wi' a mickle hazle rung
She made her a weel pay'd dochter.

O fare thee weel, my bonie lass!
O fare thee weel, my hinnie!
Thou art a gay and a bonie lass,
But thou hast a waukrife minnie.*

* The peasantry have a verse superior to some of those recovered by Burns, which is worthy of notice.—*Ed.*

O though thy hair was gowden weft,
An' thy lips o' drapping hinnie,
Thou hast gotten the clog that winna cling
For a' you're waukrife minnie."

TULLOCHGORUM.

This, first of songs, is the master-piece of my old friend Skinner. He was passing the day at the town of Ellon, I think it was, in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery.—Mrs. Montgomery observing, en passant, *that the beautiful reel of* Tullochgorum *wanted words, she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad.*

These particulars I had from the author's son, Bishop Skinner, at Aberdeen.

Come gie's a sang, Montgomery cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what was done before them:
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their Whig-mig-morum.*

* Whig-mig-morum occurs in Habbie Simpson's epitaph—

"Sa weill's he keipit his decorum,
And all the stotis of *Quhip Meg Morum.*"

Stotis

Let Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the night wi' mirth and glee,
And cheerful sing alang wi' me,
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him:
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
Blythe and cheerie, blythe and cheerie,
Blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
And make a happy quorum,
For blythe and cheerie we'll be a',
As lang as we hae breath to draw,
And dance till we be like to fa'
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

What needs there be sae great a fraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gie our ain Strathspeys
For half a hunder score o' them.
They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Dowf and dowie, dowf and dowie,
Dowf and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum;

Stotis means notes of music. *Quhip meg-morum*, the name of an old air; therefore the sense is, *Notes of Whip-meg-morum*

They're dowf and dowie at the best,
Their *allegros* and a' the rest,
They canna' please a Scottish taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly worms their minds oppress
Wi' fears o' want and double cess,
And sullen sots themsells distress
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Sour and sulky shall we sit
Like old philosophorum!
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever try to shake a fit
To the Reel o' Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings ay attend
Each honest, open-hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
Peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' them;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious spot,

And may he never want a groat,
That's fond o' Tullochgorum!

But for the sullen frumpish fool,
That loves to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him;
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
Dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, wae's me for him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Wi' a' the ills that come frae *France*,
Wha e'er he be that winna dance
The Reel o' Tullochgorum.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

THIS excellent song is also the composition of my worthy friend, old Skinner, at Linshart.

When first I cam to be a man
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here and there and every where
Was like a morn in May;
No care I had nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have past
In country or in town;
I still was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe and pleas'd myself
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime
A mistress I must find,
For *love*, I heard, gave one an air,
And ev'n improved the mind:

On Phillis fair above the rest
Kind fortune fixt my eyes,
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice;
To Cupid now with hearty prayer
I offer'd many a vow;
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd, and swore,
As other lovers do;
But, when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

When *love* had thus my heart beguil'd
With foolish hopes and vain;
To *friendship's* port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain;
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine,
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine;
And now whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply;
A strait soon came: my friend I try'd;
He heard, and spurn'd my moan;

I hy'd me home, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

Methought I should be wiser next
And would a *patriot* turn,
Began to doat on Johnny Wilkes,
And cry up Parson Horne.*
Their manly spirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their noble zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen
Maintain'd the public weal;
But e'er a month or two had past,
I found myself betray'd,
'Twas *self* and *party* after all,
For a' the stir they made;
At last I saw the factious knaves
Insult the very throne,
I curs'd them a', and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed,
I pitch'd on *books* for company,
And gravely try'd to read:

* This song was composed when Wilkes, Horne, &c. were making a noise about liberty.

I bought and borrow'd every where
And study'd night and day,
Nor mis'd what dean or doctor wrote
That happen'd in my way:
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully through many a page
I hunted after truth.
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none,
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John o' Badenyon.

And now ye youngsters every where,
That wish to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor fondly hope
For happiness below;
What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name,
And *girls*, and *friends*, and *books*, and so,
You'll find them all the same;
Then be advised and warning take
From such a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
Nor one of high degree;

You'll meet displeasure every where;
Then do as I have done,
Ee'n tune your pipe and please yourselves
With John o' Badenyon.

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT.

*THIS song is mine, all except the chorus.**

* This is part of the "BARD'S SONG," in the "Jolly Beggars," a Cantata, which is printed at the end of this volume.

It is observed of Gay that he had long formed the idea of writing a NEWGATE PASTORAL, and that the conception, when matured, produced the BEGGARS' OPERA. In the "JOLLY BEGGARS" of Burns the reader will see Gay's first sketch completely illustrated; but here the design and the execution are equally original, and perhaps no poem of our Bard more abounds in those genuine and lively strokes of character which display the hand of a master, and which so happily realize the maxim of Horace—*ut pictura poësis.*—Ed.

AULD LANG SYNE.

RAMSAY, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song, and the first line, from the old fragment, which may be seen in The Museum, *vol.* v.

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And auld lang syne!
For auld lang syne, my jo,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne!

And surely ye'll be your pint stoup!
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pou't the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
Frae morning sun 'till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd,
Sin auld lang syne.
For auld, &c.

And there's a han', my trusty fiere,
And gies a han' o' thine!
And we'll tak a right gude willy-waught*
For auld lang syne!†
For auld, &c.

* *Willy-waught*, a hearty draught.

† Burns sometimes wrote poems in the old ballad style, which, for reasons best known to himself, he gave the public as songs of the *olden time*. That famous Soldier's song in particular, printed in this Collection, vol. ii. p. 98, beginning,

"Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie,
That I may drink before I go,
A service to my bonnie lassie;"

has been pronounced by some of our best living Poets an *inimitable relique* of some *ancient Minstrel!* Yet the Editor discovered it to be the actual production of *Burns* himself. This ballad of *Auld lang syne* was also introduced in an ambiguous manner, though there exist proofs that the two best stanzas of it are indisputably his. He delighted to imitate and muse on the customs and opinions of his ancestors. He wished to warm his mind with those ideas of felicity which perhaps, at all times, are more

THE LAIRD OF COCKPEN.

HERE is a verse of this lively old song that used to be sung after these printed ones.

O, wha has lien wi' our Lord yestreen?
O, wha has lien wi' our Lord yestreen?
In his soft down bed, O, twa fowk were the sted,
An' whare lay the chamber maid, lassie, yestreen?

---

more boasted of than enjoyed. The happiness of rustic society in its approach to modern refinement—his delight in the society and converse of the aged, all tended to confer on him that powerful gift of imitating the ancient ballads of his country with the ease and simplicity of his models. This ballad of 'Auld lang syne' would have been esteemed a beautiful modern in the days of Ramsay: its sentiments and language are admirably mixed with the sweet recollections of boyish pranks and endearments. To a native of Scotland, the phrase 'Auld lang syne' is very expressive, and "conveys a soothing idea to the mind, as recalling 'the memory of joys that are past.'

Burns's most successful imitation of the old style seems to be in his verses entitled 'The lovely Lass of Inverness.' He took up the idea from the first half verse, which is all that remains of the old words, and this prompted the feelings and tone of the time he wished to commemorate. That he passed some of these as the popular currency of other years is well known, though only discovered by the variations which his papers contain. He scattered these samples to be picked up by inquisitive criticism, that he might listen to its remarks, and, perhaps, secretly enjoy the admiration which they excited.

COCKPEN.

O, when she came ben she bobbed fu' law,
O, when she came ben she bobbed fu' law,
And when she came ben she kiss'd Cockpen,
And syne deny'd she did it at a'.

And was na cockpen right saucie with a',
And was na Cockpen right saucie with a',
In leaving the daughter of a Lord,
And kissin a collier lassie, an' a'?

O never look down my lassie, at a',
O never look down my lassie, at a',
Thy lips are as sweet, and thy figure complete
As the finest dame in castle or ha'.

Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma',
Tho' thou has nae silk and holland sae sma',
Thy coat and thy sark are thy ain handy-wark,
And Lady Jean was never sae braw!

CA' THE EWES TO THE KNOWES.

THIS beautiful song is in the true old Scotch taste, yet I do not know that either air or words were in print before.

Ca' the ewes to the knowes,
Ca' them whare the heather grows,
Ca' them whare the burnie rowes,
My bonnie dearie.

As I gaed down the water-side,
There I met my shepherd lad,
He row'd me sweetly in his plaid,
An' he ca'd me his dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Will ye gang down the water-side,
And see the waves sae sweetly glide,
Beneath the hazels spreading wide,
The moon it shines fu' clearly.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

I was bred up at nae sic school
My shepherd lad, to play the fool,

And a' the day to sit in dool,
And naebody to see me.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

Ye sall get gowns and ribbons meet,
Cauf-leather shoon upon your feet,
And in my arms ye'se lie and sleep,
And ye sall be my dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

If ye'll but stand to what ye've said,
I'se gang wi' you my shepherd-lad,
And ye may rowe me in your plaid,
And I sall be your dearie.
Ca' the ewes, &c.

While waters wimple to the sea;
While day blinks in the lift sae hie;
'Till clay-cauld death sall blin my e'e,
Ye sall be my dearie.*
Ca' the ewes, &c.

* Mrs. Burns informed the Editor that the last verse of this song was written by Burns.

LOUIS, WHAT RECK I BY THEE.

THESE words are mine.

Louis, what reck I by thee,
Or Geordie on his ocean:
Dyvor, beggar louns to me—
I reign in Jeanie's bosom!

Let her crown my love her law,
And in her breast enthrone me;
Kings and nations, swith, awa!
Reif randies I disown ye!

LADIE MARY ANN.

THE starting verse should be restored:—

" Lady Mary Ann gaed out o' her bower,
An' she found a bonnie rose new i' the flower;
As she kiss'd its ruddy lips drapping wi' dew,
Quo' she, ye're nae sae sweet as my Charlie's mou."

LADIE MARY ANN.

O Lady Mary Ann looks o'er the castle wa',
She saw three bonnie boys playing at the ba',
The youngest he was the flower amang them a';
My bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

"O father, O father, an' ye think it fit,
We'll send him a year to the college yet;
We'll sew a green ribbon round about his hat,
And that will let them ken he's to marry yet."

Lady Mary Ann was a flower in the dew,
Sweet was its smell, and bonnie was its hue,
And the langer it blossomed, the sweeter it grew;
For the lily in the bud will be bonnier yet.

Young Charlie Cochran was the sprout of an aik,
Bonnie, and blooming, and straight was its make,
The sun took delight to shine for its sake,
And it will be the brag o' the forest yet.

The simmer is gane, when the leaves they were green;
And the days are awa that we hae seen;
But far better days, I trust, will come again,
For my bonnie laddie's young, but he's growin' yet.

WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT.

This air is Masterton's; the song mine.—The occasion of it was this:—Mr. Wm. Nicol, of the High School, Edinburgh, during the autumn vacation, being at Moffat, honest Allan, who was at that time on a visit to Dalswinton, and I went to pay Nicol a visit.—We had such a joyous meeting, that Mr. Masterton and I agreed, each in our own way, that we should celebrate the business.

O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut,
And Rob and Allan cam to see;
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

We are na fou, we're na that four,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The cock may craw, the day may daw,
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,
Three merry boys I trow are we;
And mony a night we've merry been,
And mony mae we hope to be!
We are na fou, &c.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, &c.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa',
A cuckold, coward loun is he!
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
*We are na fou, &c.**

* "Willie, who 'brew'd a peck o' maut,' was Mr. William Nicol; and Rob and Allan were our Poet and his friend Allan Masterton. This meeting took place at LAGGAN, a farm purchased by Mr. Nicol, in Nithsdale, on the recommendation of Burns. These three honest fellows—all men of uncommon talents, are now all *under the turf*. (1799)."

KILLYCRANKY.*

THE battle of Killycranky was the last stand made by the Clans for James, after his abdication. Here Dundee† fell in the moment of victory, and with him fell the hopes of the party.—General Mackay, when he found the Highlanders did not pursue his flying army, said, "Dundee must be killed, or he never would have overlooked this advantage."—A great stone marks the spot where Dundee fell.

Clavers and his highland-men,
Came down upo' the raw, man,
Who being stout, gave mony a clout,
The lads began to claw, then.

* The battle of Killycranky was fought on the 17th June, 1689. This song may be regarded as the first of the numerous series now called *Jacobite songs*.—RITSON.

† Within an hour of sunset the signal was given by Dundee, and the Highlanders descended in thick and separate columns to the attack. After a single desultory discharge, they rushed forward with the sword, before the regulars, whose bayonets were then inserted within the musket, could be prepared to receive or to resist their furious attack. The weight of their columns pierced through the thin and straggling line, where Mackay commanded

With sword and terge into their hand,'
Wi' which they were nae slaw, man,
Wi' mony a fearful heavy sigh,
The lads began to claw, then.

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commanded in person; and their ponderous swords completed the rout. Within a few minutes the victors and the vanquished intermixed together in the field, in the pursuit, and in the river disappeared from view: Mackay alone, when deserted by his horse and surrounded, forced his way to the right wing, where two regiments had maintained their ground. While the enemy were intent on plundering the baggage, he conducted them in silence and in obscurity across the river beneath the defile, and continued his flight for two days through the mountains to Stirling.

But Dundee, whose pursuit he dreaded, was himself no more. After a desperate and successful charge on the artillery, which he seized with his horse, he returned to restore the battle on the left, and to renew the attack against the two regiments that remained entire. At that moment, while his arms was extended to his troops, and while his person was conspicuous to the enemy, he received a shot in his side, through an opening in his armour, and dropt from horseback as he rode off the field. He survived to write a concise and dignified account of his victory to James. With the loss of nine hundred of his men, two thousand of the enemy were killed or taken; and but for his untimely fate, not a man would have escaped. Had he survived to improve this distinguished victory, little doubt can be entertained that he would have recovered the whole of Scotland beyond the Forth. His party were prepared to take arms on the borders, and his progress

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
She flang amang them a' man;
The butter-box got mony knocks,
Their riggings paid for a' then;
They got their paiks, wi' sudden straiks,
Which to their grief they saw man;
Wi' clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man;
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
The durk and door made their last hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man;
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them sic a paw then.

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gress southwards might have arrested William's attention and arms, till James was firmly established in Ireland. But his death was fatal to his party; and among the papers found on his body, a letter from Melfort, intimating that the indemnity was couched in such terms as might be broken or revoked by the king at pleasure, excited deep disgust at the insincerity of James. A rude stone was erected on the spot, to mark his victory to future times. His memory was long lamented by his party, and his name is still celebrated in their poetry, as the last of the Scots.

Laing's History of Scotland.

The solemn league and covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man,
Thought highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills then:
In Willie's name* they thought nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man;
But hur nane sell, wi' mony a knock,
Cry'd, Furich-whiggs, awa', man.

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man;
The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
They bred a horrid stink, then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
Came in amang them a', man;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, oh' on a ri,
Why should she lose king Shames, man?
Oh' rig in di, oh' rig in di,
She shall break a' her banes then;
With *furichinish,* an' stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man,
She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.

* Prince of Orange.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
Hur nane-sell's won the day, man;
King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,
Because they ran awa' then:
Had bent their brows, like highland trows,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
And Willie'd 'run' awa' then.

THE EWIE WI' THE CROOKIT HORN.

ANOTHER excellent song of old Skinner's.

Were I but able to rehearse
My Ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd sound it forth as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone could blaw;
The Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Wha had kent her might hae sworn
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa',
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Hereabout nor far awa'.

I never needed tar nor keil
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crookit horn did as weel
To ken her by amo' them a';
She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keepit ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweir to lead nor caw,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot, &c.

Cauld nor hunger never dang her,
Wind nor wet could never wrang her,
Anes she lay an ouk and langer,
Furth aneath a wreath o' snaw:
Whan ither Ewies lap the dyke,
And eat the kail for a' the tyke,
My Ewie never play'd the like,
But tyc'd about the barn wa';
My Ewie never play'd the like, &c.

A better or a thriftier beast,
Nae honest man could weel hae wist,
For silly thing she never mist,
To hae ilk' year a lamb or twa';
The first she had I gae to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,

And now the laddie has a flock
O' mair nor thirty head ava';
And now the laddie has a flock, &c.

I lookit aye at even' for her,
Lest mishanter shou'd come o'er her,
Or the fowmart might devour her,
Gin the beastie bade awa;
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Well deserv'd baith girse and corn,
Sic a Ewe was never born,
Here-about nor far awa.
Sic a Ewe was never born, &c.

Yet last ouk, for a' my keeping,
(Wha can speak it without weeping?)
A villain cam when I was sleeping,
Sta' my Ewie, horn and a';
I sought her sair upo' the morn,
And down aneath a buss o' thorn
I got my Ewie's crookit horn,
But my Ewie was awa'.
I got my Ewie's crookit horn, &c.

O! gin I had the loun that did it,
Sworn I have as well as said it,
Tho' a' the warld should forbid it,
I wad gie his neck a thra':

I never met wi' sic a turn,
As this sin ever I was born,
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Silly Ewie stown awa',
My Ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c.

O! had she died o' crook or cauld,
As Ewies do when they grow auld,
It wad na been, by mony fauld,
Sae sair a heart to nane o's a':
For a' the claith that we hae worn,
Frae her and her's sae aften shorn,
The loss o' her we cou'd hae born,
Had fair strae-death ta'en her awa'.
The loss o' her we cou'd hae born, &c.

But thus, poor thing, to lose her life,
Aneath a bleedy villain's knife,
I'm really fley't that our guidwife
Will never win aboon't ava:
O! a' ye bards benorth Kinghorn,
Call your muses up and mourn,
Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn,
Stown frae's, and fellt and a'!
Our Ewie wi' the crookit horn, &c.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.*

It is remarkable of this air, that it is the confine of that country where the greatest part of our Lowland music, (so far as from the title, words, &c. we can localize it,) has been composed. From Craigie-burn, near Moffat, until one reaches the West Highlands, we have scarcely one slow air of any antiquity.

The song was composed on a passion which a Mr. Gillespie, a particular friend of mine, had for a Miss Lorimer, afterwards a Mrs. Whelpdale.—The young lady was born at Craigie-burn wood.—The chorus is part of an old foolish ballad.—

Beyond thee, dearie, beyond thee, dearie,
And O to be lying beyond thee,
O sweetly, soundly, weel may he sleep,
That's laid in the bed beyond thee.

* "Craigie-burn wood is situated on the banks of the river Moffat, and about three miles distant from the village of that name, celebrated for its medicinal waters. The woods of Craigie-burn and of Dumcrief, were at one time favourite haunts of Burns. It was there he met the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks," and that he conceived several of his beautiful lyrics."

Dr. Currie.

CRAIGIE-BURN WOOD.

Sweet closes the evening on Craigie-burn wood,
And blythely awakens the morrow;
But the pride of the spring in the Craigie-burn wood,
Can yield me to nothing but sorrow.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they hae nane for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
Beyond thee, &c.

I canna tell, I maun na tell,
I dare na for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
Beyond thee, &c.

I see thee gracefu', straight and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonie,
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnie!
Beyond thee, &c.

To see thee in anither's arms,
In love to lie and languish,

'Twad be my dead, that will be seen,
My heart wad burst wi' anguish.
Beyond thee, &c.

But Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say, thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come,
I'll gratefully adore thee.
Beyond thee, &c.

FRAE THE FRIENDS AND LAND I LOVE.

I ADDED the four last lines by way of giving a turn to the theme of the poem, such as it is.

Frae the friends and land I love,
Driv'n by fortune's felly spite;
Frae my best belov'd I rove,
Never mair to taste delight.
Never mair maun hope to find
Ease frae toil, relief frae care,
When remembrance racks the mind,
Pleasures but unveil despair.

Brightest climes shall mirk appear,
Desart ilka blooming shore;
Till the fates, nae mair severe,
Friendship, love and peace restore.
Till revenge wi' laurel'd head
Bring our banish'd hame again;
And ilk loyal, bonie lad,
Cross the seas and win his ain.

ANDRO WI' HIS CUTTIE GUN.

THIS blythsome song, so full of Scottish humour and convivial merriment, is an intimate favourite at Bridal Trystes, *and* House-heatings. *It contains a spirited picture of a country ale-house touched off with all the lightsome gaiety so peculiar to the rural muse of Caledonia, when at a fair.*

Instead of the line,

"Girdle cakes weel toasted brown,"

I have heard it sung,

"Knuckled cakes weel brandert brown."

These cakes are kneaded out with the knuckles, and toasted over the red embers of wood on a grid-iron. They are remarkably fine, and have a delicate relish when eaten warm with ale. On winter market nights the landlady heats them, and drops them into the quaigh *to warm the ale:*

"Weel does the cannie Kimmer ken
To gar the swats gae glibber down."

Blyth, blyth, blyth was she,
Blyth was she butt and ben;
And well she loo'd a Hawick gill,
And leugh to see a tappit hen.
She took me in, and set me down,
And heght to keep me lawing-free;
But, cunning carling that she was,
She gart me birle my bawbie.

We loo'd the liquor well enough;
But waes my heart my cash was done
Before that I had quench'd my drowth,
And laith I was to pawn my shoon.

When we had three times toom'd our stoup,
And the niest chappin new begun,
Wha started in to heeze our hope,
But Andro wi' his cutty gun.

The carling brought her kebbuck ben,
With girdle-cakes weel-toasted brown,
Well does the canny kimmer ken,
They gar the swats gae glibber down.
We ca'd the bicker aft about;
Till dawning we ne'er jee'd our bun,
And ay the cleanest drinker out
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun.

He did like ony mavis sing,
And as I in his oxter sat,
He ca'd me ay his bonny thing,
And mony a sappy kiss I gat:
I hae been east, I hae been west,
I hae been far ayont the sun;
But the blythest lad that e'er I saw
Was Andro wi' his cutty gun!*

* In a country ale-house of the time of this song, were seen mud walls lackered with lime; a chimney-piece hung with *quaighs* and *chappin stoups*. In the corner a huge barrel of home-brewed ale, and a corner-cupboard, where the "cunning Car-line"

HUGHIE GRAHAM.*

THERE are several editions of this ballad.—This, here inserted, is from oral tradition in Ayrshire, where, when I was a boy, it was a popular song.—It originally, had a simple old tune, which I have forgotten.

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line" held her "*Girdle Cakes weel toasted brown.*" A little window, with oaken boards, hung on leather hinges, and two panes of coarse glass; the window-cheeks pasted over with ballads, and favourite songs. Before the window was placed the oaken table, encircled by a motley company:—old men, with broad blue bonnets, wide boot-hose, and long staffs, which they held by the middle when they walked. Mixing with these, were the young lads with their sweethearts sitting on their knees, with the old narrative landlord repeating his jests *three times turned*. The pushing about of *stoups*;—the old men telling tales of parish quarrels and private squabbles;—the lasses singing songs;—and the lads wooing at intervals, form altogether a whimsical and original groupe, which is not easily so well and so happily sketched as in "*Andrew wi' his cuttie gun.*"

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* Burns did not *chuse* to be quite correct in stating that this copy of the ballad of *Hughie Graham* is printed from oral tradition in Ayrshire. The truth is, that four of the stanzas are either altered or super-added by himself.

Of this number the third and eighth are original; the ninth and tenth have received his corrections. Perhaps pathos was never

HUGHIE GRAHAM.

Our lords are to the mountains gane,
A hunting o' the fallow deer,
And they have gripet Hughie Graham
For stealing o' the bishop's mare.

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never more touching than in the picture of the hero singling out his poor aged father from the crowd of spectators; and the simple grandeur of preparation for this afflicting circumstance in the verse that immediately precedes it is matchless.

That the reader may properly appreciate the value of Burns's touches, I here subjoin two verses from the most correct copy of the ballad, as it is printed in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 324.

" He looked over his left shoulder,
And for to see what he might see;
There was he aware of his auld father,
Came tearing his hair most piteouslie.

" O hald your tongue, my father, he says,
And see that ye dinna weep for me!
For they may ravish me o' my life,
But they canna banish me from heaven hie!"

The Grahames were a warlike and restless clan, who held the debatable land on the Scotish border by the uncertain and dangerous tenure of plundering warfare. Though mostly Scotchmen, we find them on the skirts of the English armies, when they

And they have tied him hand and foot,
And led him up, thro' Stirling town;
The lads and lasses met him there,
Cried, Hughie Graham thou'rt a loun.

O lowse my right hand free, he says,
And put my braid sword in the same;
He's no in Stirling town this day,
Dare tell the tale to Hughie Graham.

Up then bespake the brave Whitefoord,
As he sat by the bishop's knee,
Five hundred white stots I'll gie you
If ye'll let Hughie Graham free.

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they ravaged the land, sharing the spoils of their country. Indeed they considered themselves independent, and flew to arms with the prevailing party, making cruel havoc, and ultimately filling their fastnesses with the spoil of either kingdom.

They felt much hampered in the time of peace, when the Scotish and English Wardens found leisure to ascertain the bounds of sovereign property. Their aid and assistance was of easy purchase, and (if we may place any faith on an old song) was reckoned equivalent to the strength of an army.

'O! the Graemes, the gållant Graemes,
Wad the gallant Graemes but stand by me,
The dogs might douke in English blude,
Ere a foot's breadth I wad flinch or flee.'

O haud your tongue, the bishop says,
And wi' your pleading let me be;
For tho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Hughie Graham this day shall die.

Up then bespake the fair Whitefoord,
As she sat by the bishop's knee;
Five hundred white pence I'll gie you,
If ye'll gie Hughie Graham to me.

O haud your tongue now lady fair,
And wi' your pleading let it be;
Altho' ten Grahams were in his coat,
Its for my honor he maun die.

They've ta'en him to the gallows knowe,
He looked to the gallows tree,
Yet never colour left his cheek,
Nor ever did he blink his ee.

At length he looked round about,
To see whatever he could spy:
And there he saw his auld father,
And he was weeping bitterly.

O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And wi' your weeping let it be;
Thy weeping's sairer on my heart,
Than a' that they can do to me.

And ye may gie my brother John,
My sword that's bent in the middle clear,
And let him come at twelve o'clock,
And see me pay the bishop's mare.

And ye may gie my brother James
My sword that's bent in the middle brown,
And bid him come at four o'clock,
And see his brother Hugh cut down.

Remember me to Maggy my wife,
The neist time ye gang o'er the moor,
Tell her she staw the bishop's mare,
Tell her she was the bishop's whore.

And ye may tell my kith and kin,
I never did disgrace their blood;
And when they meet the bishop's cloak,
To mak it shorter by the hood.

THE BONNY ERLE OF MURRAY.

THE last verse of this old fragment is beautiful and affecting.

Ye Highlands and ye Lawlands,
  Oh! where have you been?
They have slain the Erle of Murray,
  And they laid him on the green!

Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
  And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
  But forbade you him to slay.

He was a bra' gallant,
  As e'er rid at the ring,
And the bonny Erle of Murray,
  Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a bra' gallant,
  As e'er played at the ba',
And the bonny Erle of Murray
  Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a bra' gallant,
  As e'er played at the glove,
And the bonny Erle of Murray,
  Oh! he was the queen's love.

Oh! lang will his ladie
  Look o'er the Castle Down,
Ere she see the Erle of Murray
  Come sounding through the town!

A SOUTHLAND JENNY.

This is a popular Ayrshire song, though the notes were never taken down before.—It, as well as many of the ballad tunes in this collection, was written from Mrs. Burns's voice.

A Southland Jenny that was right bonny,
Had for a suitor a Norland Johnnie,
But he was sicken a bashfu' wooer,
That he could scarcely speak unto her.

But blinks o' her beauty, and hopes o' her siller,
Forced him at last to tell his mind till her;
My dear, quo' he, we'll nae langer tarry,
Gin ye can lo'e me, let's o'er the moor and marry.

Come awa then, my Norland laddie,
Tho' we gang neat, some are mair gaudy;
Albeit I hae neither land nor money,
Come, and I'll ware my beauty on thee.

Ye lasses o' the South, ye're a' for dressin;
Lasses o' the North, mind milkin and threshin;
My minnie wad be angry, and sae wad my daddie,
Should I marry ane as dink as a lady.

I maun hae a wife that will rise i' the mornin,
Cruddle a' the milk, and keep the house a scauldin;
Tulzie wi' her neebors, and learn at my minnie,
A Norland Jocky maun hae a Norland Jenny.

My father's only dochter, wi' farms and siller ready,
Wad be ill bestowed upon sic a clownish body;
A' that I said was to try what was in thee,
Gae hame, ye Norland Jockie, and court your Norland Jenny!

MY TOCHER'S THE JEWEL.

THIS tune is claimed by Nathaniel Gow.—It is notoriously taken from The Muckin o' Geordie's Byre.—*It is also to be found, long prior to Nathaniel Gow's æra, in* Aird's Selection of Airs and Marches, *the first edition, under the name of* The Highway to Edinburgh.*

O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty,
And meikle thinks my luve o' my kin;
But little thinks my luve, I ken brawlie,
My Tocher's the jewel has charms for him.

It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,
It's a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee;
My laddie's sae meikle in love wi' the siller,
He canna hae luve to spare for me.

* This statement is incorrect. On referring to *Niel Gow and Son*'s 2d book, page 18, it will be seen that it is unclaimed by *Nathaniel Gow*, or any of his family. Mr. Gow found the tune in "*Oswald's Caledonian Pocket Companion*," book 3d, page 28, as a quick jig; it struck him that it would be pretty if slow; and being without a name, he called it *Lord Elcho's Favourite.* Oswald's book was published as long prior to Aird's æra, as Aird's was to that of Gow.—*Ed.*

Your proffer o' luve's an airle-penny,
My Tocher's the bargain ye wad buy;
But an' ye be crafty, I am cunnin,
Sae ye wi' anither your fortune maun try.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye'll slip frae me like a knotless thread,
And ye'll crack your credit wi' mae nor me.*

* The four last lines of this song are old. I have seen them in an unpublished MS. Collection by *David Herd*, the Editor of "*Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, Heroic Ballads*," &c. 2 vols. 1776.—the two lines,

> "*It's a' for the apple he'll nourish the tree,*
> *It's a' for the hinney he'll cherish the bee;*"

are also much older than Burns's words.—*Ed.*

THEN GUDE WIFE COUNT THE LAWIN.

THE chorus of this is part of an old song, one stanza of which I recollect.

Every day my wife tells me
That ale and brandy will ruin me;
But if gude liquor be my dead,
This shall be written on my head,—
O gude wife count, &c.

THERE'LL NEVER BE PEACE TILL JAMIE COMES HAME.

THIS tune is sometimes called, There's few gude Fellows when Willie's awa.—*But I never have been able to meet with any thing else of the song than the title.*

By yon castle wa', at the close of the day,
I heard a man sing tho' his head it was gray:
And as he was singing the tears down came—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

The church is in ruins, the state is in jars,
Delusions, oppressions, and murderous wars:
We dare na weel say't, but we ken wha's to blame—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

My seven braw sons for Jamie drew sword,
And now I greet round their green beds in the yerd;
It brak the sweet heart o' my faithfu' auld dame—
There'll never be peace 'till Jamie comes hame.

Now life is a burden that bows me down,
Sin I tint my bairns, and he tint his crown;
But till my last moment my words are the same—
There'll never be peace till Jamie comes hame.

THE CARL OF KELLYBURN BRAES.

THESE words are mine; I composed them from the old traditionary verses.

There lived a carl on Kellyburn braes,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
And he had a wife was the plague o' his days;
And the thyme it is wither'd and the rue is in prime.

Ae day as the carl gaed up the lang glen,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
He met wi' the devil; says, "How do yow fen?"
And the thyme it is wither'd and the rue is in prime.

"I've got a bad wife, sir; that's a' my complaint;
Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
For, saving your presence, to her ye're a saint;
And the thyme it is wither'd and the rue is in prime."

"It's neither your stot nor your staig I shall crave,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
But gie me your wife, man, for her I must have,
And the thyme it is wither'd and the rue is in prime."

"O welcome, most kindly," the blythe carl said,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
But if ye can match her, ye're waur nor ye're ca'd,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime."

The devil has got the auld wife on his back;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
And, like a poor pedlar, he's carried his pack;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

He's carried her hame to his ain hallan-door;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
Syne bade her gae in, for a bitch and a whore,
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

Then straight he makes fifty, the pick o' his band,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
Turn out on her gaurd in the clap of a hand;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

The carlin gaed thro' them like ony wude bear,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
Whae'er she gat hands on came near her nae mair;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

A reekit wee devil looks over the wa';
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
O, help, master, help, or she'll ruin us a',
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime."

The devil he swore by the edge o' his knife,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
He pitied the man that was tied to a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

The devil he swore by the kirk and the bell,
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
He was not in wedlock, thank heaven, but in hell;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

Then satan has travelled again wi' his pack;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
And to her auld husband he's carried her back;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

" I hae been a devil the feck o' my life;
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
But ne'er was in hell, till I met wi' a wife;
And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.

I DO CONFESS THOU ART SAE FAIR.

THIS song is altered from a poem by Sir Robert Ayton, private secretary to Mary and Anne, queens of Scotland.—The poem is to be found in James Watson's collection of Scots poems. *I think that I have improved the simplicity of the sentiments, by giving them a Scots dress.*

I do confess thou art so fair,
I wad been o'er the lugs in luve;
Had I na found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, thy heart could muve.

I do confess thee sweet, but find
Thou art sae thriftless o' thy sweets,
Thy favors are the silly wind
That kisses ilka thing it meets.

See yonder rose-bud, rich in dew,
Amang its native briers sae coy,
How sune it tines its scent and hue
When pu'd and worn a common toy!

Sic fate e'er lang shall thee betide,
Tho' thou may gayly bloom a while;
Yet sune thou shalt be thrown aside,
Like ony common weed and vile.*

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* The following are the old words of this song:

I do confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee:
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets.
And since thou can'st with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile!
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!

This

THE SOGER LADDIE.

THE first verse of this is old; the rest is by Ramsay.—The tune seems to be the same with a slow air, called Jacky Hume's Lament—*or,* The Hollin Buss—*or,* Ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten?

WHERE WAD BONIE ANNIE LIE.

THE old name of this tune is—

Whare'll our Gudeman lie.

A silly old stanza of it runs thus—

O whare'll our gudeman lie,
Gudeman lie, gudeman lie,
O whare'll our gudeman lie,
Till he shute o'er the simmer?

This song may be seen in Playford's *Select Ayres*, 1659, folio, under the title of a *Song to a forsaken Mistresse.*

It is also printed in Ellis's *Specimens of the early English Poets*, vol. iii. p. 325.

Up amang the hen-bawks,
The hen-bawks, the hen-bawks,
Up amang the hen-bawks,
Amang the rotten timmer.

GALLOWAY TAM.

I have seen an interlude acted at a wedding to this tune, called, The Wooing of the Maiden.—*These entertainments are now much worn out in this part of Scotland.—Two are still retained in Nithsdale, viz.* Silly puir auld Glenae; *and this one,* The Wooing of the Maiden.

AS I CAM DOWN BY YON CASTLE WA'.

This is a very popular Ayrshire song.

As I cam down by yon castle wa',
And in by yon garden green,
O there I spied a bonnie bonnie lass,
But the flower-borders were us between.

A bonie bonie lassie she was,
As ever mine eyes did see;
O five hundred pounds would I give,
For to have such a pretty bride as thee.

To have such a pretty bride as me!
Young man ye are sairly mista'en;
Tho' ye were king o' fair Scotland,
I wad disdain to be your queen.

Talk not so very high, bonnie lass,
O talk not so very, very high;
The man at the fair that wad sell,
He maun learn at the man that wad buy.

I trust to climb a far higher tree,
And herry a far richer nest:
Tak this advice o' me, bonnie lass,
Humility wad set thee best.

O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM.

Tune—THE MOUDIEWORT.

THIS song is mine.

An' O, for ane and twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattling sang,
An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam!

They snool me sair, and haud me down,
And gar me look like Blundie,* Tam!
But three short years will soon wheel roun',
And then comes ane and twenty, Tam!

An O, for ane and twenty, Tam!
An' hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam!
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,
An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam!

* "*This looks just like Jock Blunt himsel.*"

This is commonly said of a person who is out of countenance at a disappointment.—*Jamieson.*

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,
Was left me by my auntie, Tam;
At kith or kin I need na' spier,
An' I saw ane and twenty, Tam.
An' O, for, &c.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam;
But hears't thou, laddie, there's my loof,
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam!
An' O, for, &c.

LORD RONALD MY SON.

THIS air, a very favourite one in Ayrshire, is evidently the original of Lochaber.—In this manner, most of our finest more modern airs have had their origin. Some early minstrel, or musical shepherd, composed the simple artless original air; which being picked up by the more learned musician, took the improved form it bears.

LOGAN BRAES.

THERE were two old songs to this tune; one of them contained some striking lines, the other entered into the sweets of wooing rather too freely for modern poetry.—It began,

" Ae simmer night on Logan braes,
I helped a bonie lassie on wi' her claes,
First wi' her stockins, an' syne wi' her shoon,
But she gied me the glaiks whan a' was done."

The other seems older, but it is not characteristic of Scottish courtship.

" Logan Water's wide and deep,
An' laith am I to weet my feet;
But gif ye'll consent to gang wi' me,
I'll hire a horse to carry thee."*

---

* In a letter to a Correspondent, dated 7th April, 1793, Burns says, "I remember the two last lines of a verse in some of the old songs of *Logan Water*, which I think pretty.

" Now my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes."

The song which Burns thus hastily alludes to was written in Glasgow, near thirty years ago, by the gentleman whose name is

O'ER THE MOOR AMANG THE HEATHER.

THIS song is the composition of a Jean Glover, *a girl who was not only a w—e, but also a thief; and*

---

is here prefixed to it. It was first printed in the Star newspaper, May 23, 1789, signed with the initial letter of the author's surname. Several years, however, antecedent to this period, *Logan Water* had acquired popularity, and was well known in the south-west part of Scotland.

LOGAN WATER.

BY JOHN MAYNE.

By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft', wi' glee, I've herded sheep,
I've herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan Braes:
But, wae's my heart, thae days are gane,
And, fu' o' grief, I herd my lane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes!

Nae mair at Logan Kirk will he,
Atweén the preachings, meet wi' me—
Meet wi' me, or, when it's mirk,
Convoy me hame frae Logan Kirk!
I weil may sing, thae days are gane—
Frae Kirk and Fair I come my lane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes!

in one or other character has visited most of the Correction Houses in the West.—She was born, I believe, in Kilmarnock:—I took the song down from her singing as she was strolling through the country, with a slight-of-hand blackguard.

Comin' thro' the Craigs o' Kyle,
Amang the bonnie blooming heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes thegither,
O'er the moor amang the heather,
O'er the moor amang the heather,
There I met a bonnie lassie,
Keeping a' her yowes thegither.

Says I my dearie where is thy hame,
In moor or dale pray tell me whether?
She says, I tent the fleecy flocks
That feed amang the blooming heather,
O'er the moor, &c.

We laid us down upon a bank,
Sae warm and sunny was the weather,
She left her flocks at large to rove
Amang the bonnie blooming heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

While thus we lay she sang a sang,
Till echo rang a mile and farther,
And ay the burden o' the sang
Was—o'er the moor amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

She charm'd my heart, and aye sinsyne,
I could na think on any ither:
By sea and sky she shall be mine!
The bonnie lass amang the heather.
O'er the moor, &c.

TO THE ROSE BUD.

THIS song is the composition of a —— Johnson, a joiner in the neighbourhood of Belfast.—The tune is by Oswald, altered, evidently, from Jockie's Gray Breeks.

All hail to thee thou bawmy bud,
Thou charming child o' simmer, hail;
Ilk fragrant thorn and lofty wood
Does nod thy welcome to the vale.

See on thy lovely faulded form,
Glad Phœbus smiles wi' chearing eye,
While on thy head the dewy morn
Has shed the tears o' silent joy.

The tuneful tribes frae yonder bower,
Wi' sangs of joy thy presence hail;
Then haste, thou bawmy fragrant flower,
And gie thy bosom to the gale.

And see the fair industrious bee,
With airy wheel and soothing hum,
Flies ceaseless round thy parent tree,
While gentle breezes trembling come.

If ruthless Liza pass this way,
She'll pou thee frae thy thorny stem;
Awhile thou'lt grace her virgin breast,
But soon thou'lt fade, my bonny gem.

Ah, short, too short, thy rural reign,
And yield to fate, alas! thou must:
Bright emblem of the virgin train,
Thou blooms alas! to mix wi' dust.

Sae bonny Liza hence may learn,
Wi' every youthfu' maiden gay,
That beauty, like the simmer's rose,
In time shall wither and decay.

YON WILD MOSSY MOUNTAINS.

THIS tune is by Oswald. The song alludes to a part of my private history, which it is of no consequence to the world to know.

Yon wild mossy mountains sae lofty and wide,
That nurse in their bosom the youth o' the Clyde,
Where the grouse lead their coveys thro' the heather to feed,
And the shepherd tents his flock as he pipes on his reed.
Where the grouse, &c.

Not Gowrie's rich valley, nor Forth's sunny shores,
To me hae the charms o' yon wild, mossy moors;
For there, by a lanely, and sequester'd stream,
Resides a sweet lassie, my thought and my dream.

Amang thae wild mountains shall still be my path,
Ilk stream foaming down its ain green, narrow strath;
For there, wi' my lassie, the day lang I rove,
While o'er us unheeded, flie the swift hours o' love.

She is not the fairest, altho' she is fair;
O' nice education but sma' is her share;
Her parentage humble as humble can be;
But I lo'e the dear lassie because she lo'es me.*

To beauty what man but maun yield him a prize,
In her armour of glances, and blushes, and sighs;
And when wit and refinement ha'e polish'd her darts,
They dazzle our een, as they fly to our hearts.

But kindness, sweet kindness, in the fond sparkling
e'e,
Has lustre outshining the diamond to me;
And the heart-beating love, as I'm clasp'd in her
arms,
O, these are my lassie's all-conquering charms!

* "I love my love because I know my love loves me."
Maid in Bedlam.

IT IS NA, JEAN, THY BONIE FACE.

THESE were originally English verses:—I gave them their Scotch dress.

It is na, Jean, thy bonie face,
Nor shape that I admire,
Altho' thy beauty and thy grace
Might weel awauk desire.
Something in ilka part o' thee
To praise, to love, I find;
But dear as is thy form to me,
Still dearer is thy mind.

Nae mair ungen'rous wish I hae,
Nor stronger in my breast,
Than, if I canna mak thee sae,
At least to see thee blest.
Content am I, if heaven shall give
But happiness to thee:
And as wi' thee I'd wish to live,
For thee I'd bear to die.

EPPIE M'NAB.

THE old song, with this title, has more wit than decency.

WHA IS THAT AT MY BOWER DOOR.

THIS tune is also known by the name of Lass an I come near thee. *The words are mine.*

Wha is that at my bower door?
O wha is it but Findlay;—
Then gae your gate ye'se nae be here!
Indeed maun I, quo' Findlay.
What mak ye sae like a thief?
O come and see, quo' Findlay;—
Before the morn ye'll work mischief;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Gif I rise and let you in?
Let me in, quo' Findlay;—
Ye'll keep me waukin wi' your din;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

In my bower if ye should stay?
Let me stay, quo' Findlay;—
I fear ye'll bide till break o' day;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay.

Here this night if ye remain?
I'll remain, quo' Findlay;—
I dread ye'll learn the gate again;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay;
What may pass within this bower;
Let it pass, quo' Findlay;—
Ye maun conceal 'till your last hour;
Indeed will I, quo' Findlay!*

* Mr. Gilbert Burns told the Editor that this song was suggested to his brother by the '*Auld Man's Address to the Widow*, printed in *Ramsay*'s *Tea Table Miscellany*, which the Poet first heard sung before he had seen that Collection, by a *Jean Wilson*, a silly old widow-woman, then living at Tarbolton, remarkable for the simplicity and *naïveté* of her character, and for singing old Scotch songs with a peculiar energy and earnestness of manner. Having outlived her family, she still retained the form of family worship: and before she sung a hymn, she would gravely give out the first line of the verse as if she had a numerous audience, to the great diversion of her listening neighbours.

THOU ART GANE AWA.

THIS tune is the same with, Haud awa frae me, Donald.

THE TEARS I SHED MUST EVER FALL.

THIS song was composed by Miss Cranston.— It wanted four lines to make all the stanzas suit the music, which I added, and are the four first of the last stanza.*

The tears I shed must ever fall;
I weep not for an absent swain,
For time can past delights recal,
And parted lovers meet again.
I weep not for the silent dead,
Their toils are past, their sorrows o'er,
And these they lov'd their steps shall tread,
And death shall join to part no more.

* This lady is now married to Professor Dugald Stewart, of Edinburgh.

Though boundless oceans roll between,
If certain that his heart is near,
A conscious transport glads the scene,
Soft is the sigh and sweet the tear.
Ev'n when by death's cold hand remov'd,
We mourn the tenant of the tomb;
To think that ev'n in death he lov'd
Can cheer the terrors of the gloom.

But bitter, bitter is the tear
Of her who slighted love bewails,
No hopes her gloomy prospect cheer,
No pleasing melancholy hails.
Her's are the pangs of wounded pride,
Of blasted hope, and wither'd joy:
The prop she lean'd on pierc'd her side,
The flame she fed burns to destroy.

In vain does memory renew
The scenes once ting'd in transport's dye;
The sad reverse soon meets the view,
And turns the thought to agony.
Ev'n conscious virtue cannot cure
The pang to ev'ry feeling due;
Ungen'rous youth, thy boast how poor,
To steal a heart, and break it too!

No cold approach, no alter'd mien,
Just what would make suspicion start;
No pause the dire extremes between,
He made me blest—and broke my heart!
Hope from its only anchor torn,
Neglected and neglecting all,
Friendless, forsaken, and forlorn,
The tears I shed must ever fall.

THE BONIE WEE THING.

COMPOSED on my little idol, "The charming, lovely Davies."

Bonie wee thing, canie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing was thou mine;
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.

Wishfully I look and languish,
In that bonie face of thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.

Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty,
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!

Bonie wee thing, &c.

THE TITHER MORN.

THIS tune is originally from the Highlands.—I have heard a Gaelic song to it, which I was told was very clever, but not by any means a lady's song.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT FOR THE DEATH OF HER SON.

Tune—FINLAYSTON HOUSE.

THIS most beautiful tune is, I think, the happiest composition of that bard-born genius, John Riddel, of the family of Glencarnock, at Ayr.—The words

were composed to commemorate the much lamented, and premature death of James Ferguson, Esq. jun. of Craigdarroch.

Fate gave the word, the arrow sped,
And pierc'd my darling's heart;
And with him all the joys are fled
Life can to me impart.
By cruel hands the sapling drops,
In dust dishonour'd laid:
So fell the pride of all my hopes,
My age's future shade.

The mother linnet in the brake
Bewails her ravish'd young;
So I, for my lost darling's sake,
Lament the live-day long.
Death, oft I've fear'd thy fatal blow,
Now, fond, I bare my breast,
O, do thou kindly lay me low,
With him I love, at rest!

DAINTIE DAVIE.

THIS song, tradition says, and the composition itself confirms it, was composed on the Rev. David Williamson's getting the daughter of Lady Cherry-trees with child, while a party of dragoons were

searching her house to apprehend him for being an adherent to the solemn league and covenant.—The pious woman had put a lady's night-cap on him, and had laid him a-bed with her own daughter, and passed him to the soldiery as a lady, her daughter's bed-fellow.—A mutilated stanza or two are to be found in Herd's collection, *but the original song consists of five or six stanzas, and were their* delicacy *equal to their* wit *and* humor, *they would merit a place in any collection.—The first stanza is,—*

Being pursued by the dragoons,
Within my bed he was laid down;
And well I wat he was worth his room,
For he was my daintie Davie.

Ramsay's song, Luckie Nansie, *though he calls it an old song with additions, seems to be all his own, except the chorus, which I should conjecture to be part of a song, prior to the affair of Williamson.**

* The Editor has been honoured with the following communication respecting this song from Lord Woodhouselee.

"I have reason to believe that no part of the words of this song was written by Ramsay. I have been informed by good authority, that the words, as printed in Ramsay's Collection, were written by the Hon. Duncan Forbes, Lord President of the Court of Session. The words of another Scots air, which have much merit, '*Merry may the Maid be that marries the Miller,*' were written by Sir John Clerk, of Pennicuik, Baron of Exchequer in Scotland."

LUCKY NANSIE.

While fops in soft Italian verse,
Ilk fair ane's een and breast rehearse,
While sangs abound and scene is scarce,
These lines I have indited:
But neither darts nor arrows here,
Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
And yet with these fine sounds I swear,
The maidens are delited.

I was ay telling you
Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,
Auld springs wad ding the new,
But ye wad never trow me.

Nor snaw with crimson will I mix,
To spread upon my lassie's cheeks;
And syne th' unmeaning name prefix,
Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
I'll fetch nae simile frae Jove,
My height of extasy to prove,
Nor sighing,—thus—present my love
With roses eke and lilies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

But stay,—I had amaist forgot
My mistress and my sang to boot,
And that's an unco' faut I wate:
  But Nansy, 'tis nae matter.
Ye see I clink my verse wi' rhime,
And ken ye, that atones the crime;
Forby, how sweet my numbers chime,
  And slide away like water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken, my reverend sonsy fair,
Thy runkled cheeks and lyart hair,
Thy haff shut een and hodling air,
  Are a' my passion's fewel.
Nae skyring gowk, my dear, can see,
Or love, or grace, or heaven in thee;
Yet thou hast charms anew for me,
  Then smile, and be na cruel.

Leez me on thy snawy pow,
Lucky Nansy, Lucky Nansy,
Dryest wood will eithest low,
And Nansy sae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the sang to you,
Which ne'er anither bard wad do;

Hear then my charitable vow,
Dear venerable Nansy,
But if the warld my passion wrang,
And say, ye only live in sang,
Ken I despise a sland'ring tongue,
And sing to please my fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

BOB O' DUMBLANE.

RAMSAY, as usual, has modernized this song. The original, which I learned on the spot, from my old hostess in the principal inn there is—

Lassie, lend me your braw hemp heckle,
And I'll lend you my thripplin-kame;
My heckle is broken, it canna be gotten,
And we'll gae dance the bob o' Dumblane.

Twa gaed to the wood, to the wood, to the wood,
Twa gaed to the wood—three came hame;
An' it be na weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
An' it be na weel bobbit, we'll bob it again.

I insert this song to introduce the following anecdote, which I have heard well authenticated. In the evening of the day of the battle of Dumblane (Sheriff Muir) when the action was over, a Scots officer in Argyle's army observed to his Grace, that he was afraid the rebels would give out to the world that they *had gotten the victory.—"Weel, weel," returned his Grace, alluding to the foregoing ballad, "if they think it be nae weel bobbit, we'll bob it again."*

THE following original Letter of Burns affords an additional proof of the interest which the Poet took in the ancient Minstrelsy of the West of Scotland.—Many compositions of this description he rescued from oblivion, and sent them to the *Scots Musical Museum*, and it appears to have been his design to recover all which were worthy of preservation. Several of them underwent his correction and emendation, as the subjoined unpublished extract from one of his letters will testify.—"The songs marked Z in the *Museum*, I have given to the world as old verses to their respective tunes; but, in fact, of a good many of them little more than the chorus is ancient, though there is no reason for telling every body this piece of intelligence."

To William Tytler, Esq. of Woodhouselee.

Sir,

Inclosed I have sent you a sample of the old pieces that are still to be found among our peasantry in the West.—I had once a great many of these frag-

ments, and some of these here entire; but as I had no idea then that any body cared for them, I have forgotten them. I invariably hold it sacrilege to add any thing of my own to help out with the shattered wrecks of these venerable old compositions; but they have many various readings. If you have not seen these before, I know they will flatter your true old-style Caledonian feelings; at any rate, I am truly happy to have an opportunity of assuring you how sincerely I am,

Revered Sir,

Your gratefully indebted humble servant,

Robert Burns.

Lawn Market, Aug. 1790.

FRAGMENTS.

Tune—WILLIE'S RARE.

Nae birdies sang the mirky hour
  Amang the braes o'Yarrow,
But slumber'd on the dewy boughs
  To wait the waukening morrow.

Where shall I gang, my ain true love,
  Where shall I gang to hide me;
For weel ye ken, i' yere father's bow'r,
  It wad be death to find me.

O go you to yon tavern house,
  An' there count owre your lawin,*
An' if I be a woman true,
  I'll meet you in the dawin'.

* *Lawin*—reckoning.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
An' ay he counted his lawin,
An' ay he drank to her guid health,
Was to meet him in the dawin'.

O he's gone to yon tavern house,
An' counted owre his lawin,
When in there cam' three armed men,
To meet him in the dawin'.

O, woe be unto woman's wit,
It has beguiled many!
She promised to come hersel'
But she sent three men to slay me!

* * *

Get up, get up, now sister Ann,
I fear we've wrought you sorrow;
Get up, ye'll find your true love slain,
Among the banks of Yarrow.

She sought him east, she sought him west,
She sought him braid and narrow,
'Till in the clintin of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

She's ta'en three links of her yellow hair,
That hung down lang and yellow,
And she's tied it about sweet Willie's waist,
An' drawn him out of Yarrow.

* * *

I made my love a suit of clothes,
I clad him all in tartan,
But ere the morning sun arose
He was a' bluid to the gartan.

* * *

Cetera desunt.

ROB ROY.

Tune—A RUDE SET OF MILL MILL O

Rob Roy from the Highlands cam
  Unto the Lawlan' border,
To steal awa a gay ladie,
  To haud his house in order:
He cam owre the lock o' Lynn,
  Twenty men his arms did carry;
Himsel gaed in an' fand her out,
  Protesting he would marry.

O will ye gae wi' me, he says,
  Or will ye be my honey;
Or will ye be my wedded wife,
  For I love you best of any:
I winna gae wi' you, she says,
  Nor will I be your honey;
Nor will I be your wedded wife,
  You love me for my money.

* * *

But he set her on a coal-black steed,
Himsel lap on behind her;
An' he's awa to the Highland hills,
Whare her frien's they canna find her.

[The song went on to narrate the forcing her to bed; when the tnne changes to something like "Jenny dang the weaver."]

* * *

Rob Roy was my father ca'd,
Macgregor was his name, ladie;
He led a band o' heroes bauld,
An' I am here the same ladie.
Be content, be content,
Be content to stay, ladie;
For thou art my wedded wife
Until thy dying day, ladie.

He was a hedge unto his frien's,
A heckle to his foes, ladie;
Every one that durst him wrang,
He took him by the nose, ladie.

I'm as bold, I'm as bold,
I'm as bold, an' more, ladie;
He that daurs dispute my word
Shall feel my guid claymore, lady.*

* The history of Rob Roy the reader may find at great length in Maclaurin's Criminal Trials. He was the son of the Rob Roy Macgregor who figures in the Rebellion, 1715. The short account of him is this. He was outlawed by sentence of the Court of Justiciary in Scotland, in 1736, for not appearing to stand trial for the murder of a man of the name of Maclaren. In this state of outlawry, he formed the mad and desperate project of carrying off and forcibly accomplishing a marriage with Jane Key, heiress of Edinbelly, and thus getting possession of her estate. He and his brother James Macgregor, at the head of a band of armed ruffians, entered her mother's house, dragged her out, and tying her, hand and foot with ropes, laid her across a horse, and brought her in this situation to the house of one of their clan, in a wild and sequestered part of the mountains of Argyleshire; where, after some show of a marriage ceremony, she was put to bed, and forcibly compelled to submit to his embraces.

On a discovery of the place of her concealment she was rescued by her relations, and Rob Roy, and his brother James, were tried capitally for the crime. James made his escape from prison before sentence, was outlawed in consequence, and some years afterwards obtained a pardon. Rob Roy was condemned and executed, February, 1753.

BONNIE DUNDEE.*

O whare gat ye that hauver-meal bannock,
O silly blind bodie, O dinna ye see!
I got it frae a sodger laddie,
Between Saint Johnstone and bonnie Dundee.
O gin I saw the laddie that gae me't!
Aft has he doudl'd me on his knee:
May heav'n protect my bonnie Scotch laddie,
And sen' him safe hame to his babie and me!

---

* This song was accompanied by the following laconic epistle.

"Dear Cleghorn,

"You will see by the above that I have added a stanza to 'Bonnie Dundee:' If you think it will do, you may set it agoing

'Upon a ten-string instrument
'And on the Psaltery——'

R. B.

"Mr. Cleghorn,
"Farmer—God bless the trade."

May blessins light on thy sweet, wee lippie!
  May blessins light on thy bonnie ee-bree!
Thou smiles sae like my sodger laddie,
  Thou's dearer, dearer ay to me!
But I'll big a bow'r on yon bonnie banks,
  Whare Tay rins wimplan by sae clear;
An' I'll cleed thee in the tartan fine,
  An' mak thee a man like thy daddie dear!

YOUNG HYNHORN.

(To its own Tune.)

Near Edinburgh was a young son born,
Hey lilelu an' a how low lan',
An' his name it was called young Hynhorn,
An' its hey down down deedle airo.

Seven long years he served the king,
Hey, &c.
An' it's a' for the sake of his daughter Jean.
An' it's hey, &c.

The king an angry man was he,
He send young Hynhorn to the sea.

* * *

An' on his finger she put a ring.

* * *

When your ring turns pale and wan,
Then I'm in love wi' another man.

* * *

Upon a day he look'd at his ring,
It was as pale as any thing.

He's left the sea, an' he's come to the lan',
An' there he met an auld beggar man.

What news, what news, my auld beggar man,
What news, what news by sea or by lan'.

Nae news, nae news, the auld beggar said,
But the king's dochter Jean is going to be wed.

Cast aff, cast aff thy auld beggar-weed,
An' I'll gie thee my gude gray steed.

* * *

When he cam to our guid king's yet,
He sought a glass o' wine for young Hynhorn's sake.

He drank out the wine an' he put in the ring,
An' he bade them carry't to the king's dochter Jean.

* * *

O gat ye't by sea, or gat ye't by lan',
Or gat ye't aff a dead man's han'?

I gat na't by sea, I gat na't by lan',
But I gat it out of your own han'.

* * *

Go take away my bridal gown,
An' I'll follow him frae town to town.

Ye need na leave your bridal gown,
For I'll make ye ladie o' mony a town.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the house are sleeping,
I think on the bonie lad
That has my heart a keeping.
When I sleep I dream,
When I wauk I'm eirie;
Sleep I canna get,
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,
A' the house are sleeping,
I think on my bonie lad,
An I bleer my een wi' greetin!
Ay wauken, O, wauken ay and wearie!
Sleep I canna get, for thinkin o' my dearie.

STANZA OF AN OLD SONG.

Tune—Bonnie Dundee.

Ye're like to the timmer o' yon rotten wood,
Ye're like to the bark o' yon rotten tree;
Ye slip frae me like a knotless thread,
An' ye'll crack your credit wi' mae than me.

AMONG the MS. papers of Burns, that fell into the hands of the Editor, was one containing memoranda of Songs that he intended to illustrate with his remarks. In the number are noticed the fine ballad of '*Donocht Head*,' and also the ballad of '*Watty and Meg*.' As the first is but little known in England, and the other not known at all, though it is so popular in Scotland, the Editor avails himself of the present opportunity to present them to his readers.

DONOCHT-HEAD.

Tune—GORDON CASTLE.

Keen blaws the wind o'er Donocht-Head,*
The snaw drives snelly thro' the dale,
The Gaberlunzie tirls my sneck,
And shivering tells his waefu' tale.
" Cauld is the night, O let me in,
" And dinna let your minstrel fa',
" And dinna let his windin-sheet
" Be naething but a wreath o' snaw!

* A mountain in the North.

" Full ninety winters hae I seen,
" And pip'd where gor-cocks whirring flew,
" And mony a day ye've danc'd, I ween,
" To lilts which frae my drone I blew."
My Eppie wak'd, and soon she cry'd,
" Get up, Guidman, and let him in;
" For weel ye ken the winter night
" Was short when he began his din."

My Eppie's voice, O wow it's sweet!
E'en tho' she bans and scaulds awee;
But when it's tun'd to sorrow's tale,
O haith, it's doubly dear to me!
Come in, auld Carl! I'll steer my fire,
I'll mak it bleeze a bonie flame;
Your blude is thin, ye've tint the gate,
Ye should na stray sae far frae hame.

" Nae hame have I," the minstrel said,
" Sad party strife o'erturn'd my ha';
" And, weeping at the eve o' life,
" I wander thro' a wreath o' snaw.*

* * * *

* This affecting poem was long attributed to Burns. He thus remarks on it. " *Donocht-Head* is not mine: I would give ten pounds it were. It appeared first in the Edinburgh Herald; and came to the editor of that paper with the Newcastle post-mark on it."

WATTY AND MEG.

THE reader is here presented with an exquisite picture from low life, drawn with all the fidelity and exactness of Teniers, or Ostade, and enlivened with the humour of Hogarth. The story excites as much interest as if it had been written in a dramatic form, and really represented. The interest heightens as it proceeds, and is supported with wonderful spirit to the close of the poem.

It must have been in no small degree gratifying to the feelings of the author, who published it anonymously, that during a rapid sale of seven or eight editions, the public universally ascribed it to the pen of Burns. The author of 'Will and Jean,' or 'Scotland's Scaith," had the candour to acknowledge to the Editor that he was indebted to this exquisite poem for the foundation of that popular performance.

WATTY AND MEG;*

OR THE

WIFE REFORMED.

BY ALEXANDER WILSON.

We dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake.—POPE.

Keen the frosty winds war blawin',
Deep the snaw had wreath'd the ploughs,
Watty, weary'd a' day sawin',†
Daunert down to Mungo Blue's.

* The following sketch of the life of the author of this striking performance has been communicated in the most obliging manner, by Mr. James Brown, manufacturer, at Paisley:

"Alexander Wilson, author of Watty and Meg, was born at Paisley, in the year 1766. His father, intending him for the medical profession, gave him as good an education as his trade of a weaver would allow. He, however, entered into a second marriage, which put an end to this scheme, unfortunately for young

† Sawing timber.

Dryster Jock was sitting cracky,
Wi' Pate Tamson o' the Hill,
" Come awa'," quo' Johnny, " Watty!
" Haith! we'se ha'e anither gill."

Watty, glad to see Jock Jabos,
And sae mony nei'bours roun',
Kicket frae his shoon the sna' ba's,
Syne ayont the fire sat down.

---

young Wilson, who at the age of thirteen was put to the loom. After an apprenticeship of five years, he became his own master; but his eager passion for reading poetry and novels, absorbed most of his time, and left him in a state of constant penury. In the year 1786 he gave up his occupation, and travelled the country as a pedlar. In 1790 he settled again in Paisley, and published a volume of poems and a journal of his excursions, which meeting with poor success, involved him further in pecuniary difficulties. He again returned to the loom; but his favourite literary pursuits still engrossed his attention, and the society of the young and thoughtless of his own age consumed his time and exhausted his means of support.

Soon after the publication of his poems he became the dupe of a worthless fellow, who had been vainly endeavouring to sell them, and who persuaded him to write a satire, with a view to relieve himself from his embarrassments. The poem being on a popular subject, sold rapidly; but his friend's advice led him beyond the safe bounds of satire, and he incurred a prosecution, by

Owre a boord, wi' bannocks heapet,
Cheese, an' stoups, an' glasses stood;
Some war roarin', ithers sleepit,
Ithers quietly chewt their cude.

Jock was sellin' Pate some tallow,
A' the rest a racket hel',
A' but Watty, wha, poor fallow,
Sat and smoket by himsel'.

---

by which he suffered severely. The remembrance of this misfortune dwelt upon his mind, and rendered him dissatisfied with his country.

Another cause of Wilson's dejection was the rising fame of Burns, and the indifference of the public to his own productions. He may be said to have envied the Ayrshire bard, and to this envy may be attributed his best production, "Watty and Meg," which he wrote at Edinburgh in 1793. He sent it to Nielson, printer, at Paisley, who had suffered by the publication of his former poems. As it was, by the advice of his friends, published anonymously, it was generally ascribed to Burns, and went rapidly through seven or eight editions. Wilson, however, shared no part of the profits, willing to compensate for the former losses his publisher had sustained.

Tired of a country in which the efforts of his genius had been rendered abortive by juvenile indiscretions, and apprehensive that these might operate as a bar to his future advancement, he resolved in the year 1794 or 1795 to embark for America, which his

Mungo fill'd him up a toothfu',
Drank his health and Meg's in ane;
Watty, puffin' out a mouthfu',
Pledg'd him wi' a dreary grane.

"What's the matter, Watty, wi' you?
"Trouth your chafts are fa'ing in!
"Something's wrang—I'm vext to see you—
"Gudesake! but ye're desp'rate thin!"

---

his warm fancy and independent spirit had taught him to regard as the land of liberty. To procure money for his passage he laboured with incessant industry, and having accumulated a sufficient sum, he took his departure. He settled in the state of Pennsylvania, where he remained four or five years as a teacher, and was afterwards employed for about the same length of time as a land surveyor. He then became connected with Mr. Samuel Bradford, bookseller and stationer, of Philadelphia, in the capacity of editor. He is now engaged in an extensive work entitled, "American Ornithology." In pursuit of subjects for this performance he has actually traversed a great part of the United States, and has been enabled to pursue his favourite diversion of shooting. He kills the birds, draws their figures, and describes them.

The following poetical description of the *Blue Bird* presents a very animated and pleasing picture of American scenery and seasons, while the slight tincture of Scottish expression which here and there appears adds to the naïveté of the diction.

" Aye," quo' Watty, " things are alter'd,
" But it's past redemption now,
" O! I wish I had been halter'd
" When I marry'd Maggy Howe!

" I've been poor, and vext, and raggy,
" Try'd wi' troubles no that sma';
" Them I bore—but marrying Maggy
" Laid the cape-stane o' them a'.

ON THE BLUE BIRD.

When winter's cold tempests and snows are no more,
Green meadows and brown-furrow'd lands re-appearing:
The fishermen hauling their shad to the shore,
And cloud-cleaving geese to the lakes are a-steering,
When first the lone butterfly flits on the wing,
When red glow the maples, so fresh and so pleasing,
O then comes the blue-bird, the herald of spring,
And hails with his warblings the charms of the season.

Then loud piping frogs make the marshes to ring,
Then warm glows the sunshine, and fine is the weather,
The blue woodland flowers just beginning to spring,
And spicewood and sassafras budding together;
O then to your gardens, ye housewives, repair,
Your walks border up, sow and plant at your leisure,
The blue-bird will chant from his box such an air,
That all your hard toils will seem truly a pleasure.

He

" Night and day she's ever yelpin',
" Wi' the weans she ne'er can gree;
" Whan she's tir'd wi' perfect skelpin',
" Then she flees like fire on me.

" See ye, Mungo! when she'll clash on
" Wi' her everlasting clack,
" Whiles I've had my nieve, in passion,
" Liftet up to break her back!"

He flits through the orchard, he visits each tree,
The red flowering peach, and the apples' sweet blossoms,
He snaps up destroyers wherever they be,
And seizes the caitiffs that lurk in their bosoms;
He drags the vile grub from the corn it devours,
The worms from their beds, where they riot and welter,
His song and his services freely are ours,
And all that he asks is in summer a shelter.

The ploughman is pleased when he gleans in his train,
Now searching the furrows, now mounting to cheer him
The gardener delights in his sweet simple strain,
And leans on his spade to survey and to hear him;
The slow ling'ring school-boys forget they'll be chid,
While gazing intent as he warbles before 'em,
In mantle of sky blue, and bosom so red,
That each little loiterer seems to adore him.

When

'O! for gudesake, keep frae cuffets!'
Mungo shook his head and said,
'Weel I ken what sort o' life it's;
'Ken ye, Watty, how I did?

'After Bess and I war kippl'd,
'Soon she grew like ony bear,
'Brak' my shins, and, when I tippl'd,
'Harl'd out my very hair!

When all the gay scenes of the summer are o'er,
And autumn slow enters, so silent and sallow,
And millions of warblers that charm'd us before
Have fled in the train of the sun-seeking swallow;
The blue-bird forsaken, yet true to his home,
Still lingers and looks for a milder to-morrow,
'Till forc'd by the horrors of winter to roam,
He sings his adieu in a lone note of sorrow.

While spring's lovely season, serene, dewy, warm,
The green face of earth, and the pure blue of heaven,
Or love's native music have influence to charm,
Or sympathy's glow to our feelings are given;
Still dear to each bosom the blue-bird shall be,
His voice like the thrillings of hope is a treasure,
For thro' bleakest storms, if a calm he but see,
He comes to remind us of sunshine and pleasure.

'For a *wee* I quietly knuckl'd,
'But whan naething wad prevail,
'Up my claes and cash I buckl'd,
'*Bess! for ever fare ye weel.*

'Then her din grew less and less ay,
'Haith I gart her change her tune:
'Now a better wife than Bessy
'Never stept in leather shoon.

'Try this, Watty.—Whan ye see her
'Ragin' like a roarin' flood,
'Swear *that moment* that ye'll lea' her;
'That's the way to keep her gude.'

Laughing, sangs, and lasses' skirls,
Echo'd now out thro' the roof,
DONE! quo' Pate, and syne his arls
Nail'd the Dryster's wauket loof.

I' the thrang o' stories telling,
Shaking han's, and joking queer,
Swith! a chap comes on the hallan,
"Mungo! is our Watty here?"

Maggy's weel-kent tongue and hurry,
Dartet thro' him like a knife,
Up the door flew—like a fury,
In came Watty's scaulin' wife.

" Nesty, gude-for-naething being!
" O ye snuffy drucken sow!
" Bringin' wife an' weans to ruin,
" Drinkin' here wi' sic a crew!

" Devil nor your legs war broken!
" Sic a life nae flesh endures—
" Toilin' like a slave, to sloken
" You, ye dyvor, and your 'hores!

" Rise! ye drucken beast o' Bethel!
" Drink's your night and day's desire:
" Rise, this precious hour! or faith I'll
" Fling your whisky i' the fire!"

Watty heard her tongue unhallow'd,
Pay'd his groat wi' little din,
Left the house, while Maggy fallow'd,
Flyting a' the road behin'.

Fowk frae every door cam' lampin',
Maggy curst them ane and a',
Clappit wi' her han's, and stampin',
Lost her bauchels i' the sna'.

Hame, at length, she turn'd the gavel,
Wi' a face as white's a clout,
Ragin' like a very devil,
Kicken stools and chairs about.

" Ye'll sit wi' your limmers round you!
" Hang you, Sir! I'll be your death!
" Little hauds my han's confound you!
" But I cleave you to the teeth."

Watty, wha midst this oration
Ey'd her whiles, but durstna speak,
Sat like patient Resignation
Trem'ling by the ingle cheek.

Sad his wee drap brose he sippet,
Maggy's tongue gaed like a bell,
Quietly to his bed he slippet,
Sighin' af'n to himsel'.

" Nane are free frae *some* vexation,
" Ilk ane has his ills to dree;
" But thro' a' the hale creation
" Is a mortal vext like me!"

A' night lang he rowt and gauntet,
Sleep or rest he cou'dna tak;
Maggy, aft wi' horror hauntet,
Mum'lin' startet at his back.

Soon as e'er the morning peepet,
Up raise Watty, waefu' chiel,
Kiss'd his weanies while they sleepet,
Wakent Meg, and saught fareweel.

" Fareweel, Meg!—And, O! may Heav'n
" Keep you ay within his care:
" Watty's heart ye've lang been grievin',
" Now he'll never fash you mair.

" Happy cou'd I been beside you,
" Happy baith at morn and e'en:
" A' the ills did e'er betide you,
" Watty ay turn'd out your frien'.

" But ye ever like to see me
" Vext and sighin', late and air.—
" Fareweel, Meg! I've sworn to lea' thee,
" So thou'll never see me mair."

Meg a' sabbin', sae to lose him,
Sic a change had never wist,
Held his han' close to her bosom,
While her heart was like to burst.

" O my Watty, will ye lea' me,
" Frien'less, helpless, to despair!
" O! for this ae time forgi'e me:
" Never will I vex you mair."

" Aye, ye've aft said *that*, and broken
" A' your vows ten times a-week.
" No, no, Meg! See!—there's a token
" Glitt'ring on my bonnet cheek.

" Owre the seas I march this morning,
" Listet, testet, sworn an' a',
" Forc'd by your confounded girning;
" Fareweel, Meg! for I'm awa."

Then poor Maggy's tears and clamour
Gusht afresh, and louder grew,
While the weans, wi' mournfu' yaumer
Round their sabbin' mother flew.

" Thro' the yirth I'll wauner wi' you—
" Stay, O Watty! stay at hame;
" Here upo' my knees I'll gi'e you
" Ony vow ye like to name.

" See your poor young lammies pleadin',
" Will ye gang an' break our heart?
" No a *house* to put our head in!
" No a *frien'* to take our part."

Ilka word came like a bullet,
Watty's heart begoud to shake;
On a kist he laid his wallet,
Dightet baith his een and spake.

" If ance mair I cou'd by writing,
" Lea' the sodgers and stay still,
" Wad you swear to drap your flyting?"
" Yes, O Watty! yes, I will!"

" Then," quo' Watty, " mind, be honest:
" Ay to keep your temper strive;
" Gin ye break this dreadfu' promise,
" Never mair expect to thrive.

" Marget Howe! this hour ye solemn
" Swear by every thing that's gude
" Ne'er again your spouse to scaul' him,
" While life warms your heart and blood:

" That ye'll ne'er in Mungo's seek me,—
" Ne'er put *drucken* to my name—
" Never out at e'ening steek me—
" Never gloom when I come hame:

" That ye'll ne'er, like Bessy Miller,
" Kick my shins, or rug my hair—
" Lastly, *I'm to keep the siller*,
" This upo' your saul ye swear?

" Oh!"—quo' Meg, " Aweel," quo' Watty,
" Fareweel!—faith I'll try the seas."
" O stan' still," quo' Meg, and grat ay;
" Ony, ony way ye please."

Maggy syne, because he prest her,
Swore to a' thing owre again:
Watty lap, and danc'd and kiss'd her;
Wow! but he was won'rous fain.

Down he threw his staff victorious;
Aff gaed bonnet, claes, and shoon;
Syne aneath the blankets, glorious!
Held anither Hinny-Moon.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS;

OR,

LOVE AND LIBERTY:

A CANTATA.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

THIS spirited and humorous effusion fell into the hands of the Editor while engaged in collecting the '*Reliques*' of Burns. Notwithstanding its various and striking merits, he was compelled to withhold it from publication by the same motives which induced Dr. Currie to suppress it; but in so doing he has, to his surprise, incurred censure instead of approbation. Mr. Walter Scott, in an elaborate essay on the Genius of Burns, has thought proper to introduce the following remarks :—

" Yet applauding, as we do most highly applaud, the leading principles of Dr. Currie's selection, we are aware that they sometimes led him into fastidious and over-delicate rejection of the bard's most spirited and happy effusions. A thin octavo, published at Glasgow in 1801, under the title of ' Poems ascribed to Robert Burns, the Ayrshire bard,' furnishes valuable proofs of this assertion. It contains, among a good deal of rubbish, some of his most brilliant poetry. A cantata in particular, called The Jolly Beggars, for humorous de-

scription and nice discrimination of character, is inferior to no poem of the same length in the whole range of English poetry. The scene, indeed, is laid in the very lowest department of low life, the actors being a set of strolling vagrants, met to carouse, and barter their rags and plunder for liquor in a hedge ale-house. Yet even in describing the movements of such a group, the native taste of the poet has never suffered his pen to slide into any thing coarse or disgusting. The extravagant glee and outrageous frolic of the beggars are ridiculously contrasted with their maimed limbs, rags, and crutches—the sordid and squalid circumstances of their appearance are judiciously thrown into the shade. Nor is the art of the poet less conspicuous in the individual figures, than in the general mass. The festive vagrants are distinguished from each other by personal appearance and character, as much as any fortuitous assembly in the higher orders of life. The group, it must be observed, is of Scottish character, and doubtless our northern brethren* are more familiar with its varieties than we are: yet the distinctions are too well marked to escape even the South'ron. The most

*'Our northern *brethren.*' In order to preserve consistency, Mr. Scott is obliged to disclaim his country, and to resort to a *ruse de guerre,* for the purpose of misleading his readers. To what humiliating shifts must a man stoop who lets out his pen for hire. He appears here like a Scotchman at a masquerade, endeavouring to support an English character; "His speech bewrayeth him."

prominent persons are a maimed soldier and his female companion, a hackneyed follower of the camp, a stroller, late the consort of an Highland ketterer or sturdy beggar,—'but weary fa' the waefu' woodie!'—Being now at liberty, she becomes an object of rivalry between a 'pigmy scraper with his fiddle' and a strolling tinker. The latter, a desperate bandit, like most of his profession, terrifies the musician out of the field, and is preferred by the damsel of course. A wandering ballad-singer, with a brace of doxies, is last introduced upon the stage. Each of these mendicants sings a song in character, and such a collection of humorous lyrics, connected by vivid poetical description, is not, perhaps, to be paralleled in the English language. —As the collection and the poem are very little known in England, we transcribe the concluding ditty, chaunted by the ballad-singer at the request of the company, whose 'mirth and fun have now grown fast and furious,' and set them above all sublunary terrors of jails, stocks, and whipping-posts. It is certainly far superior to any thing in the Beggars' Opera, where alone we could expect to find its parallel.

"We are at a loss to conceive any good reason why Dr. Currie did not introduce this singular and humorous cantata into his collection. It is true, that in one or two passages the muse has trespassed slightly upon decorum, where, in the language of Scottish song,

"High kilted was she,
"As she gaed owre the lea."

Something, however, is to be allowed to the nature of the subject, and something to the education of the poet: and if from veneration to the names of Swift and Dryden, we tolerate the grossness of the one, and the indelicacy of the other, the respect due to that of Burns, may surely claim indulgence for a few light strokes of broad humour. The same collection contains 'Holy Willie's Prayer,' a piece of satire more exquisitely severe than any which Burns afterwards wrote, but unfortunately cast in a form too daringly profane to be received into Dr. Currie's Collection.

"Knowing that these, and hoping that other compositions of similar spirit and tenor might yet be recovered, we were induced to think that some of them, at least, had found a place in the collection given to the public by Mr. Cromek. But he has neither risqued the censure, nor laid claim to the applause, which might have belonged to such an undertaking."

A critique so highly commendatory, from the pen of one whose judgment in poetical matters is of great authority, must have excited the curiosity of the public with respect to the poem, and may avail as a licence for its insertion here. The Editor, however, must avow, that he still feels the full force of his former scruples, and that he waves them only in deference

to the general respect which is paid to the opinion of so eminent a critic.

At the same time, it is a matter of satisfaction to him to find a resting place for this genuine offspring of the Muse of Burns, which has long been wandering uncertain of a home, and has often appeared with other pieces of inferior merit, erroneously ascribed to him.

THE JOLLY BEGGARS.*

RECITATIVO.

When lyart leaves bestrow the yird,
Or wavering like the Bauckie-bird,
Bedim cauld Boreas' blast;
When hailstanes drive wi' bitter skyte,
And infant frosts begin to bite,
In hoary cranreuch drest;
Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Posie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies:

---

* The present copy is printed from a MS. by Burns, in 4to, belonging to Mr. T. Stewart, of Greenock. This gentleman first introduced it to the public.—*Ed.*

Wi' quaffing, and laughing,
They ranted an' they sang;
Wi' jumping an' thumping,
The vera girdle rang.

First, neist the fire, in auld, red rags,
Ane sat; weel brac'd wi' mealy bags,
And knapsack a' in order;
His doxy lay within his arm,
Wi' *usquebae* an' blankets warm,
She blinket on her sodger:
An' ay he gies the tozie drab
The tither skelpan kiss,
While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an aumous dish:
Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Just like a cadger's whip;
Then staggering, an' swaggering,
He roar'd this ditty up—

AIR.

Tune—Soldier's Joy.

I.

I am a son of Mars, who have been in many wars,
And shew my cuts and scars wherever I come;

This here was for a wench, and that other in a trench,
When welcoming the French at the sound of the drum.

Lal de daudle, &c.

II.

My prenticeship I past where my *leader* breath'd his last,
When the bloody die was cast on the heights of *Abram;*
I served out my *trade* when the gallant *game* was play'd,
And the *Moro* low was laid at the sound of the drum.

III.

I lastly was with Curtis, among the *floating batt'ries,*
And there I left for witness, an arm and a limb;
Yet let my country need me, with *Elliot* to head me,
I'd clatter on my stumps at the sound of a drum.

IV.

And now tho' I must beg, with a wooden arm and leg,
And many a tatter'd rag hanging over my bum,

I'm as happy with my wallet, my bottle and my callet,*
As when I us'd in scarlet to follow a drum.

V.

What tho', with hoary locks, I must stand the winter shocks,
Beneath the woods and rocks oftentimes for a home,
When the tother bag I sell, and the tother bottle tell,
I could meet a troop of hell at the sound of a *drum*.

RECITATIVO.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
An' seek the benmost bore:
A Merry Andrew i' the neuk,
He skirl'd out, *encore!*
But up arose the martial *chuck*,
An' laid the loud uproar.

AIR.

Tune—SODGER LADDIE.

I.

I once was a maid, tho' I cannot tell when,
And still my delight is in proper young men:

* *Callet*, a Soldier's Drab, or Trull.

Some one of a troop of *dragoons* was my daddie,
No wonder I'm fond of a *sodger laddie.*
Sing, *Lal de dal,* &c.

II.

The first of my *loves* was a swaggering blade,
To rattle the thundering drum was his trade;
His leg was so tight and his cheek was so ruddy,
Transported was I with my *sodger laddie.*

III.

But the godly old chaplain left him in the lurch,
The sword I forsook for the sake of the church;
He ventur'd the *soul,* and I risked the *body,*
'Twas then I prov'd false to my *sodger laddie.*

IV.

Full soon I grew sick of my sanctified *sot,*
The regiment at *large* for a *husband* I got;
From the gilded *spontoon* to the *fife* I was ready,
I asked no more but a *sodger laddie.*

V.

But the *peace* it reduc'd me to beg in despair,
Till I met my old boy at a *Cunningham* fair;
His *rags regimental* they flutter'd so gaudy,
My heart it rejoic'd at a *sodger laddie.*

VI.

And now I have lived—I know not how long,
And still I can join in a cup and a song:
But whilst with both hands I can hold the glass steady,
Here's to thee, my *hero*, my *sodger laddie*.
Sing, *Lal de dal*, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Poor Merry Andrew, in the neuk
Sat guzzling wi' a tinkler hizzie;
They mind't na wha the chorus teuk,
Between themsels they were sae busy.
At length wi' drink and courting dizzy,
He stoiter'd up an' made a face;
Then turn'd an' laid a smack on Grizzy,
Syne tun'd his pipes wi' grave grimace.

AIR.

Tune—Auld Sir Simon.

Sir Wisdom's a fool when he's fou,
Sir Knave is a fool in a session;
He's there but a prentice, I trow,
But I am a fool by profession.

My Grannie she bought me a beuk,
An' I held awa to the school;
I fear I my talent misteuk,
But what will ye hae of a fool.

For drink I would venture my neck;
A hizzie's the half of my craft;
But what could ye other expect
Of ane that's avowedly daft.

I ance was ty'd up like a stirk,
For civilly swearing and quaffing;
I ance was abus'd i' the Kirk,
For towzing a lass i' my daffin.

Poor Andrew that tumbles for sport,
Let naebody name wi' a jeer;
There's ev'n, I'm tauld, i' the court,
A *Tumbler* ca'd the *Premier*.

Observ'd ye yon reverend lad
Mak faces to tickle the mob;
He rails at our mountebank squad,
It's *rivalship* just i' the job.

And now my conclusion I'll tell,
For faith I'm confoundedly dry,
The chiel that's a fool for himsel,
Guid L—d, he's far dafter than I.

RECITATIVO.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kent fu' weel to cleek the sterlin';
For mony a pursie she had hooked,
An' had in mony a well been douked:
Her Love had been a *Highland laddie*,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!
Wi' sighs and sobs she thus began
To wail her braw *John Highlandman*.

AIR.

Tune—O AN YE WERE DEAD GUDEMAN.

I.

A highland lad my *love* was born,
The Lalland laws he held in scorn;
But he still was faithfu' to his clan,
My gallant, braw *John Highlandman!*

CHORUS.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman!
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman!
There's not a lad in a' the lan'
Was match for my John Highlandman!

II.

With his philibeg an' tartan plaid,
An' guid claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant, braw *John Highlandman.*
Sing, hey, &c.

III.

We ranged a' from Tweed to Spey,
An' liv'd like lords an' ladies gay;
For a lalland face he feared none,
My gallant, braw *John Highlandman.*
Sing, hey, &c.

IV.

They banish'd him beyond the sea,
But ere the bud was on the tree,
Adown my cheeks the pearls ran,
Embracing my *John Highlandman.*
Sing, hey, &c.

V.

But och! they catch'd him at the last,
And bound him in a dungeon fast;
My curse upon them every one,
They've hang'd my braw *John Highlandman.*
Sing, hey, &c.

VI.

And now a widow I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can,
When I think on *John Highlandman.*
Sing, hey, &c.

RECITATIVO.

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle,
Wha us'd to trystes and fairs to driddle,
Her strappen limb an' gausy middle,
(He reach'd nae higher,)
Had hol'd his *heartie* like a riddle,
An' blawn't on fire.

W' hand on hainch, an' upward e'e,
He croon'd his gamut, *one, two, three,*
Then in an arioso key,
The wee Apollo
Set off wi' *allegretto* glee
His *giga solo.*

AIR.

Tune—WHISTLE OWRE THE LAVE O'T.

Let me ryke up to dight that tear,
An' go wi' me an' be my *dear;*
An' then your every *care* and *fear*
May whistle owre the lave o't.

CHORUS.

I am a fiddler to my trade,
An' a' the tunes that e'er I play'd,
The sweetest still to wife or maid,
Was, whistle owre the lave o't.

II.

At *kirns* an' *weddins* we'se be there,
An' O sae nicely's we will fare!
We'll bowse about till Dadie *Care*
Sing whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

III.

Sae merrily's the banes we'll pyke,
An' sun oursells about the dyke;
An' at our leisure when ye like
We'll—whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

IV.

But bless me wi' your heav'n o' charms,
And while I kittle hair on thairms,
Hunger, cauld, an' a' sic harms
May whistle owre the lave o't.
I am, &c.

RECITATIVO.

Her charms had struck a sturdy *Caird,*
As weel as poor *Gutscraper;*
He taks the fiddler by the beard,
An' draws a roosty rapier—
He swoor by a' was swearing worth,
To speet him like a pliver,
Unless he would from that time forth
Relinquish her for ever:

Wi' ghastly e'e, poor *tweedledee,*
Upon his hunkers bended,
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' grace,
An' so the quarrel ended;
But tho' his little heart did grieve,
When round the *tinker* prest her,
He feign'd to snirtle in his sleeve
When thus the *Caird* address'd her.

AIR.

Tune—CLOUT THE CAUDRON.

I.

My bonie lass I work in brass,
A tinkler is my station;
I've travell'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation;
I've ta'en the *gold*, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd, when off I march'd
To go an' clout the *caudron*.
I've ta'en the gold, &c.

II.

Despise that *shrimp*, that wither'd *imp*,
With a' his noise an' caprin;*
An' take a share with those that bear
The *budget* an' the *apron!*
An' *by* that *stowp!* my faith an' houpe,
An' *by* that dear Kilbaigie!

---

* Var.—

"That monkey face, despise the race,
Wi' a' their noise and cap'ring."

If e'er ye want, or meet with scant,
May I ne'er *weet my craigie.*
An' by that stowp, &c.

RECITATIVO.

The Caird prevail'd—th' unblushing fair
In his embraces sunk;
Partly wi' *love* o'ercome sae sair,
An' partly she was *drunk:*
Sir *Violino,* with an air,
That show'd a man o' spunk,
Wish'd *unison* between the pair,
An' made the bottle clunk
To their health that night.

But hurchin Cupid shot a shaft,
That play'd a *dame* a shavie—
A Sailor
* * *
* * *
Her *lord* a wight o' *Homer*'s* craft,
Tho' limpan wi' the spavie,
He hirpl'd up an' lap like daft,
An' shor'd them *Dainty Davie*
O'boot that night.

* Homer is allowed to be the oldest ballad-singer on record.

He was a care-defying blade,
  As ever Bacchus listed!
Tho' fortune sair upon him laid,
  His *heart* she ever miss'd it:
He had no *wish* but—to be glad,
  Nor *want* but—when he thristed;
He hated nought but—to be sad,
  An' thus the Muse suggested
    His sang that night.

AIR.

Tune—For a' that, an' a' that.

I.

I am a *bard* of no regard
  Wi' gentle-folks, an' a' that;
But *Homer-like*, the glowran byke,
  Frae town to town I draw that.

CHORUS.

For a' that an' a' that,
  An' twice as muckle's a' that,
I've lost but ane, I've twa behin',
  I've wife eneugh *for a' that.*

II.

I never drank the Muses' *stank*,
Castalia's burn an' a' that;
But there it streams, an' richly reams,
My *Helicon* I ca' that.
For a' that, &c.

III.

Great love I bear to all the *Fair*,
Their humble slave, an' a' that;
But lordly *Will*, I hold it still
A mortal sin to thraw that.
For a' that, &c.

IV.

In raptures sweet, this hour we meet,
Wi' mutual love an' a' that;
But for how lang the *flie may stang*,
Let *inclination* law that.
For a' that, &c.

V.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that;
But clear your decks, an' here's *the Sex!*
I like the jads for a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,
An' twice as muckle's a' that,
My dearest bluid, to do them guid,
They're welcome till't for a' that.

RECITATIVO.

So sung the *Bard*—and Nansie's waws
Shook with a thunder of applause
Re-echo'd from each mouth!
They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds,
They scarcely left to coor their fuds,
To quench their lowan drouth.

Then owre again, the jovial thrang,
The poet did request,
To lowse his *pack* an' wale a sang,
A *ballad* o' the best:
He, rising, rejoicing,
Between his *twa Deborahs,*
Looks round him, an' found them*
Impatient for the chorus.

---

* Var.—
Look'd round them, and found them.

AIR.

Tune—JOLLY MORTALS FILL YOUR GLASSES.

I.

See! the smoking bowl before us,
Mark our jovial, ragged ring!
Round and round take up the chorus,
And in raptures let us sing—

CHORUS.

A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's *a glorious feast!*
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest.

II.

What is title, what is treasure,
What is *reputation*'s care?
If we lead a life of pleasure,
'Tis no matter *how* or *where.*
A fig, &c.

III.

With the ready trick and fable,
Round we wander all the day;

And at night, in barn or stable,
Hug our doxies on the hay.

A fig, &c.

IV.

Does the train-attended *carriage*
Thro' the country lighter rove?
Does the sober bed of *marriage*
Witness brighter scenes of love?

A fig, &c.

V.

Life is all a *variorum*,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about *decorum*
Who have character to lose.

A fig, &c.

VI.

Here's to *budgets, bags*, and *wallets!*
Here's to all the wandering train!
Here's our ragged *brats and callets!*
One and all cry out, *Amen!*

A fig for those by law protected,
Liberty's *a glorious feast!*
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priest!

In Mr. Scott's remarks on the 'Jolly Beggars,' the reader will observe that he praises a thin volume published at Glasgow, as containing some of Burns's '*most brilliant* poetry.' — Whatever regard the Editor may have for the judgment of Mr. Walter Scott, he has a still greater respect for the good fame of Robert Burns; and he cannot suffer this erroneous statement to pass without correction. With the exception of the Cantata, and Holy Willie's Prayer, not *one* of the pieces in the volume above-mentioned can be considered as '*brilliant* poetry.' They consist either of rubbish, confessedly not his, or of sallies, of which, in Mr. Scott's own opinion, 'Justice to the living and to the dead, alike demanded the suppression.' It is lamentable to observe, that those effusions which the Bard himself would have consigned to oblivion, have been drawn into public notice by *his own countrymen only;* and (as evil communications seldom fail to corrupt good manners) in consequence of the recommendation here given to this contemptible volume, to this 'skimble-skamble stuff,' the Editor saw it,

with regret, advertised to be printed, and republished by the *Ballantynes* of Edinburgh.

That the reader may properly appreciate Mr. Scott's recommendation of what he is pleased to term 'brilliant poetry,' the following titles and extracts from this volume are inserted.:—

The *Jolly Beggars.*

The *Kirk's Alarm.*—A silly satire on some worthy ministers of the gospel in Ayrshire.

Epistle from a Tailor to Robert Burns.—beginning,

'What waefu' news is this I hear,
Frae greeting I can scarce forbear,
Folk tell me ye're gaun aff this year;
Out owre the sea,
And lasses wham ye lo'e sae dear
Will greet for thee.'

Is this the *Poetry* of Robert Burns?

Then follows what is called *Robert Burns's Answer* to the aforesaid Tailor, beginning in this blackguard language:—

'What ails ye now, ye lousy b-tch,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch.'

Song, beginning, *'The Deil cam fiddling thro' the Town.'* Inserted in the *Reliques* of Burns.

Holy Willie's Prayer.—Suppressed by Dr. Currie, and by the Editor of the *Reliques,* for its open and daring profanity, and the frequent and familiar introduction of the sacred name of the Deity.

The *Inventory.*—Dr. Currie published this in his edition, but he had the good sense and delicacy to suppress the objectionable passages: they are here restored; and that the grossness might be still more palpable, they are conspicuously printed, for the benefit of the rising generation, in italics.

An Address to a bastard Child.—Rejected by Dr. Currie for its indelicacy.

Elegy on the Year 1788.—Printed in the *Reliques.*

Verses addressed to John Rankin, beginning, *'Ae day as death that grusome carl,'* &c. Inserted in the *Reliques.*

Verses addressed to the above Johnie Rankin, on his writing to the Poet 'that a girl in the part of the country in which he lived *was with child by him!'*

With several other pieces of this cast, equally 'brilliant' and edifying; and some tributary verses by various hands.

Such are the contents of a volume which has been praised in a publication assuming an authority to control the licentiousness of the press, and to direct the taste of the public! But *blasphemy* and *ribaldry* will not be published by the Editor of these volumes, though written in an *unhallowed* moment by *Robert Burns;* and recommended to public notice, after *the most mature deliberation,* by Mr. *Walter Scott.*

NOTES TO THE JOLLY BEGGARS.

SUCH a motley group of vagrants as Burns has so happily described, may yet be found in many districts of Scotland. There are houses of rendezvous where the maimed supplicating soldier, the travelling ballad-singing fiddler, the sturdy wench, with hands ever ready to steal the pittance when it is not bestowed; the rough black-haired tinker, with his soldering irons and pike-staff, and all the children of pretended misfortune, assemble on a Saturday night to pawn their stolen clothes, to sell their begged meal, and on their produce to hold merriment and revelry.

The gypsies, or tinkers, form themselves into gangs or parties, roaming from parish to parish, hanging loose on the skirts of society. Their laws and regulations are of their own framing. They cohabit with one another, neither asking nor giving in marriage. Their visible calling is the making of horn-spoons, mending pans and kettles, and clasping and cementing broken china ware. But the robbery of hen-

roosts and hedges, *lifting* lambs from their folds, and other acts of contribution, are the natural and expected consequences of their troublesome neighbourhood. So much are they noted for petty acts of depredation, that the exclamation of an old woman in Galloway is there treasured up as a phrase of caution. On the morning after the arrival of the tinker squad, she was calling her poultry for the purpose of feeding them;—

"Chuckie! chuckie! chuckie!—*Ay, haith! sae I may!* Our new-come neebors like feather'd flesh owre weel!"

These gypsies are an undaunted and vigorous set of vagrants, lodging, as it suits them, a few days or weeks in the first empty barn or kiln they can find. Here they set up their little forges and shops without the ceremony of asking permission of their owners. They were formerly very formidable among the lonesome cottages, forcibly stealing and pillaging every thing that fell in their way; but when the Legislature disarmed the peasantry, they were compelled to lay aside their short swords and daggers. They are now dwindled into little parties, seldom exceeding six or seven in number, men, women, and children, with a couple of asses to carry their spoon-making apparatus and bartering wares.

Note I.

When hailstones drive wi' bitter skyte.

The slanting stroke of hail when carried by the wind.

Note II.

Ae night at e'en a merry core
O' randie, gangrel bodies,
In Posie-Nansie's held the splore,
To drink their orra duddies.

Randie, gangrel bodies, are blackguard vagrants. The *splore* is a frolic, a merry meeting. In the slang language of the inhabitants of St. Giles's, in London, it is called a *spree,* or a *go. Orra duddies* are superfluous rags. *Posie Nansie* is an expressive Scottish nickname for one whose fingers are too familiar with the purses of others. A *pose* signifies a purse of money, a quantity of coin, &c. *Posie Nansie's* was also a designation for a well-known barn in the outskirts of Mauchline, belonging to a whiskey-house, in which the Beggars held their orgies, and where the present group actually met.

Note III.

While she held up her greedy gab
Just like an aumos dish.

The box, or bag, in which a beggar receives the handfuls of meat, given as an *aumos*, or charitable donation. It is also a Scottish phrase applied to a sturdy beggar;—

'Work or want ye're nae *amous*.'

Note IV.

Ilk smack still, did crack still,
Like ony cadger's whip.

A *cadger* is a man who travels the country with a horse or an ass, carrying two panniers loaded with various merchandize for the country people.

Note V.

He ended; and the kebars sheuk
Aboon the chorus roar;
While frighted rattons backward leuk,
An seek the benmost bore.

Kebars are the rafters of the barn. Sometimes in old Scotch poetry they are called *bougers*.

Wi' *bougers* o' barns they beft blue caps,
While they o' bairns made brigs.'
Christ's Kirk on the Green.

The *benmost bore* is the deepest hole or recess of the place.

No. VI.

Then neist outspak a raucle carlin,
Wha kenn'd fu' weel to cleek the sterlin'.

A *raucle carlin;* a sturdy, raw-boned, weather-beaten, outspoken Dame, finely explained in familiar Scotch, as, 'Ane wha wad gie a bluidy snout sooner than a mensfu' word.

The word *cleek* alludes to the crooking of the fingers when employed in the act of picking a pocket:

'For mony a pursie she had hooked.'

No. VII.

Her love had been a Highland laddie,
But weary fa' the waefu' woodie!

The woodie, a sort of rope formed of twisted willow-wands used occasionally, in ancient times, in the summary executions of prisoners of war, or thieves caught in woods.

Note VIII.

A pigmy scraper on a fiddle,
Wha us'd to trystes and fairs to driddle.

To *driddle.* A contemptuous phrase applied to the walking or other motions of people who are deformed, or diminutive in stature.

Note IX.

At kirns an' weddings we'se be there,
An' O! sae nicely's we will fare!
We'll bouze about, &c.

A Scotch wedding lasted three or four days in ancient times: Feasting, dancing, and other merriment, afforded rare doings for the strolling minstrels.

Note X.

And while I kittle hair on thairms.
i. e. while I rub a horse-hair bow upon cat-gut.

Note XI.

Wi' ghastly ee, poor Tweedle-dee
Upon his hunkers bended.

To sit on one's hunkers, to sit with the hips hanging downwards, and the weight of the body depending on the knees.

No. XII.

An' by that stowpe, my faith an' hope,
An' by that dear Keilbagie!
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
May I ne'er weet my craigie!

This is a deeply-solemn oath for a tinker; but it must be remembered that his resources never failed while any of his neighbours' property remained unsecured. The faith to be put in their curses is proverbial.

That dear Keilbagie. Keilbagie is a well-known kind of whiskey, in great request among the jovial inhabitants of POSIE NANSIE'S barn.

Note XIII.

Her lord, a wight of Homer's craft,
Tho' limpin' wi' the spavie,
He hirpled up, and lap like daft,
An' shor'd them 'Dainty Davie'
O' boot that night.

The strolling bard seems rejoiced at getting rid of one of his doxies; and merrily *shores,* or makes a blythe threatening promise of the tune called 'Dainty Davie,' into the bargain.

Note XIV.

I am a bard, of no regard
Wi' gentle-folks, an' a' that;
But Homer-like, the glowran-byke,
Frae town to town I draw that.

The glowran-byke. Byke is a term applied to a swarm of bees. Here it means a multitude of people, whom the bard draws from their houses, like so many bees, to listen to his lilting.

Note XV.

They toom'd their pocks, they pawn'd their duds.

i. e. they emptied their wallets, and pawn'd their rags.

FINIS.

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THE

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OF

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TO CANTERBURY.

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